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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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THE THIEF who works on every highway is the Oil Bootlegger. He charges for your favorite brand of oil, but actually gives you the cheapest possible substitute. There's a repair bill in every quart of his oil

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Shoddy oils and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers are the cause of Oil Failure, and lead to more than 60% of all present-day repairs, according to service experts. Bonded Pennzoil dealers guard you from this danger and expense. They are bonded to give you genuine Pennzoil—the *Tough-Film* oil that ends Oil Failure and cuts operating costs on your car.

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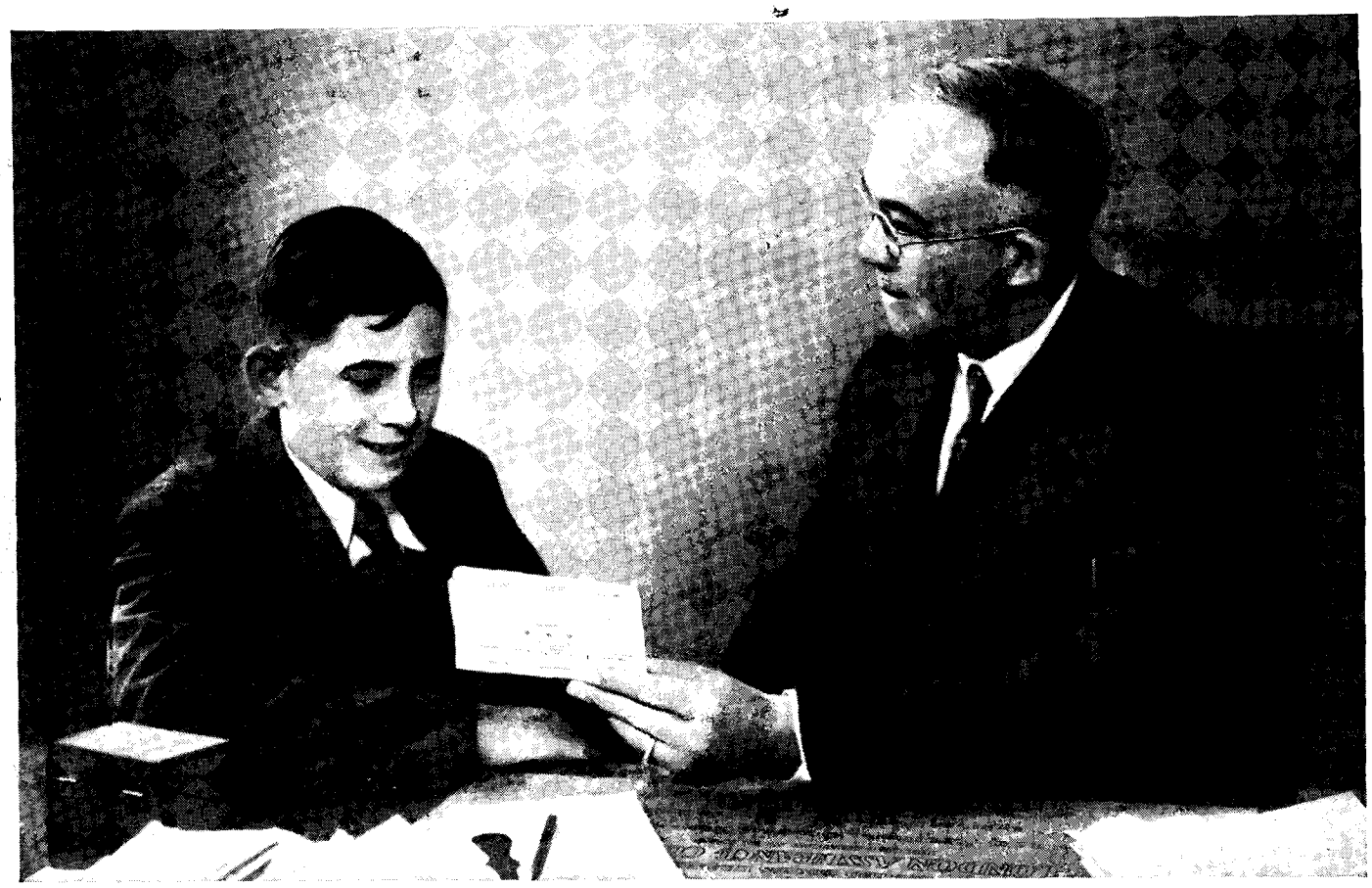

An actual photograph of Frank L. McKinney, President of the South Boston Bank & Trust Company of Virginia, showing his son how money grows at compound interest. Mr. McKinney owns three Investors Syndicate certificates.

How to Teach a Boy the Value of Money

"GEE, Dad, will a dollar grow to a dollar and a half if you just leave it alone?"

"That's the theory of compound interest," says Frank L. McKinney to his boy. "I have seen many men make money. But most of them lose it again simply because they can't leave it alone."

"That sounds to me like a good game, Dad. It must be fun to set a goal, start with a little every month and watch it grow."

"It is the most interesting game in all business—and it is the most certain of success.

"For some time I have been carrying a substantial amount of certificates with Investors Syndicate and as these grow in value, this method becomes an increasingly interesting game.

"One of these certificates is for you. We'll use it for your college education.

"Another is for me, as I believe that this systematic plan gives the most certain provision against the needs of old age."

How much do you take your boy into your confidence?

What do you tell him of your plans?
Or haven't you any plan?

How can you expect your boy to know how to handle money unless you show him an example?

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE first time that Steve Lathrop was on the point of marrying Gerda Reeves fate intervened in the person of Sally Wyeth. She socked him in the head with a golf ball. The second time, Steve slipped on a banana peel and got a slight case of concussion. The peel had been thrown by Sally. On the third occasion Sally drove him into a tree and broke his leg.

But Steve was very fond of moonlight and under its influence he was putty in the hands of Gerda Reeves. For a fourth time he was in danger. What fate (assisted by Sally) had in store for him then is the subject of a delightful short story by Edgar Franklin, called "Stay Out of the Moonlight."

DO YOU feel more certain of recovery now than you did before the bank holiday? If you don't you're in a tiny majority. Collier's has been investigating the amazing change in our national outlook which took place in the early days of March. The results of a questionnaire sent to a list of people carefully chosen to give a cross-section of the best opinion of the nation will be published next week.

We can tell you this much now: Well over ninety per cent have no hesitation in believing that we have made a sudden and successful leap toward that corner around which prosperity has so long been lurking.

PRESIDENT BARCO wasn't the sort of fellow you would be likely to invite home to meet the family. He liked drink, he liked murder, and most of all he liked women.

The best families of Caracas had snubbed Barco in his early days, and the insult had rankled. So it was toward the young daughters of these very families that he regularly turned his eyes. Gregorio Somers has written the story of "The Loveliest Girl in Caracas" and of her fiancé, who was thrown into jail, and of the sequel which was, in the Latin-American manner, a blend of poetry and violence.

VANESSA LANE was extremely intelligent. Perhaps that's why she fell for Dennis Stoddard. He had a stupidity that was, in her opinion, divine, and all the other masculine qualities that she worshipped: a beard that wouldn't stay shaved, a strong, cruel mouth and a hand as big as a platter. But there was one thing she didn't know about "Her Hero." Charles Brackett reveals it.

R. G. KIRK writes the Short Short Story. Thomas W. Lamont continues his life of Henry P. Davison. Don Marquis, Arthur Somers Roche, Alan LeMay and others provide the brightest of entertainment. Leaving you pretty well taken care of.

This Week

April 22, 1933

GROVER JONES
Soft Coal. **A brilliant comedy of love and pie among the tipples. Page 7**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Or What Have You? **Barter—or the art of getting what you want for what you don't. Page 10**

KAY KENNEDY
Welcome, Stranger. **The gay triumph of an uninvited guest. Page 12**

SEYMOUR WINSLOW
Time to Be Tough. **Just a lamb in lion's clothing—and he roared. Page 14**

THOMAS W. LAMONT
Henry P. Davison. **What the bankers were doing in the money panic of 1907. Page 16**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Slander, Part III. **In the lull before the storm. Page 18**

ALAN LeMAY
Cold Trails, Part VIII. **Caught in a maze of mystery and of love. Page 20**

JOHN B. KENNEDY
Always Right. **How it feels to be infallible—the story of Umpire Klem. Page 22**

DON MARQUIS
For the Sake of Argument. **The Old Soak on his dignity—and on his ear. Page 24**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Sorokin's Mother, **by Helena Clayton. Page 26**

EDITORIAL
Keep Beer Out of Politics. **Page 50**

Any Week

HAVING got used to expecting the worst, Mrs. Jacob H. Wellheim of Toledo, Ohio, is having trouble adjusting herself. The furious activity of Mr. Roosevelt's first weeks in the White House forces her to fear that life in America is going to be pretty dull once the new President settles down to being just that.

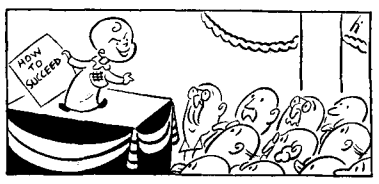
"WE CONGRATULATE you on the story by Phyllis Duganne, 'Shipwreck for Three,'" write Messrs. Harry Mercer Tracy, '34, and Sherman Kingsley Shull, '34, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "not because it was particularly good, but rather because she put a Hahvud creature in his proper place. May we add that the entire student body at this school is in accord in this matter?"

WE ARE in error and regret it. In our editorial "Can You Take It?" we said that the city of St. Louis was having trouble finding buyers for $25,000,000 additional bonds with which to finance herself. This is vigorously denied by Mr. Louis Nolte, comptroller of the Department of Finance of that city. Not only is St. Louis not contemplating floating these new bonds, but, according to Mr. Nolte, her net per capita debt at the close of the fiscal year was $78.59, by far the lowest of twelve large American cities cited by him in his protest. Moreover, a $6,972,000 issue of St. Louis four per cent municipal bonds sold in December, 1932, at a premium. This is published to acknowledge our unintended but nevertheless unfortunate affront to St. Louis.

"WELL, sir," says Mr. J. J. McBohen of Atlanta, Georgia, "the old apple, as the boys call it, is whizzing up to the plate, sailing over the right-field fence and beaning innocent bystanders in the same old way. Spring's here, no fooling. The only difference as far as I'm concerned is that I'm sitting in the bleachers instead of the grandstand. If I were permitted to say 'what the hell!' in your column I would do so because that's the way we're all feeling down this way and liking it too."

AND Mr. George W. Collins of Syracuse, New York, warns us to beware of statesmen who "approach current problems with an open mind. You will find," says Mr. Collins, "that minds like that are usually open at both ends."

"WHEN I was a little boy," Mr. Tom Aball of Sacramento, California, recalls, "I lived near an orphanage. Every so often—on the Fourth of July, Memorial Day and so on—they had a grand time with singing and speaking and lemonade. The big moment came when the town banker, in a plug hat, took the platform and told the orphans how to succeed in life. That's all over now. Today the local banker is wondering how he can get into the orphanage, not to make a speech but to keep very quiet and hope nobody snubs him at meal time."



IN A MOMENT you will be reading a story in this issue by Mr. Grover Jones—"Soft Coal." Or maybe you've already done it. Anyway, don't be foolish and miss it. In either event you are probably wondering about swass. You'll observe that Mr. Jones' hero mentions it fondly. We had no sooner finished reading "Soft Coal" than we asked Mr. Jones about it. Swass, to the Welsh miner, Mr. Jones assures us, "was once just cooked squash. In time it applied to any boiled or mushy food. Then somebody gave the name to a peculiarly flavored combination of ham hocks and cabbage." Mr. Jones also told us about froice, which is "extremely thin pancakes piled high with jelly and butter between. To eat froice you cut it like cake." Which is what one gets for being Welsh.

AT THE rate things are moving in Washington these days, Mr. F. M. Harrington of Ithaca, Michigan, feels that it won't be long before Secretary of the Treasury Woodin will be having a little loose time on his hands. When that happens, Mr. Harrington suggests, Mr. Woodin might exercise one of his other talents and "arrange a score for The Star-Spangled Banner which, whether it is done by the Army, Navy or Marine Band, never sounds exactly the same. With some of the bands I hear I never know whether to stand up or dance, until they've almost finished."

AND Mr. Arthur Corrigan of Memphis, Tennessee, is hoping fervently that Mr. Woodin's musical virtuosity doesn't "suffer the same setbacks of another widely advertised composer of concertos and rhapsodies who, after a few years of public life, became a blues singer." We haven't any idea whom Mr. Corrigan refers to, but we too hope so.

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In Collier's a new leader has appeared among magazines—a leader, designated as such by a modern-minded American public.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

ACTION

"You can't challenge prohibition. People will never stand for it."

After the avalanche of public opinion that carried the repeal resolution through Congress in February, it is almost inconceivable that such a warning could ever have been delivered seriously.

But when Collier's first opened its campaign against prohibition in 1924, there was no huge majority to applaud its stand. Astute politicians knew that people still believed prohibition would work. To a large magazine with national circulation, any open challenge of the 18th Amendment was "dynamite!"

But there were the facts. From its careful study of conditions in every state in the Union, it was obvious to Collier's that prohibition was not promoting temperance. It had brought a wave of increased vice, corruption and lawlessness.

Collier's made its decision. An article, "They're Drinking More Than Ever," brought a storm of protest. It was followed by others on the rise of gangdom, the grafting of prohibition officials, the increased drinking among youngsters. Month after month the campaign continued without interruption—for nine years.

Collier's has made enemies. It has been threatened—and sued. But it has won the respect and confidence of alert, young-minded citizens who represent the most powerful influence on public thought and action.

To the national advertiser, Collier's offers the editorial influence that has always been the backbone of advertising success.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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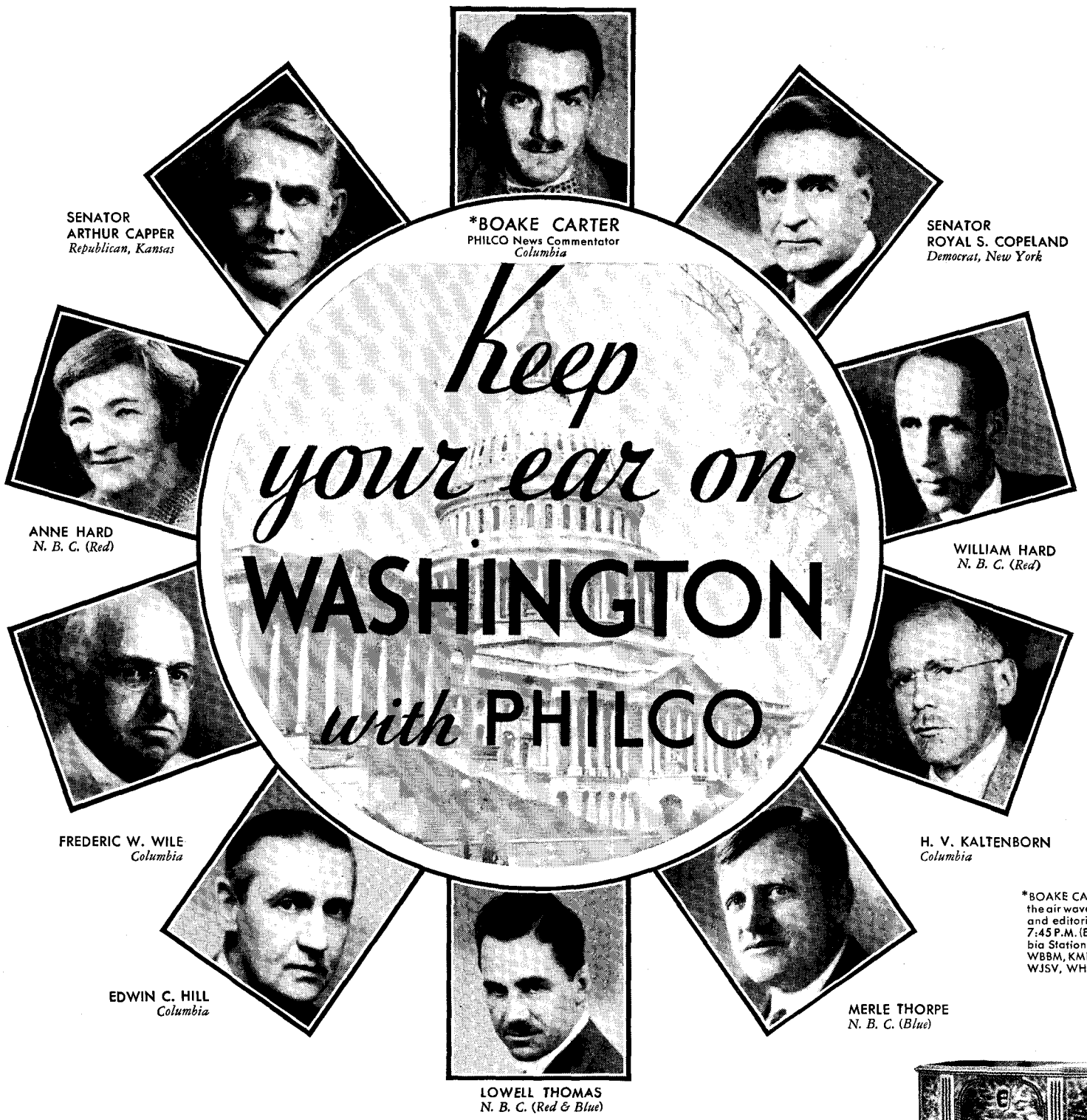

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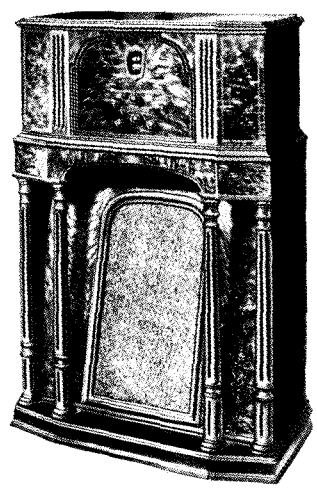

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Collier's

The National Weekly for April 22, 1933

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Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

"Go drown yourself," replied Birdie, calmly looking him in the eye

Soft Coal

Dowdy had a chest thicker than nine dollars' worth of lettuce but he had one weakness—pie without top crust

By Grover Jones

MY HOME town is on the banks of the Wabash. When I lived there it had thirty-six hundred inhabitants, five churches and thirty-one saloons. Enough bartenders to make three baseball teams and four left over to lend to the preachers—which they did.

There was one main street. It started in Ganzitt's pasture in the carefree manner of a young goat and ended at Stimky's pop factory with practically no enthusiasm at all. Past Stimky's there was no place to go, unless you cared to count the Red Horse fishing camp and the place where we went for pawpaws.

Coal mines encircled the town. Their tipples stood out against a perpetually murky sky like teeth on a gigantic saw. Only the farmers in our township ever saw any sunshine; most of us were undershot from blowing soot off our noses. Even the motorman and the conductor on the street car that bounced along from our town to the county seat looked as though they were bumming their way.

The men-folks worked in the mines. They were down the shaft at seven, home at four and in the saloons by five. Beer and pinochle were the evening pleasures. When a saloonkeeper started a saloon he bought a deck of cards. When he went out of business he usually had the same deck. In the process of aging it gradually attained the height and shape of a Japanese lantern. By eleven o'clock every night you could squeeze out a pint of beer with very little effort. The fronts and backs looked exactly alike.

On Sunday the men went to church. There was no place else to go. They believed in God in the same simple way they believed it weakened a miner's kidneys when he washed his back; sort of handed down. After church, the week's differences of opinions were settled by fighting them out on the commons. Disparities in size meant nothing to the bystanders. Whoever lost said "Enough," and the thing was promptly forgotten. Miners do not foster hatreds, having learned a long time ago that such foolishness causes sour stomach—and you can't dig coal on a sour stomach.

THE married women were all dried up like left-over apples. They gave birth to children just to break the monotony of setting dinner buckets and washing pit clothes. Their chief amusement was to rush the can and argue over backyard fences about how much coal their respective husbands could load in a wet place. If they owned a kitchen stove whose side walls didn't need to be patched with fire clay, they boasted about that too.

The printed word and politics played no part in their lives. If they had anything to write, the oldest child did it. Birth dates were lost in the dull and ceaseless struggle for existence. A child was born on the day Tomkin's house burned down or when the river backed up and drowned Paddy Crow, the hermit. At three months, the child was as old as a cucumber. The fifth year was identified as sulphur and molasses. Past five, the child gave the information and not the mother. Christian names were given only to satisfy the doctor. If a mother said, "I call him Hoopy-diddle"—Hoopy-diddle he became.

A boy seldom finished common school. At twelve, he was a trapper-boy in the mine. If he was born big he buddied-up with his father and worked three rooms off the main entry. Meant a half shift to the father: nine cars to load instead of six. He did most of the loading while the boy piled slate and sulphur rock on the gob. As soon as the boy was able to handle a Number Two shovel he started out on his own. From then on his one ambition was to marry and have kids so he could get those three extra cars.

A girl knew about sex hygiene at birth. She reached maturity at fourteen, but even the constant heat of the cook stove couldn't put the ruddy glow of hope on her passive features. It was only in the courting stage she showed interest—like a cow looking at a new barn. The husband stayed drunk the first week, at her mother's the next three, and then—back to work. If he had anything left after he settled up with his bartender, he made a down payment on a set of golden oak furniture and moved her into the blocks. This was a row of tar-paper houses built by the coal company. There was no front yard, but the space between the kitchen and the outhouse afforded a patch for sunflowers and yellow daisies. With the coming of the first child they were displaced by rank weeds.

There were no honeymoons; that is, with the exception of one, which sort of brings me around to what I started to tell. When Dowdy Swisher married Birdie Stipp, he took her all the way to Terre Haute to see Gentry Brothers' Dog and Pony Show and, he told me afterwards, he got to shake hands with Mordecai ("Three-Fingered") Brown, the pitcher.

DOWDY, if you've never met him, was the biggest man in our town; physically, I mean. He had a chest thicker than nine dollars' worth of lettuce and when the Lord made him—and there's no reason to believe He didn't—He must have got tired waiting for his neck to sprout and jammed his head down into his shoulders where the neck should have been. If he wasn't chewing tobacco he couldn't swing his arms and when he wasn't swinging his arms he was looking for a fight. He spelled like he talked: *B-ake-un* was bacon; *S-kree-r-u-b*, scrub, and *Horse-ee*, you can quickly gather, was horse. He told me his mother couldn't spell either. He never had a father.

But could that man sing! When he opened his trap you'd have sworn it was Caruso. I've seen bartenders empty a keg of beer and forget to collect when he opened up; he was that good. That and digging coal were his specialties. He and I drove entry in the old Number Two out on Cain's Road. It's the choice job in a coal mine: you get paid for yardage and you don't have to stand around waiting for an empty car. Dowdy liked to work with me. He said I was the only man he ever buddied with who could understand a man who didn't like women. He didn't. He said they smelled like oatmeal and always kept you from doing any comfortable spitting. But that was before he met Birdie—and before I get to that I've got to tell you about her.

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She came from Hocking Valley with her father to run the butcher shop in the company store. Wasn't what you'd call pretty but she had a complexion like a fish-bowl full of ripe peaches. She was about as tall as two pick handles and she parted her hair in the middle instead of wearing rats. The women liked her because she didn't look at their men and the men liked her because she was different from anything they'd ever seen before. Her father, who resembled the goat on a Bock beer advertisement, thought he was building up business because he gave away liver and dog meat, but that wasn't the reason at all.

BIRDIE baked pies as a side line. She specialized in *snit*. It's made of sliced apples, dried in the sun, and hasn't any top crust. It's got enough sugar in it to draw flies, but after the second bite you're willing to overlook the flies and anything else. I've seen a strike settled with one of her pies when the men were in a mood to burn down the tipples and chase the operators out of town.

More than that, she did things to that store. Now a coal company store isn't much to look at—at least that's the way it was when I was a punk. Trading at the store was obligatory. They charged you seven dollars for the boots you got and seven dollars for the boots you didn't get. If you squawked, you were out of a job—so appearances didn't stand for much. It sold everything from dried herring to horse blankets and kept most of the stuff in the same pile. Ham hocks rubbed shoulders with gingham dresses and, in the candy case, jelly beans and rope licorice shared honors with patent medicine and carded buttons. Anything that was lost could generally be found in the kraut barrel after they reached the bottom. The place was a little mussy.

Birdie painted her part of the store and put up screens to keep the flies out. Then she displayed her pies in a long glass case. After the first tasting she didn't need the case, they went that fast. Put her up socially too. Folks got to asking her to their houses and it wasn't long before she was teaching a Sunday-school class at the Baptist church.

That's where she met Dowdy. Dowdy liked the minister because he was the only man in town who could stand flat-footed and jump over two empty sixteen-gallon beer kegs. So he used to drop in at the meeting every Sunday, drunk or sober, and sing a hymn for the folks. After he'd done that he'd walk right out again.

FIRST time Birdie heard him, she just sat there and looked at him with eyes bigger than those China dolls you get for seven thousand soap wrappers. Dowdy never even gave her a tumble. Two o'clock that afternoon she was sitting in the ball park watching him play second base for the Mule Skinners. Every time he made a home run she whooped her head off. Any time Dowdy couldn't circle the bases he called himself out. He was really a better outfielder than a second baseman, but the team sort of hated to bring the matter up.

That day he made only six home runs and the girl's screeching got on his nerves. "I'd like to take a swing at that female," he said to me, as we sat on a tool box waiting our turn at bat. "If I thought somebody from the other side was payin' her, I'd—"

"She's Bragg Stipp's girl," I interrupted; "you know, that pot-gutted butcher working at the company store."

"You mean the fellow I slapped in Tweeny's bar because he kept callin' crepples scrapple?" I nodded. Dowdy got up and walked over to the girl. "If your father thinks he's a butcher, he's a liar," said Dowdy, and glared at her.

Birdie just laughed. "Mr. Swisher, where did you learn to sing?"

"Aw, go drown yourself!" said Dowdy, and walked back to the tool box. "She's batty," he said to me, and began stuffing his mouth full of tobacco.

Now Dowdy and I batched up on Beerbottle Hill and since I was elected to cook by an overwhelming majority, there was never any occasion for him to drop in at the company store. So Birdie began to work on him through me. First of all she tried to introduce me to one of her pies. I'd heard about them before, but when it comes to store pies and bread I'm still an orthodox miner. Bread, especially. You know, we always put a few extra slices of bread in the bucket and take them to the mine to damp them so they'll be fit to eat for supper. Mine air does something to bread that makes it as sweet as a nut. But you can't do it with baker's bread and I was always loyal enough to think the same thing held good with store pies.

Birdie couldn't get any place with me so she tried different tactics. She found out that Dowdy and I always left our buckets on the parton and walked down every noon from the head of the entry. We were cutting through past the old workings, and eating there meant you had to spend half your time feeding the rats; besides, Benny Grood, who handled the motor trip, could sing a little bass and he always ate at the parton. So Birdie fixed it with Grood to put a half pie in each of our buckets. I'd baked a pie for the buckets the night before so I didn't notice the switch till I'd socked my teeth into it. I'm telling you, I never tasted anything so sweet in my life. I looked at Grood and he winked, meaning he didn't want me to give him away to Dowdy.

DOWDY was slouched over his bucket eating one minute and cursing the next. He'd hit his head on a horseback coming down the entry and wasn't feeling any too good. Then he bit into the pie. Well, sir, I'm not exaggerating a bit when I tell you he suddenly became good-looking. The monkey wrinkles skipped off his face and his eyes got as tender as a mine mule's nose.

"Eddie," he said to me, still sucking on the first bite, "that's pie!"

"Glad you like it," I grinned; "I always aim to please."

"He's a liar," Grood chuckled. "Birdie Stipp, she baked that pie."

"You mean that bustle shaker that was at the ball game?" asked Dowdy, as he made a perfect U in the center of the slab.

"That's the baby." Dowdy ran the length of the crust with his teeth, then settled back against an empty car and looked up at the roof, a perfect picture of contentment.

"Well, what do you know?" he said, finally. "What do you know?"

That night he got drunk and swaggered into the butcher shop. "Mr. Stipp," he said, without looking at Birdie, "I got an apology to make to you. Somebody told me you used to be a hard-coal miner so now I know why you call crepples scrapple. Sorry I took a swing at you."

"Don't let it worry you," grinned Stipp, good-naturedly. "This is my daughter, Birdie."

"How-di-do," said Dowdy, and tipped his hat.

"Go drown yourself!" replied Birdie, calmly looking him in the eyes. Dowdy's mouth split from ear to ear and he laughed for fully a minute.

"She'll fight you too," said Stipp, not knowing what it was all about.

"She'd better do it now if she wants to win," said Dowdy; "I et one of her pies this afternoon and it's got me bogged down."

As he fell down in a heap, one of his feet knocked over a dinner bucket

"You're a liar!" cried the girl angrily. "You never ate a better pie in your life. And that's why you're here."

"Mr. Stipp," said Dowdy, turning his back on Birdie, "you're from Hocking Valley. Did you ever eat any swass?"

THE honeymoon lasted three weeks. When they came back, Dowdy got a house about six rows of apple trees from the Baptist church and settled down. First thing he did was to quit drinking. We didn't mind that so much, but when he started to wash his back we gave him up for a bad job.

He was crazy about that woman. Never let her make the fire in the wash shack, like women should, nor mend his pit clothes. Cooked most of the time, too, and often raised heck with her father because he thin-cut their sirloins. The only thing Birdie had to do was to keep him supplied with snit. That meant a half pie for breakfast and supper and a big slug for the bucket.

And what a difference that pie made in his work. Anybody around my town will tell you that we drove twice as much entry in the Main North as Jep Beal and Stoony Klegg did in the Main South. Dowdy gets credit for that. He kept me busy running back and forth sharpening bits for the drill. I went two pays without a squawk, then I uncorked myself. If you've ever pulled up bottoms for a solid month you'll know I had a reason.

"Dowdy," I said, "the boys at the Local are complaining that we're hogging the empties in the Main North. They said—"

"Aw, to hell with 'em," grunted Dowdy over his cartridge pin, and then started to sing:

"Oh, the barroom, oh, the barroom,
Where the miners congregate.
They're diggin' coal an' drillin' holes
An' throwin' back the slate.
If you want to get a wagon
Why, you haven't long to wait—
Providin' that you get it in the barroom!"

"What's the song got to do with it?" I asked, after he'd finished blasting vocally.

"NOTHIN'," said Dowdy; "I'm just happy. You know, Eddie, if it wasn't that Birdie an' me was so nuts about each other, I'd say we was a bum match."

"What are you talking about?"

"Honest." Dowdy wrapped a piece of brown paper around the cartridge pin and clipped the end. Then he looked up at me. "You see, I can sing and Birdie likes to hear me, as you know—but that just about lets me out."

"You can earn a living, can't you?" I asked. "Seems to me that's an important item too."

"Sure, but you got to have other things," said Dowdy. "You got to be able to talk—you know, about where you been an' how you make things an' why this is further away from that than that is an'—an' that sort of thing. You know."

"Can Birdie do all those things?"

"Can she! Why say, she never passes a week without readin' the Chicago Blade and Ledger. Mention the name of a town an' she'll point it right out on the g'og'phry. Did you know that a king snake can kill snakes five times as long as itself?"

"She tell you that?"

"And more. Did you ever hear of a fellow ridin' a horse in a church an' bustin' up a weddin'?"

"Of course—Lochinvar."

"That's the guy!" exclaimed Dowdy. "I been tryin' all mornin' to remember him." He began to laugh.

And so it went for about three months. One day a tramp rolled off a Vandalia coal drag just as Dowdy and I were passing the depot. He hit us for a lift and showed us his union card. Bobs Papini was his name. Said he'd been mule-skinning in the Peabody mines over in Illinois, but there was a strike and he fan-tailed out of there. Dowdy took a good look at him and burst out laughing.

"Me an' you's alike enough to be brothers," he said.

"Yeah," grinned Papini, looking Dowdy over, "but I got a neck."

To tell the truth there was a resemblance but the tramp's arms were shorter, which gave him a kind of dignity that Dowdy didn't have. Dowdy took to him right away and invited him to the house.

"My wife'll bunk you for a few days," he said, "and I think I can land you a job as soon as I see the mine boss tonight. Won't be much to start; haulin' coal out of the old workin's."

"I know them jobs," grunted Papini; "bad track an' lots o' gas. But thanks just the same. I'll show them monkeys what a real mule-skinner is. They don't come too tough for me."

"You're that good?" I said with maybe just a little sarcasm in my voice. He didn't appeal to me at all.

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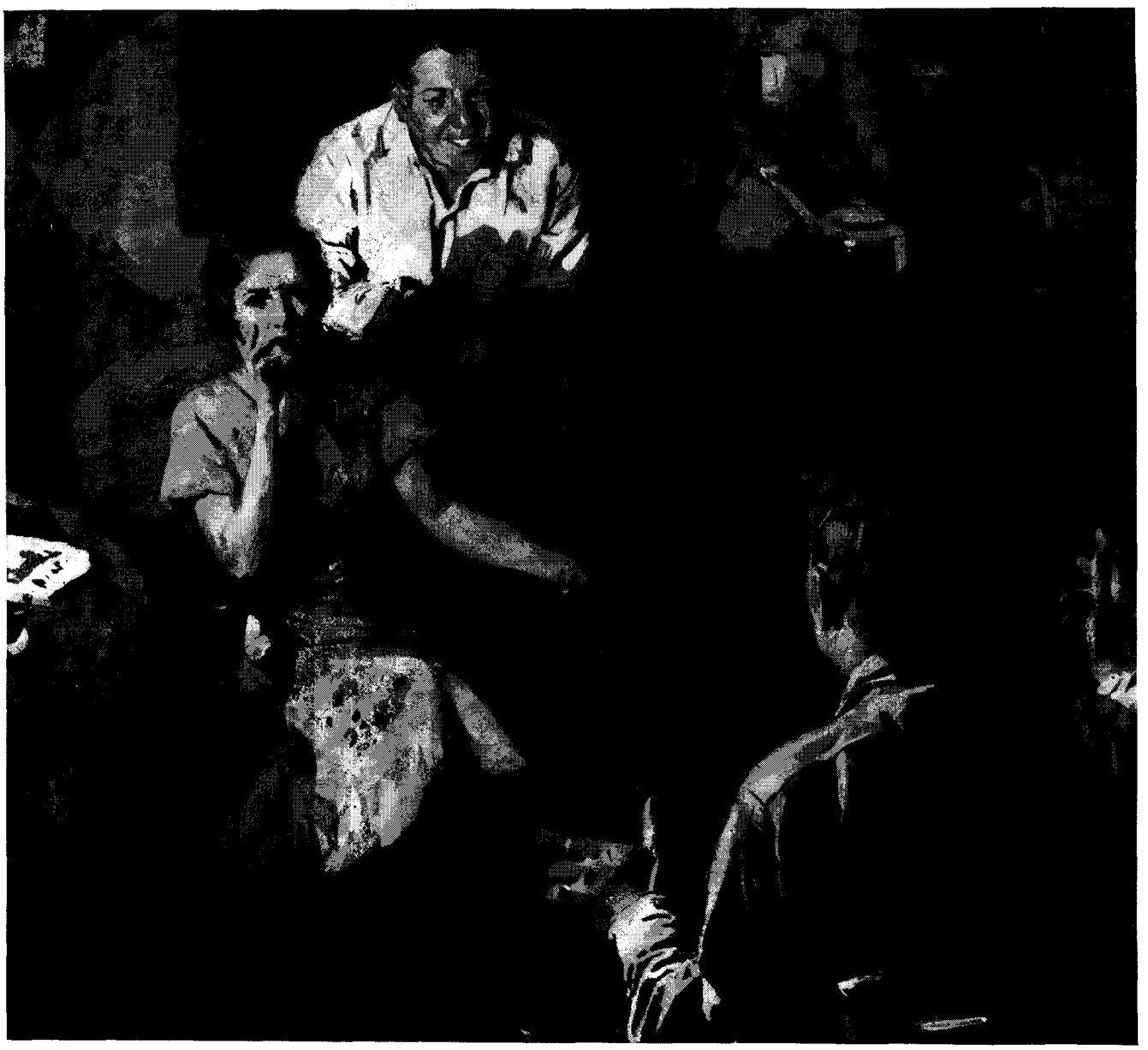

Birdie just settled back, sort of contented like, and looked at him with those China-doll eyes of hers

"And better," replied Papini. "The first two weeks' pay against a suit o' clothes that you ain't got a man who can pull a trip to the parton faster than I can."

I'd been invited up to Dowdy's house for supper that night, so I got a good chance to see Birdie's reaction to the new boarder. She was as mad as a hornet all through the meal but after we'd washed the dishes, Papini started to talk. Well, sir, Birdie just settled back, sort of contented like, and looked at him with those China-doll eyes of hers.

According to Papini, he had been every place and had seen everything: worked the scab mines in Kentucky, been out in Indian Territory and even dug coal in Utah.

The idea that people were going in and out of doors a hundred miles away was what appealed to Birdie. All she'd ever seen of the world was the north and south side of the railroad from Hocking Valley to here. Reading about it wasn't half as interesting as listening to a man who'd seen it. And Papini could talk.

ALONG about ten o'clock Dowdy broke in and asked him to come along down to Tweeny's bar and see the mine boss about the job. Papini was willing but Birdie wanted him to stay and finish his story; she admitted she'd never had such a good time in her life. So Dowdy and I went down there alone. There wasn't a word spoken until we reached the sulphur creek; then Dowdy turned and looked at me.

"Smart fellow, that fellow," he said. I nodded and he began to sing.

Papini went to work the next morning hauling coal out of the old workings where Carver Daye and the boys were pulling pillars. It didn't take more than two trips to convince us he was the best mule-skinner that ever hit our town. The mine boss had slipped him the claybank. That's the mule that kicked Jackie Lloyd to death the day his wife returned from Wales. By noon, Papini had that mule taking up the slack out of the tail chain without once tickling its belly with his whip. After the second week you could play cribbage on its rump and it wouldn't even look back at you.

He worked just as fast with Birdie. Instead of bunking for a few nights, he became a regular boarder; talked himself into it, I guess. And everybody in town knew about the affair except Dowdy. You know how those things are. The things that happen in your own home are never as noticeable as the mishaps to your neighbor. Besides, nobody ever had the nerve to bring the matter up with Dowdy.

One day we're sitting around waiting for the track layer to stick on a couple of joints so we can get our empties up closer to the face of the coal. Dowdy's sitting on a powder keg in the breakthrough trying to blow razzberries. Papini introduced the trick when he came to town.

"I give up," said Dowdy, wiping the wasted saliva from the side of his mouth. "I've blowed so hard I've got a headache."

"Not a headache," I said; "you couldn't have a headache."

"Ha!" grinned Dowdy. "You've been talkin' to Papini. He told me the same thing. Honest, that fellow's a scream. Keeps me an' Birdie in stitches. Take last night, for instance: We played a hand of poker to see who'd go for a can of beer. Papini dealt. When I turned my cards up I had five queens. And he had five aces." Dowdy roared with laughter. "The damn' fool had used a pinochle deck."

"Did you go for the beer?" I asked.

"Sure. Five aces beat five queens, don't they?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said. "And what happened when you got back?"

"THAT'S the funny part of it. Papini was already in bed an' didn't want his share of the can. Birdie was in the kitchen makin' a apple pie an' she said he laughed for ten minutes after I was gone. He's a card, that fellow."

"He sounds like it," I replied. "What was so funny about it that made him laugh for ten minutes after you were gone?"

"I asked Birdie the same thing an' she said she guessed it was the weather. Does that make any sense to you?"

"Plenty," I answered. "It means that it's twelve o'clock and time to fress."

"An' am I hungry!" grunted Dowdy, picking up his pit lamp and following me down the entry. "I et half o' that pie last night an' the other half's in my bucket. I'm gettin' so I hate to eat sandwiches just because they keep me from gettin' to Birdie's pie. You know, Eddie—"

Suddenly the wind sucked out our lights and from the distance came the dull roar of an explosion. In a flash we were knocked flat on our backs. The wind went screeching down the entry and from somewhere came the almost human scream of a terrified mule. Then the wind sighed and grew silent once more. I reached for Dowdy. He was already sitting up.

"You all right, Eddie?" I scrambled to my feet. "It's the old workings!" he yelled; "I heard the rumble o' fallin' roof." He lit his pit lamp and held the match to mine. The entry was becoming dotted with moving lights as the miners poured from their rooms and ran toward the parton. We ran together.

JUST this side of the parton was the entrance to the old workings. It was choked with miners all trying to talk at once. A scum of gray smoke drifted over their heads into the entry and was caught in the channel of air.

"Everybody out?" yelled Dowdy, pushing his way through the crowd. I followed behind. Carver Daye was on his knees in the middle of the track bending over his wop helper. He was spreading wet clay on a cut in the fellow's leg.

"All out except one," he said, looking up at Dowdy. "The mule-skinner's still up there."

"You mean Papini?"

"Yep. It was his pit lamp that set off the gas." Dowdy took a step forward and Carver stopped him. "I wouldn't advise it, Dowdy," said Carver, sensing his intention. "The air's bad already. You wouldn't have a chance."

"An' maybe I would," replied Dowdy. "I ain't goin' to stand here an' let a good guy like Papini—"

That was too much for me. I grabbed Dowdy and pushed him back against a car of timbers.

"You're not going up there, Dowdy! That guy ain't worth it. Everybody in town knows that he and Birdie—"

Dowdy's hands found my throat. When the other men pulled him off me, he was screaming like a maniac. I fell back against the car of timbers, gasping for breath.

"Let me at him," Dowdy shrieked. "I'll—I'll break his back!" The men tussled with him but he was too strong for them. A sudden lunge and he was free. But the momentum sent him stumbling across the tracks and into the narrow break-through where we kept our dinner buckets. As he fell down in a heap, one of his feet knocked over a dinner bucket that was sitting on a chunk of slate. The lid fell off and a piece of pie dropped out—the kind that hasn't any top crust. It was Papini's bucket.

Dowdy instantly forgot about me. A sort of foolish, hurt look came into his eyes as he stared at the bucket. Then he went over to his own bucket and took off the lid. There were three sandwiches and an onion, but no pie. He looked up at me.

"I guess now I know what Papini was laughin' at," he said. He turned and looked into the old workings, biting down the coal dust from his upper lip with his teeth. The biting ceased as suddenly as it had begun and, taking a safety lamp from the hands of a man who had just hurried in, he started down the track. Again I grabbed him, but this time he shook me off.

"Let him stay up there and rot!" I cried. "He ain't worth the risk!"

"Maybe he ain't," said Dowdy, "but you can't lick a man when he's dead."

I watched him disappear down the track into the old workings, the safety lamp hanging low and his free hand held over his mouth.

WELL, sir, I wish you could have seen that fight. It lasted two hours and when they were finished Papini didn't have any neck either. The first thing he did after he got out of the hospital was to draw down his pay and go over to Dowdy's house and settle up his board bill.

Dowdy misses him!

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Or what Have you?

By Walter Davenport

Here's a farmer with two nags, a dozen very painful teeth—and no money. What's he to do? Barter, of course. When he turns up at the dentist's he has two gold wedding rings, a Spanish dictionary and a large lithograph of Abraham Lincoln. For which the dentist fixes up his teeth. Maybe that's not a very satisfactory way of doing business but, for the moment, it seems to work. Artists, farmers, artisans and even manufacturers are finding it useful. Here Mr. Davenport shows you the machinery of this makeshift

HE WASN'T worried about tariff nor Technocracy. As far as he was concerned they could give Muscle Shoals to Senator Norris for a watch charm or a necktie. Neither was he interested in the Japanese in Jehol nor Communism in the Yangtze Valley. He thought American.

What Carter Glass and Neville Chamberlain said about gold standards and silver linings was just so much mulligatawny. And as far as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Philippines, Huey Long and the German merry-go-round were concerned you could call it a chain gang and let it rattle. Also he had heard of this five-day-week proposal and vowed that he would ignore it when it came. He was as disgusted as Mr. Andrew H. Brown.

Until all that remained of his roadster had gasped its last on the broad highway out of Columbus, he had inspected barter organizations in sixteen states. And was he sore! He had scrip money from little Tenino in Washington to smug Salt Lake City and Evanston, Illinois, twenty-seven dollars' worth, and was willing to swap it for a hitch hike to Pittsburgh, where a fellow owed him "four bucks in money that will stand up with a guy."

He was full of stories about the farmer who swapped a pair of mules for an airplane lesson and the Kansas lady who was bartering her husband's genius for taking care of children by the day for anything the pleased parents had to offer. And he came of a bartering line, he said: his mother had swapped a happy home in Kansas City for a chance to see the world with his old man and had died satisfied. As for himself—

"Listen," he said, "what is bartering anyway? Look it up in the books. It's taking something you ain't got any use for and swapping it off to some guy who has something you think you can trade with somebody for something you can pass on to—

"Listen, for twenty years I'm in the junk business. Believe me, I seen a couple of baby carriages turn into a pair of good automobile tires and before I was through those tires are a couple of hogs or a radio or something.

"And this was only a side line at that. I'm really in the selling game—selling stoves and heaters. That's a cash racket but I never sold a house furnace yet I didn't make a deal for the old one on my own. Many's the time I swapped a guy a bunch of junk I own in Moline for something he's got in Knoxville, and if the dough I get out of this don't double my commissions on my regular line I go see a doctor, because it's a sign I ain't myself."

"Well, what are you kicking about?" I asked him. "Or are you kicking? I just got here and didn't hear the first part."

"Sure I'm kicking," he said. "Listen, for twenty years I'm in the junk business, a side line like I said. And suddenly—me, I'm junk myself. Business all shot. I'm busted. And then I hear that the country's going into the barter business. I'm stuck here in Dayton, Ohio, see, and I send for the wife and tell her happy days are here again, because if we're going into the swapping game in a big way we're sitting pretty, because I ain't seen the day I couldn't take the kid's drum and come home with a couple of overcoats that even my old man woulda give ten bucks apiece for. My old man used to run a hock shop in Halsted Street, Chicago."

The Growing Army of Barter

We were standing in the rain in Fourth Street, in front of the exceedingly modest building that serves Dayton, Ohio, for a city hall. (Dayton has not found it necessary to incase her political managers in marble and stained glass.) He was in full cry on the subject of barter and particularly his own shining talents when I asked a member of his huddled audience whether here were the offices of Elizabeth Nutting, who, happily, is capable of supporting even greater burdens than her official title—Executive Secretary of the Character Building Division of the Council of Social Agencies of Dayton, Ohio.

"Who?" he demanded.

"The woman who is organizing the Dayton Association of Coöperative Production Units," I explained.

"Top floor," said the former furnace, stove and junk genius. "But listen: I'm one of the first to join this Production Units. I propositioned them soon as they started. I said 'Give me the first thing you get—I don't care if it's a two-foot length of hose or the heel of a ham. Give it to me and if I don't come back with most of a printing press, if not a whole one, or a couple of barrels of flour, I don't want any part of the profit.' That's me—not asking anything but a cut of the take. Give me—"

But let him rave. His is not the spirit of collective barter by which many thousands of his fellow citizens are today feeding, clothing and even housing themselves. In more than thirty states somewhere between a million and a half and two million people, from professors of romance languages to illiterate scavengers, have enlisted under the banner of barter. And the longer the mills and factories, shops and offices remain in the industrial doldrums the larger grows the barter army.

Even nations are playing at it—American cotton for Brazilian coffee, Russian wheat for Canadian cattle. Just how far it will go is only a guess just now, but the theory is as simple as it is ancient: I need bread and you need shoes. I have shoes and you have bread. Let's swap. Carry this far enough and you have the great steel mills and the transcontinental railroads bartering transportation and materials, the Piedmont Plateau's hundred textile mills and Michigan's automobile factories exchanging motor cars and cotton cloth: thus the dream of the barter enthusiast, who does not stop there by any means but becomes international in his scheme if you let him.

Let him dream. Let us stay nearer the facts as we have them. Let us look over two or three of the barter organizations that now flourish—organizations which are honestly typical of the two main classes, the chief difference between them being that one barters through the medium of scrip while the other does not. There are, of course, other differences but they are chiefly in method of operation.

The larger barter organizations use scrip for the simple reason that their operations have grown beyond the stage where clumsy swapping of pigs for peanuts and coal for clothespins is convenient. Scrip is issued by bartering associations and by counties and cities for the convenience of their people, which is exactly why our formal money—paper notes backed up by gold or silver—was issued. But this scrip we hear so much about today has no such material guarantees behind it; it has the backing of nothing but the integrity of the issuing body and the faith (and sometimes desperation) of the accepter.

The Function of Scrip

And to reduce the reason for scrip to even more simple terms, you must know that in ordinary times when business was thriving, about ninety-five per cent of the country's business, except for retail transactions, was done on credit. When confidence was no longer general and fright possessed us, credit vanished and immediate cash money was demanded instead of promises. But the money wasn't going around. Therefore scrip. When confidence is restored, scrip will vanish. And, logically enough, these bartering organizations. So let's look them over while we have them.

No one name or designation can contain them all. . . . The most ambitious of them and thus far the most successful is the Natural Development Association of Salt Lake City. It has more than 35,000 members, has branches in four states, operates a saw mill, an oil refinery, a tannery and a shoe factory among other industries. Its medium of exchange is scrip which most of the conventional merchants, the local transportation lines and, as a last word on the association's health, even the bootleggers accept. It has done more than thirty thousand dollars' worth of business in a single month. Next in im-

Two horses plus one toothache can be made to equal zero—with a little ingenuity

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portance is the Unemployed Citizens League of Seattle which, alas, has become so involved in municipal politics that it is in danger of losing its identity and purpose.

And so on down (in size) to such as the Midwest Exchange in Yellow Springs, Ohio, which is the product of the executive offices of Antioch College. The college, the chief excuse for Yellow Springs, operates small industries of its own and it was in quest of markets for them that Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Antioch's president, organized the Midwest Exchange.

To a great but slowly diminishing extent, these barter coöperatives are local expedients. Behind the most efficiently organized is a hope for wider interchange and a developing reciprocity between organizations which may coordinate their efforts without colliding with murderous transportation and distribution barriers.

Three hundred manufacturers, large and small, have visited the Midwest Exchange and looked it over for reasons for its published hope that it might some day include them in its membership. Fewer than thirty departed denying the feasibility of its program. About two hundred of them admitted themselves interested but added that they foresaw a revival of business along old lines before the Midwest's organization could be developed to the manufacturers' size. Between eighty and a hundred declared their intentions of joining but made it clear that if they should they regarded it only as an emergency relief and did not expect membership to keep their factory chimneys belching smoke. A few have actually joined—reservedly. A similar interest or curiosity has been shown by manufacturers elsewhere in other coöperatives.

What they lack is the idealistic faith that brews the dreams of an old-timer in Des Moines. Your eyes caught no hint of his age—just one of those eternal drifters who are always found on the edges of change.

"First," he said, "I was a Populist. I heard Bloody Bridles Waite in Colorado and Calamity Weller in Iowa. I knew Ignatius Donnelly in Minnesota and Mary Elizabeth Lease in Kansas. There was a woman for you! They called her the Patrick Henry in Petticoats. I never heard Patrick Henry. But I heard her when she told the farmers of Kansas to raise less corn and more hell. They did it. Now look at them. They started raising corn again.

"I joined the I. W. W. out in Washington. I knew Bill Haywood—Big Bill. He wasn't really big; he was just fat. But I joined them and was a delegate to their national convention in Moorhead, Minnesota. Bums, mostly. Anyway, they had the answer just like the Populists did. Only like the Populists they didn't understand the question, so the answer wasn't the right one.

Trail-Blazing to the New Deal

"But I always join things like this. Sooner or later one of these schemes is bound to fit. Supposin' this outfit in Salt Lake and the one in Seattle was to grow big enough to meet somewhere in—say—Nevada and about the same time the Unemployed Coöperative Relief of Los Angeles was to join them from the west and the Unemployed Citizens League in Denver was to get in touch with them, and the four of them consolidated. And then supposin' in the East—"

But let him go on supposing. We had better hustle back to our realities.

The spirit that quickens the two types of barter organizations varies drastically. The smaller units operating without scrip are not so much concerned with shoring up the old commercialism as they are with idealisms. With the memberships of these it may be a mere homely question of eating and keeping warm; but the promoters talk of their efforts as morale-supporting and trail-blazing toward the New Deal, which they define variously according to their political and social lights.

The larger units, such as you may see in Salt Lake City—the ones that issue scrip—are briskly commercial, going after business with high-pressure vigor and staying as far away from politics and political theories as conditions will let them. As an example of the former, you have the Dayton Association of Coöperative Production Units. For the second, there is the smartly efficient Midwest Exchange. We shall look them over.

Dayton is one of those currently unhappy cities that depended for prosperity upon a small group of industrial plants. When these plants fell into the doldrums the entire city followed. Dayton's condition may not be attributed to bad government, because, as municipal governments go, she is politically rather fortunate.

But as unemployment increased and the estate of the erstwhile wage-earner dropped to new lows, the amount of money Dayton had available to spend on relief decreased. This was more or less natural inasmuch as the city's income, like that of the great majority of its residents, was directly dependent upon the fortunes of the three or four great industries located there.

Likewise (and this, too, is a common enough story) contributions to the Community Chest were on a savage downgrade. And all for that common reason. The decline has been steady in Dayton, for example. The contributions to the 1932 chest fell almost twenty-five per cent short of the hoped-for goal. One of the several excellent reasons why the political radicals have not been able to make much headway during the current business depression is that the erstwhile rich, even those whose wealth was venerable, are now worrying about the mortgage along with the rest of us.

In such circumstances then, a few months ago, Elizabeth Nutting, whose opinions are usually somewhere well out in front of current government and whose loyalty to them has landed her in the ranks of the unemployed now and then, emerged from under her suffocating title (Executive Secretary of the Character Building Division of the Council of Social Agencies of Dayton, Ohio) with a plan in hand. Miss Nutting is a professional sociologist—a social worker, if you choose. She taught that elastic science at Boston University until her politics irritated the elders and she was invited to depart. She is a Socialist. She believes that Norman Thomas has excellent Presidential qualities.

Now, Dayton is a soberly conservative city. It is also, as I have said, an industrial city, and where large numbers of factory workers are gathered you may look for a considerable unorthodox vote—a vote that is likely to ignore stalwart Republicans and Democrats and cast its ballot for candidates who don't believe that the Internationale is bad singing nor that Marx should have been lynched. This even more so when the town's sustaining industries are sitting on the curb.

Apparently the habit of difficult titles had captured Miss Nutting, for she called what she proposed to establish the Dayton Association of Coöperative Production Units. Before the majority of the unconvinced Bourbons of Dayton had memorized that, she had launched them. There are seven in Dayton at present and two just outside the city's limits.

Showing the Way to Self-Help

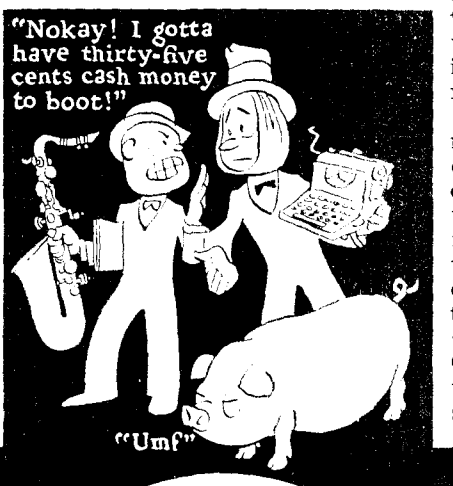
Fortunately an agreeably broad-minded gentleman—Mr. E. V. Stoecklein—was Dayton's Director of Welfare. He was willing to supply to the units such raw materials as he might have—materials for house dresses for women and school dresses for children, wool for overcoats, wool and cotton fabrics for comfortables, and so on—which, if Miss Nutting were able to organize the jobless according to her plans, would be fashioned into finished products and traded back to the Welfare Department for food and even shelter. I go into this simple detail because the great majority of such emergency adventures had their beginnings in similar formulas.

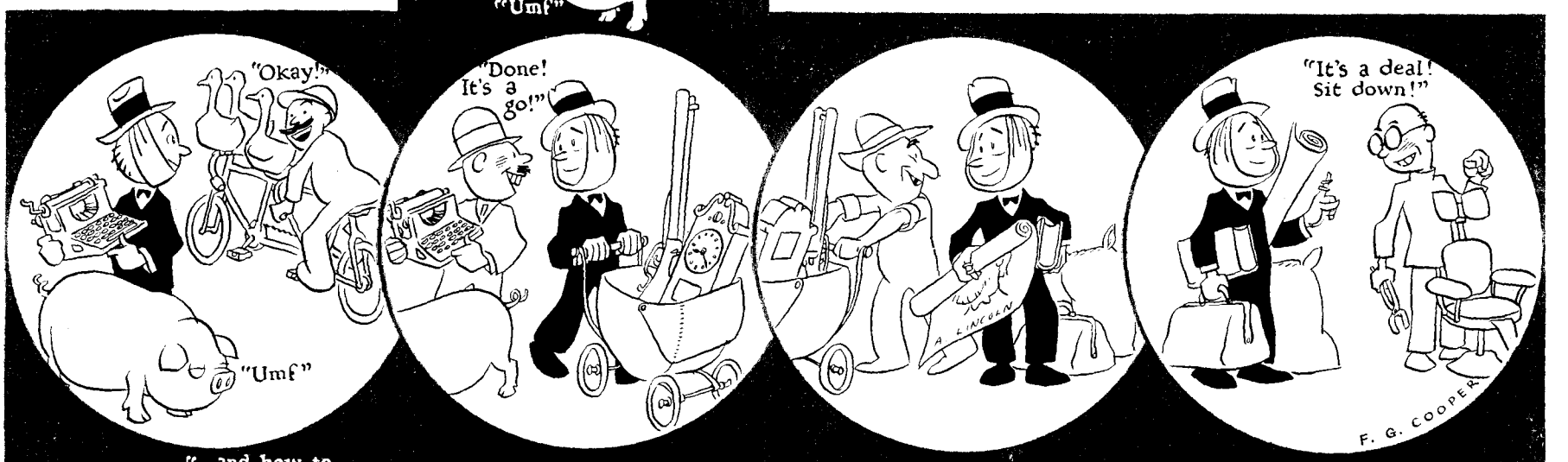
Furthermore, the Community Chest of Dayton, although deploring its lack of bulk, agreed to set aside a revolving fund of eight hundred dollars with which to purchase raw materials for Miss Nutting's use, or rather the use of the production units. Thin stuff, perhaps, with which to cement the unemployed into nonpolitical self-help groups, particularly in a city where more than eighty-five hundred families, averaging four to the family, were demanding help. But it should be kept in mind that Dayton, like a great many of the cities where these bartering units have sprouted, is spending appalling amounts in direct relief to families and individuals not affiliated with the coöperative organizations.

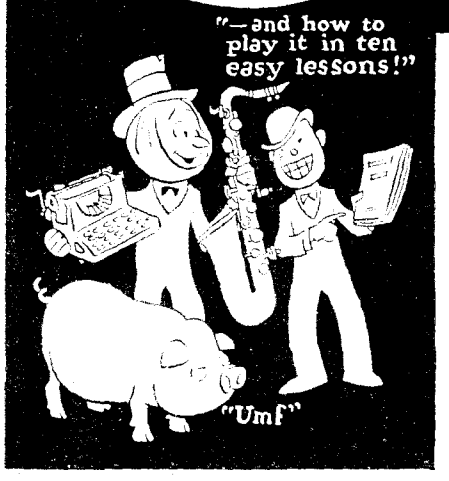
One of the reasons why these groups occasionally come to immediate grief and are abandoned as futile or permitted to continue ineffective is that membership is immediately open to all and sundry. You simply cannot take the average wage-earner and turn him loose at will to wangle salvation out of a brier patch. He is a bit dazed to begin with, uncomprehending. He has suddenly been deprived of his wonted means of livelihood. He doesn't understand why, and he hasn't the remotest idea what he is going to do next. He will leap at the lightest wisp of opportunity to salvage himself and leave the name as well as the procedure to you. "Gimme a chance."

Even when you select your charter members, as Miss Nutting did, you are not destined immediately to convince

(Continued on page 42)







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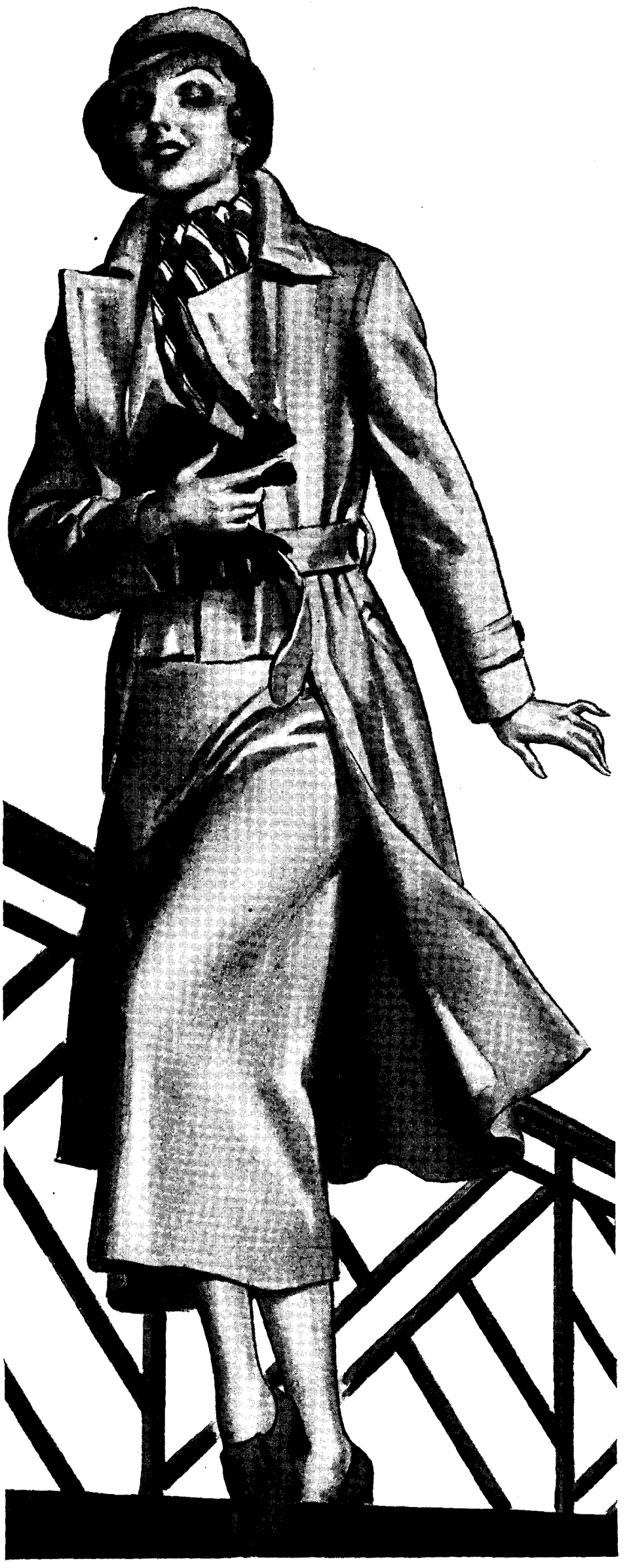
Welcome, Stranger

The romance of a model girl—Model 1933. She didn't behave as her grandmother did, but results are what count in any generation

By Kay Kennedy



IT WAS on a particularly pleasant day in early September that Jean Payne stopped her roadster on a lonely and rutty road in Illinois. The charm of the weather and the surrounding scenery found no favor in Jean's brown eyes as she glared unseeingly over the landscape.

"I didn't want to go to their old house party anyway," she informed the field in front of her with some bitterness. "I'd have been much better off in Chicago. But, after asking me, they might at least have kept their darned house where it belongs instead of folding it up in the middle of the night and hiding it somewhere."

Having spent the last three hours searching for the home of the G. Carter Gregorys, which, according to apparently reliable information, was just half an hour north of Stanton, Jean was distinctly not at peace with the world. Another time she might have relished this unique opportunity to study the topography of Illinois and to make a detailed survey of its highway system, but it was now well past lunch-time—in fact, past tea-time—and Jean was hungry. To begin with, the Gregorys were bores and she had only accepted their invitation because of a sudden drought in plausible excuses and, having steeled herself for a dull week-end, she was doubly annoyed to find that her good intentions were wasted.

"I can't stay here," she decided. Then, with renewed determination: "I'll just go on and the next house will be the Gregorys'. It will!"

The matter so pleasantly disposed of, Jean smiled at herself in the mirror on the windshield and started the car.

Ten minutes of driving brought her off the dirt road onto a paved highway and eventually presented to her view a white house set back from the road in a grove of maples.

"Why, it's lovely!" she thought as she turned into the circular drive on two wheels. "So much nicer than last time I saw it, when it was gray stone sitting right on top of a hill with no trees near it! Aren't the Gregorys clever!"

THE four people seated on the terrace at the side of the house watched her approach curiously. One of them, a blond young man in white flannels and blue blazer, rose and came toward her as she stopped her car.

"Hi!" Jean called gayly, jumping out of the roadster. "Sorry to be so late but I got lost. And I'm starved—anything left from tea?"

The blond young man looked startled.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but—"

"Oh, that's all right, darling," Jean assured him. "If there aren't any sandwiches, I'll just run out to the kitchen and have a bite of something. Don't fuss about me."

"No, but, you see—"

Jean patted him on the arm and gave him the benefit of her most dazzling smile. His expression became even more puzzled as he looked down at her.

"I said, don't fuss," she told him fondly. "Just get someone to take my bags and then introduce me to your other guests— Anyone I know?"

If Freddy Martin had not already been burned to a deep, rich red mahogany shade, his face would have reddened. As it was, he merely gulped and smiled uneasily before he said:

"You see, I'm Frederick Martin and this is my home and I think you've made some sort of a mis—"

Once again Jean refused to let him finish his sentence:

"We-ell! Who did you think I thought you were? Clark Gable? Don't be so silly, my pet." And with that Jean walked to the terrace with Freddy following her protestingly.

"If you won't stop mumbling long enough to introduce me I'll have to do it myself," Jean admonished him kindly. She smiled at the other guests, who were watching her expectantly. "I'm Jean Payne."

"Sorry," Freddy muttered. "Mrs. Pointer—Miss—er—Payne." A large, middle-aged woman of commanding appearance acknowledged the introduction with a frigid half-smile. In turn, Jean was presented to Thelma Pointer, a slender, pretty blonde who seemed lost in the shadow of her majestic mother, and to a young man, Bud Trask, who grinned at her in an encouragingly friendly manner.

JEAN surveyed them cordially, quite unconscious, apparently, of their varying looks of astonishment.

"It's lovely to be here," she beamed at them impartially.

After a moment's pause, Mrs. Pointer found her voice.

"Yes," she announced.

Jean turned to her enthusiastically.

"That's just the way I feel about it—only you've phrased it so much more beautifully than I could."

Mrs. Pointer glared at her and then spoke to her daughter:

"Are you and Frederick going to have your walk before dinner?" Grammar demanded an interrogation point at the conclusion of her sentence but there was none in Mrs. Pointer's voice. Rather was the query made in the tone of a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court handing down a decision.

"I guess so." Thelma's voice was weary. Jean noticed that, as Bud Trask looked at the girl questioningly, she answered with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"Will you show me my room first?" Jean asked Freddy. She

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smiled apologetically at Mrs. Pointer. "I won't keep him a minute—come on, darling."

A haunted, slightly wild look spread over Freddy's pleasant face as he led her into the hall where her bags were piled at the foot of the stairway.

"Oh, look, they didn't bring them up!" Jean's eyes, as they sought his, were those of a wounded doe. A badly wounded doe.

"Say, please—you've got to listen to me." Freddy wrenched his eyes away from her pleading ones. "There's been some mistake. I—er—didn't invite you. I mean, I don't know you."

"Why, you do too! I told you I'm Jean Payne."

"I mean to say, I never saw you before in my life."

"Oh-h." Jean's lips began to tremble. "I see. You'd rather I hadn't come?"

"No, but you see, I—" Freddy paused helplessly.

"YOU want me to go?" Jean asked in a small voice. "I—I don't mind," she went on bravely. "I don't mind at all. If you don't want me, I'll go. Where," she concluded in a tone of quiet tragedy, "I don't know. But I'll go."

"This is ridiculous," Freddy announced loudly.

Miraculously, her face cleared and she smiled at him.

"Oh, then you won't let me go? You insist on my staying?"

"I guess so." Freddy's tone was resigned. He knew when he was beaten.

"You darling! I knew you were only joking. Bring my bags up, will you?" And she ran up the stairs.

Freddy watched the slim, silken ankles disappearing toward the second floor and then, with a sigh, picked up the two suitcases and followed his uninvited guest.

"I suppose this room is all right," he said, stopping before a door at the end of the hall. "It's a little small—but the others are all taken."

"Tsst! I told you not to fuss," admonished Jean. "If *I* can't be at home here, who can?"

"Yeah. I'll send Mrs. Tiller up to help you."

"Dear old Mrs. Tiller!"

"She's not so old," protested Freddy.

"Dear *young* Mrs. Tiller!" Jean amended graciously.

"Whew!" said Freddy and shut the door.

Jean pulled off her brown felt hat and camel's hair coat and threw them over the foot of the bed. Then she surveyed her surroundings appreciatively.

"Not bad at all," she concluded. "I like this joint and I like the man who runs it. Now wasn't it sensible of me to come here? I'm sure I'm going to have a much more interesting time." She sighed contentedly and started to unhook her dress.

A light knock on the door interrupted Jean's complacent musings. At her "Come in," the door opened to reveal a middle-aged woman in a black dress and white apron.

"Good evening, miss, I'm Mrs. Tiller." The woman opened a suitcase and began to unpack it.

"Evening?" asked Jean. "I didn't realize it was so late. Leave the green chiffon out, will you, please? Or do they dress for dinner?"

"Oh, no, miss, just informal. Mr. Freddy doesn't like a lot of fuss."

"So like him," murmured Jean.

"It's not like in his father's day," continued the housekeeper.

"No, indeed!" Jean was sure of it.

"Things have changed a lot around here, what with people coming who aren't even wanted," Mrs. Tiller said darkly.

Jean looked up somewhat startled.

"Not that I should say anything, miss, but I'm that fond of Mr. Freddy and I hate to see that woman around here trying to get her hooks in him. It's his father's money and not Mr. Freddy that takes her eye. If you'll excuse me for saying it. He's so soft-hearted and easy-going anyone can get around him."

"Oh. Of course, dear Mrs. Tiller, you can say things to me you wouldn't *dream* of saying to anyone else. An old friend and all that— And I'm like the grave when anyone confides in me."

"Yes, miss, I'm sure. But her room's right next to this. I better not be talking too much."

"THAT woman! No wonder you feel the way you do." Jean's voice was rich with sympathy. "She very likely expects to come in here and take the management right out of your hands. It's a shame!"

"Not that I care about that, but I hate to see the poor young man taken in." The housekeeper nodded her head sadly. "Miss Thelma's nice enough in her namby-pamby way but she'd have no eyes for Mr. Freddy except for her mother's doing. Under her thumb proper, she is."

"A mission for me!" Jean told herself ecstatically. Her eyes shone with a crusading light. "We'll see what we can do, eh, Mrs. Tiller?" she asked aloud.

"I wish you could, miss. Seeing you're such an old friend of Mr. Freddy's—" she broke off. "Of course you've never been here before but I know you must be or you wouldn't have just dropped in like that."

"Hardly!" Jean's voice was indignant.

"Yes, miss." Mrs. Tiller hung up a blue satin negligee and put the bags in the closet. "If that's all, I'll be getting down to see that the table is all right."

"Thank you." Jean smiled and Mrs. Tiller beamed. "I do have a way with me when I put my mind to it," Jean thought when the door had closed. "I only hope it's in good enough working order to save Freddy from Mamma Pointer."

At the same moment, Freddy was conversing with Mrs. Pointer. Conversing, it might be added, with more embarrassment than pleasure. When he had rejoined his guests, he had found her alone on the terrace, frowning at the retreating backs of Bud Trask and her daughter.

"Oh, it's you, Frederick." She smiled at him. "Sit down and let's have a little chat before we dress. I sent Thelma off with Bud purposely—I don't think she wanted to go!" she added coyly. "Tell me, who is this Miss Payne? Such a—er—charming girl. I don't believe I've ever heard you speak of her."

"Her name is Jean Payne," Freddy admitted after some hesitation.

"Yes," said Mrs. Pointer coldly. "So it is."

"She's—well—" Freddy paused to clear his throat. "She's an old friend. That's it, an old friend. Didn't expect her, haven't seen her lately. An old friend." Once he had started, the words poured out in some haste.

"An old friend." Mrs. Pointer nodded her comprehension. "Of course—you say you didn't expect her?"

"Well, not exactly. You see, she had sort of a standing invitation just to drop in whenever she could." Freddy found himself wondering why he was lying for this insane Payne girl. If he told Mrs. Pointer the truth, *she'd* get rid of her in short order but—

"So fortunate she chose this week-end when she could be chaperoned," his companion murmured sweetly.

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. Isn't that lucky?" Freddy's delivery of these simple lines was about as natural as that of the hero in the eighth-grade play. "I'm sure you'll like her. She's a fine girl and very pretty, don't you think?" He jumped up. "Don't you think we'd better get ready for dinner? I'll run and tell Thelma and Bud."

"No." Mrs. Pointer's eyes narrowed. "I'll go. I think I'd like the little stroll."

COMING into the living-room later, Jean found Bud alone, staring moodily into his cocktail glass.

"Time heals all wounds," she said kindly.

He started and managed a smile.

"Oh, I didn't see you come in. Have a cocktail, Miss Payne?"

"Jean's the name and I'd love one." She took the drink he poured for her and considered him critically. A very nice young man, she decided, and one worthy of her talents. But Freddy really had first claim, Jean reminded herself virtuously, especially as she was consecrated to saving him from himself and Mrs. Pointer. Bud was really much better-looking than his host but— Jean sighed. A vow was a vow.

"Tell me," she asked, "were you surprised when I came?"

"Rather," he admitted. "Freddy hadn't mentioned you were coming. Nice guy, isn't he? One of the best," he added, gloomily.

"Miss Pointer is an attractive girl, don't you think?" Jean's voice was casual but she watched him carefully.

"Attractive—oh, Lord, yes!" Bud gulped and steadied his voice. "Yes, she's very nice."

"Going to marry Freddy?"

"I—I guess so."

"Lovely match."

"Lovely hell!" Bud burst out. "Oh, I'm sorry. But, you see—oh, forget I said it, please."

"Um. I catch on." Jean hesitated a moment. "You know," she went on musingly, "I wasn't invited here."

"What?"

"Uh-uh. I don't even know Freddy. Never saw him before in my life."

"Well, of all the—" A slow grin spread over Bud's face.

"Exactly. But you see I couldn't find the place I was supposed to go to"—Jean's look of innocence would have made a three-months-old baby resemble a hardened criminal—"so I got sort of tired of driving around and just turned in here. I like it very much," she added politely, "and I think I'll stay. Do they have good food?"

"But how did Freddy— Oh, good heavens, you mean you just forced him into it?" Bud spluttered into his cocktail.

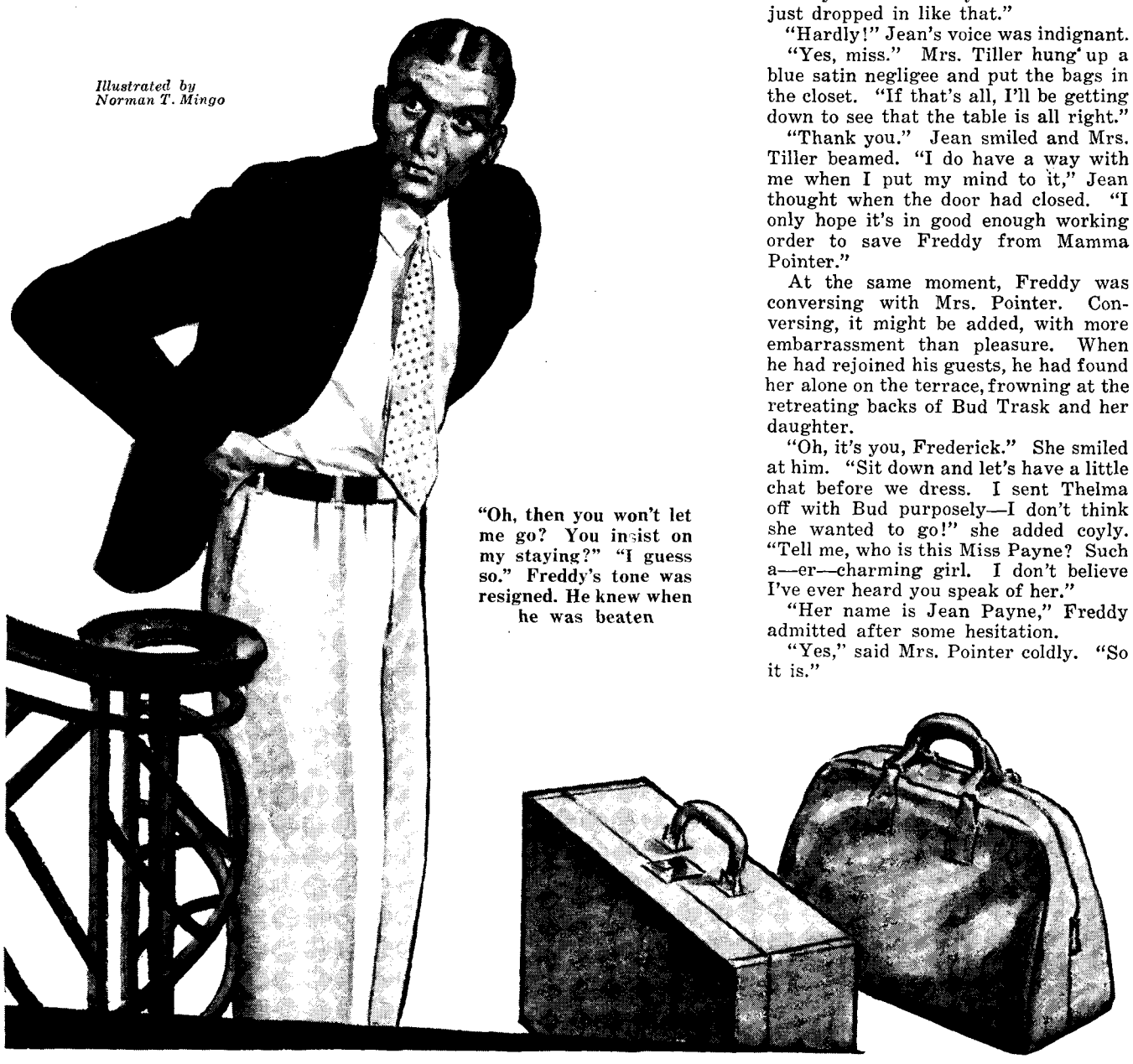
"We-e-ll, no, hardly that," protested Jean. "I just appealed to his better nature."

Bud looked at her admiringly.

"You're wonderful," he said simply. "What are you going to do now that you're here?"

(Continued on page 35)

Illustrated by Norman T. Mingo



"Oh, then you won't let me go? You insist on my staying?" "I guess so." Freddy's tone was resigned. He knew when he was beaten

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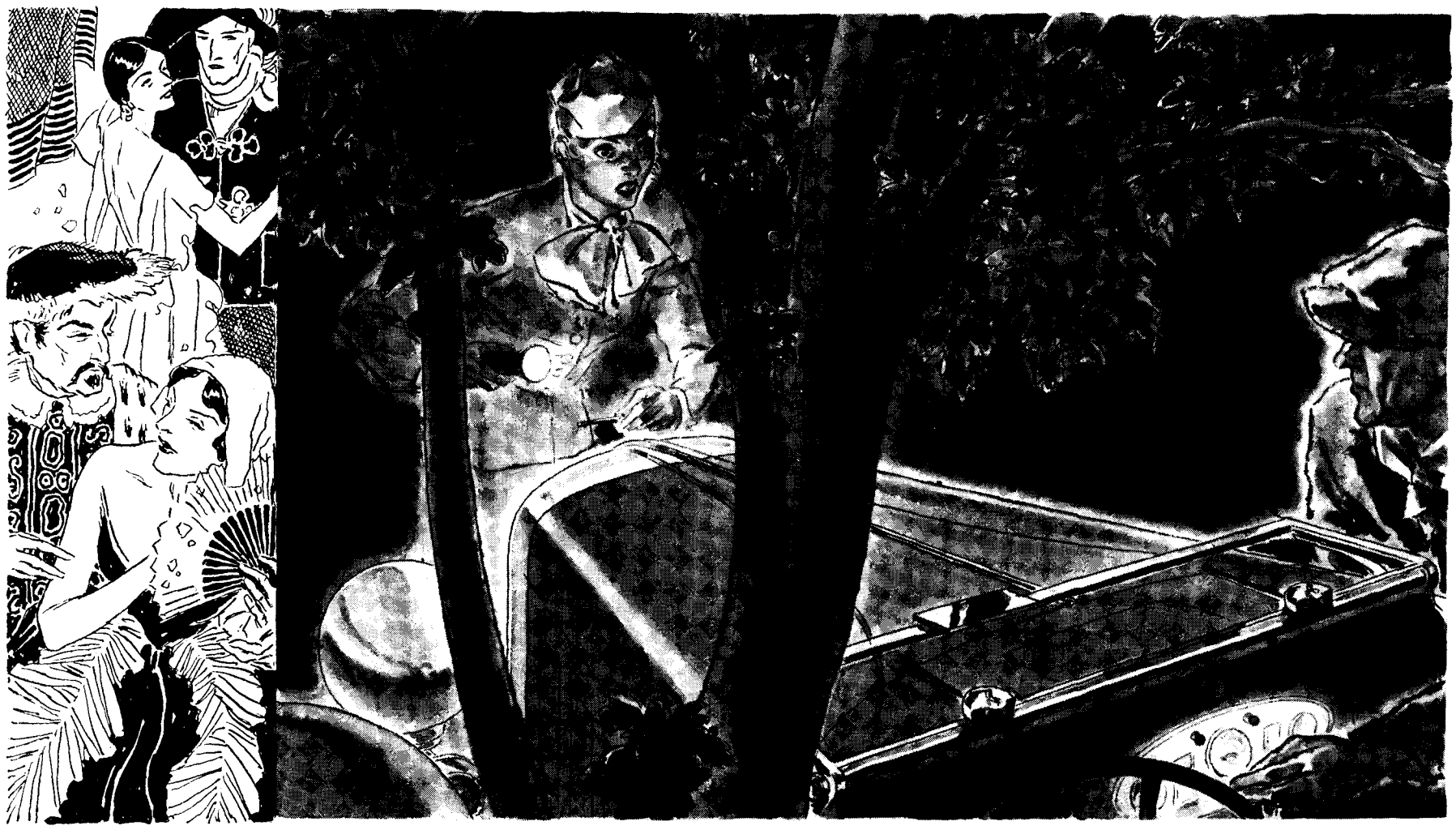
Time to be Tough

It happened one dark night in Laurel Lane, when Mr. Lynn met two lovers. If you told Mrs. Lynn she wouldn't believe you—she thinks she knows her husband

By Seymour Winslow



"Who's that?" Olive demanded. As she spoke she turned her flashlight on Mr. Lynn

WORMING his way determinedly along the outer edge of the crowded dance floor toward the open French doors and the quiet summer night beyond, Mr. Bradford Lynn ran a gauntlet of gay, hilarious hazards. Gay and hilarious, at least, to the mind of any normal fun-loving person, his wife Peggy would have told him. But to Mr. Lynn they were odious, maddening, intolerable.

Mr. Lynn took a sock on the head from an inflated bladder, wielded by a boisterous red-nosed clown. He blinked, smiled weakly at the grinning oaf and burrowed on.

A Dresden shepherdess stabbed him in the back with her crook and shrieked, "Brad, you've got the grandest get-up! Aren't you ever going to dance with me?" Mr. Lynn clamped his teeth, gave her the caricature of an eager nod and struggled forward.

A scabbard swinging out from a buccaneer's belt caught Mr. Lynn across the stomach. He gasped and sank into a chair. "Hi, Brad, you old turnip!" bellowed the pirate. "Was that you I clipped?" Fighting for breath, Mr. Lynn was unable to reply.

Ten feet more to go. Mr. Lynn got to his feet, hunched his shoulders and pushed ahead. He dodged the murderous elbow of an armored knight, stopped a hard-flung roll of paper streamer with his right ear and, as he achieved the door, was flicked smartly across the eyes by the hat plume of a whooping Lady Hamilton. He wriggled outward into the darkness, sped across the concrete floor of the loggia as if pursued and ran down the three steps to the dewy turf. There, pausing to collect himself, he sent a harried glance back into the inferno which he had escaped.

FOR an instant beyond the lighted doorway of the clubhouse he saw his wife, Peggy, in her Spanish outfit. She looked beautiful — brightly, happily beautiful. Yes, that rig was just her style. Peggy made a gorgeous señorita —well, señora, perhaps. But as he looked she placed the stem of a rose between her teeth, cocked her head and glanced archly up into the face of a grenadier guard. "Merciful heavens!" Mr. Lynn murmured. He writhed inwardly with embarrassment for Peggy and hurried to look away toward the placid starlit slopes of the golf course.

Since it simply wasn't in him to carry out the play-acting that a costume demanded, he had best duck the party for an hour or two, take a walk that would bring him back about the time the hare-brained affair was ending up. . . .

Peggy had been warned that it would go this way. He had spoken out clearly when she first made plans for the party. She had at once hit upon the Spanish costume for herself. But, she pointed out to Mr. Lynn, husband and wife certainly should dress as mates. He could be one of those grandees or gigolos or whatever—anyway something with black silk stockings that she would lend him.

Mr. Lynn declined amiably.

"You go Spanish, Peg. I'll just go tux."

"But you can't, Brad! Everybody's got to be something." The invitation had specified it. As non-members of Woodbrae they couldn't take liberties.

"Tux," Mr. Lynn reiterated. "I'll tell them I'm a society detective mingling with the guests at a costume party. Dressing up just isn't my stuff."

"Oh, dear. You have absolutely *no* spirit of play! If you'd only let yourself go once in a while. Pretend a little. Can't you even pretend you're somebody you aren't?"

"'Fraid not, Peg. No actor's blood. . . . Why couldn't I just wear an old suit? Go as Mr. Common People or an Indignant Tax Payer?"

Peggy brightened. "I know! Wear an old suit and a scarf around your neck and go as a tough guy. Killings done for ten dollars. Sort of stick out your chin and look baleful."

IT SEEMED to Mr. Lynn the least abhorrent solution. On the night of the party he got into a pair of shapeless blue trousers, a threadbare snuff-colored coat smudged with automobile grease, and run-down rubber-soled shoes. He knotted a dingy cloth about his neck and hooded his head with an old cap. His own reflection gave him a start. He had let thirty-six hours of stubble accumulate. It did strange things to his face. The austere had become the sinister; an ascetic's spareness of cheek was gaunt desperation.

"Why, you're perfect!" Peggy called across the bedroom. "Come here to me, Toughie." With a shadowing pencil she purpled one of Mr. Lynn's eyes. "There! I'd hate to meet you around!"

In the hallway as they were ready to leave, Peggy, remembering something, whirled and ran upstairs. "Here," she said, returning, "I bought this for you at the drug store. It might help to

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make some fun." She handed him a glass pistol filled with small candies. "To push out from inside your coat pocket. Come on now, Toughie."

Swinging along beneath the stars down a grassy descent Mr. Lynn promised himself that he had been cajoled into fancy dress for the last time. He never had been any good at make-believe and never would be. Now he was done with it. He sighed thankfully.

A patch of woods blanked out the lights of the clubhouse, silenced the distant music. Mr. Lynn was alone with the night as he reached a white-painted stile that climbed a border fence. He seated himself on the top step for a contemplative cigarette. Before him wavered a murky dirt lane that emerged from blackness on his right and melted into blackness on his left. A dismal enough place. But here, at any rate, no one would expect him to put on a show, to play-act, to go into a rôle.

Two foliage-splintered shafts of brightness, then the headlights of a car coming along the lane, aroused Mr. Lynn from reverie. As the car rounded toward him he was swept by its beams. The next moment it had stopped just opposite. A man was climbing out. Mr. Lynn caught the gleam of brass buttons and shiny puttees. He made out the lettering of the police department on the car door.

The policeman's voice came sharp: "What's your business here?" As he advanced he kept a hand on his gun holster.

"Well, just wasting a little time, really, Officer," Mr. Lynn began. "You see—"

A flashlight ray from the car illumined Mr. Lynn's unshaved face with its purple eye, revealed his shabby neck scarf and turned-up coat collar. The policeman, closing in, whipped out his gun.

"Put up your hands. Keep 'em up. Step down here."

Mr. Lynn obeyed. The policeman ran a hand over him and came to the lumpy glass pistol.

"Yeh? Wasting time, eh?"

"Now, Officer," Mr. Lynn protested, "if you'll just listen to me a moment. That pistol, you see"—he felt himself redden in the dark at the silliness of it—"is only a toy, a candy bottle. I'm in costume—that is, in costume. And if I may put down my hands I'll identify myself fully. Driving license, car registration, insurance receipts, all in my purse, rear pants pocket."

The other policeman joined his partner. They fingered through Mr. Lynn's papers, listened to his explanation and finally declined, as needless, a trip to the clubhouse with Mr. Lynn where, he assured them, a dozen men would identify him as Mr. Bradford Lynn of Bradford Lynn and Staff, Certified Public Accountants, a law-abiding citizen and householder.

"May I," Mr. Lynn ventured, "ask of what I was suspected?"

"Well, you might just have been hanging around to stick up petters, for one thing. It's quite a game along Laurel Lane, here."

"Petters, eh? Well, well. No, I haven't seen any."

The men moved away, then one returned. "Here—here's your gun. Now, don't start shooting till we say ready," he razzed.

For some minutes after darkness again claimed the lane there persisted in Mr. Lynn a tingle of pride in having been mistaken for a tough guy . . . in Laurel Lane!

LAUREL LANE! The name, as if coursing an established orbit, flashed at regular intervals through the busy mind of Ralph Sellers as he faced the mirror in the bathroom of his small apartment, at eleven o'clock on the night of the party at Woodbrae.

Laurel Lane? Yes, he'd been smart to pick it as the place for Olive to meet him. No street lamps, out of traffic, near enough the highway. And in case of an inquisitive cop he and Olive would seem to be merely ordinary petters.

Ralph selected a new razor blade for a shave that would be his second that day. Second and more important. This shave would cover a larger area than the shave he had presented from inside the grille of the teller's window that morning to the customers of the First Mortgage and Builders Trust. Ralph was shaving off his mustache. And in one way he hated to see it go.

A mustache suited him well—yes, even too well, Ralph often had reflected wearily. It got to be a plain nuisance having women look at him in that excited, interested way, stalling around the bank window, making talk with him. Good looks, Ralph philosophized, had their troublesome side. Of course, when it came to getting a tumble from a cute girl—and that mustache had fetched a lot of tumbles—well, he was glad he wasn't exactly a mud fence.

With a scissors Ralph snipped the mustache close, then lathered his face. Olive, he supposed, would let out a yawp when she first saw him shaved clean. "Handsome," she was always saying, studying his face as if she couldn't get enough of it, "I bet you only wear that mustache to make your teeth flash so white and nice when you smile. How does it feel to be so good-looking?" Ralph accepted her wonder as natural enough.

Just the same the mustache had to go. Olive could just get used to him without it. And if it came to that she wouldn't need to be used to him either way for very long. But she wouldn't know that till later.

There was a fair chance that the bank wouldn't find out anything until he was due back from his vacation. But then when he didn't show up—wow! Ralph could see the description that would go out—"medium height, slender build, dark hair, dark mustache, regular features"—yes, on a description of him they could easily arrest Ronald Colman. The thought was amusing.

BUT then again it might just be that some wise egg at the bank would stumble onto those phony cross-entries first thing next Monday morning. So the mustache had to go. Ralph contemplated his shaven upper lip disapprovingly, tried to smile, shook his head. Not so good. His face called for a mustache. Well, he'd grow another six months from now, maybe. Six months? Boy, where would he be in six months!

A nerve-shattering clangor came from the next room. For a paralyzed instant it was the thief alarm at the bank, then the gong of a police patrol, then it was Ralph's telephone. He was still weak when he lifted the receiver, listened a moment, then spoke a cautious "Yes?"

"Oh, Ralph! I'm so glad I got you! Gee!"

"Anything the matter, Olive?"

"No-o. Nothing the matter. I just wanted to get you. To hear your voice again, I guess."

Ralph rolled his eyes to heaven. The crazy ideas that girls get! "Look, Ollie. I'm just about to leave. And you're going to hear my voice all you want to, starting in about thirty minutes, now." But not, he added to himself, for anything like as long as she thought.

"Exciting, isn't it? Oh, listen! Don't leave there for another fifteen minutes. Mom's still up."

"Right. Where you phoning from?"

"A booth. Nothing to worry about."

Oh, no! Nothing at all! Not for her. Ralph wanted to end the call. "Well, then—"

"Wait, Ralph! Don't hang up. There was something I wanted to ask you . . . something—"

(Continued on page 47)

Mr. Lynn gave her the caricature of an eager nod and struggled forward *Walter C. Klett*

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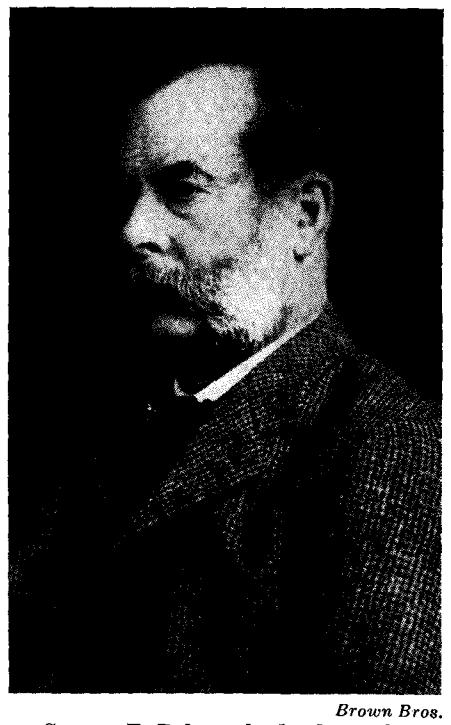
Pirie MacDonald

Henry P. Davison at the time he became a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co.

Thomas W. Lamont as secretary-treasurer of the Bankers Trust Company



Brown Bros.

George F. Baker, the banker, who was Davison's friend and adviser

© Keystone

Benjamin Strong amply justified Harry Davison's faith in him

Henry P. Davison

The Record of a Useful Life By his Friend and Partner

Thomas W. Lamont

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Davison becomes a bank clerk in New York—his rapid rise to the presidency of the Liberty National—the influence of George F. Baker on his career—his organization of the Bankers Trust Company—the money panic of 1907—Davison comes in contact with the elder J. P. Morgan—Benjamin Strong and the author describe the all-night rescue session in the Morgan library—Davison is invited to join the Morgan firm

HARRY'S translation from the Pequonnock National Bank of Bridgeport to the Astor Place Bank in New York City was due solely to his initiative and persistence. He well realized that the chief opportunities, the greatest prizes, lay hidden in the crowded city. So when he heard that a new bank, to be located on Astor Place in New York, was being organized, he decided that that was the place for his entry into metropolitan banking. This was in 1891.

Francis Lyman Hine (ten years afterward Harry's senior vice president at the First National Bank and later president of that institution) was one of the organizers and was slated for vice president in the new bank. So Harry called and modestly offered his services, to be used in any capacity the officers desired. Mr. Hine explained that they were overrun with applications and that their ranks were already filled. He was sorry, but there was no chance. A week later, Harry again came down from Bridgeport to see Mr. Hine. This time he urged his services very strongly upon Mr. Hine, but again in vain. But "if you don't at once succeed, try, try again" was Harry's chief credo in those days.

So after another week he presented himself again, this time at Mr. Hine's home in Brooklyn. At this third interview Harry explained most tactfully—even humorously—that he did not intend to be turned down. He said that he needed the job, and the job needed him. He was so insistent, so persuasive and yet so inoffensive with it all that Mr. Hine made up his mind that this looked like a young man who would have an effective way of handling the bank's customers. This time he said yes. And that is the way it fell out that Harry entered the ranks of New York's bankers.

NOTE: This and the articles to follow are taken from Mr. Lamont's biography of Mr. Davison, soon to be published in book form.

After this final and successful interview of his that day, it was so late that Davison decided to stay in New York overnight. But he had no friends in town, and so he determined to celebrate his victory alone and to go to the theater. He was aglow with enthusiasm and importance over the new job and eager to tell somebody about it. But there was nobody to tell.

Proud of His New York Job

Arriving at the theater, Harry eyed the two strangers sitting silently on either side of him and, finally selecting the least forbidding of them, said abruptly to him: "You don't know who I am, do you?"

"No, I don't," said the man in a tone that indicated he cared even less.

"I am the assistant receiving teller of the Astor Place Bank," said Harry in a proud and ringing tone.

"Uh, huh," said the stranger, and the conversation ended.

This was one of the many stories on himself that Davison loved to tell.

Not long after the bank was well under way and Davison had familiarized himself with his duties as paying teller, there came a day when he peered up through the paying teller's window to find himself suddenly facing a revolver in the hands of a wild-looking individual who demanded $50,000 in cash. With great presence of mind Davison swept to the floor the cash which was on the shelf in front of him. At the same time he dropped behind the counter, giving the alarm which resulted in the capture of the bandit, who turned out to be totally demented. This episode, although at times exaggerated, gave Davison considerable prestige among the officers and directors of the new bank, and his success there became assured.

About this time the Liberty National Bank, located at 143 Liberty Street (corner of West Street) in the newly erected building of the Jersey Central Railroad Company, was looking for an assistant to the cashier. The daughter (Mary) of Dumont Clarke, the veteran president of the American Exchange National Bank, heard her father speak of this vacancy. She, an old school friend of Kate Davison, at once suggested that Harry Davison be considered for the job.

"Just the man! I'll bring up his name right away," was Mr. Clarke's response. He did so, and the members of the board of the Liberty National Bank elected Davison assistant cashier on December 6, 1894, at a salary of $2,500 per annum.

It was at the Liberty that Davison had his first chance to show his real talents, his preëminent gifts as a banker, his caution and yet his courage, his uncanny gift for handling men. Even though his initial office in the bank was of minor importance, he had not been in the bank a twelvemonth before the directors recognized him as a leader and as an impelling force in the institution. On July 23, 1895, Davison had been elected cashier at a salary of $4,000, and on January 9, 1900, he was elected vice president at a salary of $10,000; he became president on May 16, 1901.

But hardly had he begun to warm the presidential chair before he was called to the higher post of vice president of the First National Bank of New York. There he took up his duties in 1902, after George F. Baker had for several years been observing his work. The First National was and is one of the great banking institutions of the world. The Liberty National Bank, where Davison had soundly established his career as a banker, was in a way a child of the First National; to the extent at any rate that it was founded by close friends of the First and that Mr. Baker and several of his associates were very considerable stockholders in it. On this account Davison had been accustomed to consult Mr. Baker on important matters which came up affecting the Liberty. Mr. Baker was so impressed with his energy and good sense that finally one day he said: "Davison, I think you'd better move your desk up here with us."

A Bulwark of Sound Money

The First National Bank of New York had been founded in 1863 by two brothers, John and Frederick Thompson, with whom Mr. Baker had been in association at Jay Cooke & Co. Mr. Baker was in years junior to them both, but in energy and foresight he was their senior. He became cashier of the new institution, which almost immedi-

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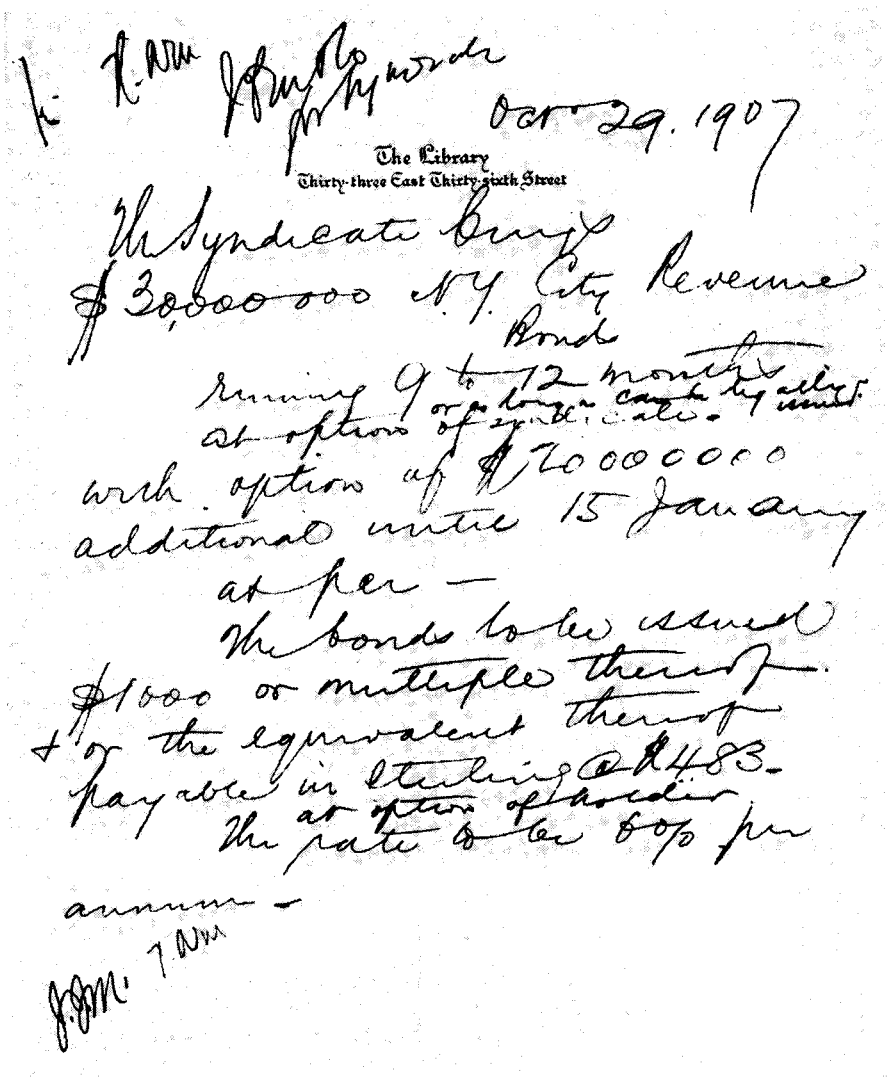

The first page of the contract, written by J. Pierpont Morgan, that saved New York City's credit in 1907

Brown Bros.

John Pierpont Morgan, Sr., in London in 1911, two years before his death

ately sprang into prominence among the New York banks.

This, then, was the institution where Davison really started the second and larger phase of his banking career; where he emerged from a limited into a large and important banking world. Nobody could ever imagine more congenial surroundings than he found here in the First National Bank family. The atmosphere was not that of an ordinary banking institution. It was more like an incorporated partnership. It was, in fact, just what I have described it—a small but happy family, with Mr. Baker, as the head of it, extraordinarily conversant with the workings of the bank and with all the things that the other members of his banking family were trying to accomplish.

One notable policy of Mr. Baker's, and therefore of the First National Bank, was always to support the government to the limit in its important fiscal policies. Thus when, under Secretary of the Treasury John Sherman, the government resumed specie payments in 1877, the First National became such a strong bulwark of defense for sound money policies and was so cooperative that the institution became popularly known as "Fort Sherman."

When, in 1917, the United States declared war against Germany, and the Treasury at Washington was compelled to undertake those gigantic loan operations to finance the war, Mr. Baker not only became one of the most active members of the Liberty Loan Committee, but his bank was always foremost in subscriptions to the United States Treasury loans. The bank's total subscriptions to United States government bonds and certificates from April 1, 1917, to the same date in 1927, ten years later, was $3,867,115,900.

From the foregoing, one might gather the impression that this history has to do with George F. Baker rather than with Harry Davison. But Davison's friends realize the great part which the First National Bank and its sane policies, with Mr. Baker's wisdom and courage, played in that formative period of Davison's life—the stabilizing influence which Mr. Baker's qualities had upon Davison's impulsive and optimistic temperament. By nature and disposition Davison would always take a broad and serene outlook on life. It remained for him to see such breadth of vision exemplified and put into practice on a great scale, day by day, by a man of Mr. Baker's experience.

E. C. Converse, a Real Friend

In Davison's career at the First National, he performed three outstanding pieces of work, in addition to a singularly happy and effective disposition of his routine duties at the bank. These three matters were, in their order: his organization of the Bankers Trust Company, the part he played in the money panic of 1907, and his work as an adviser to the National Monetary Commission which, under the chairmanship of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, visited the leading capitals of Europe in the summer of 1908.

The organization of the Bankers Trust Company was clearly the most brilliant of Davison's purely banking achievements. It brought him, deservedly, much prestige, greatly increased influence and usefulness. The plan was made and carried out during the early years of his vice-presidency at the First National Bank of New York.

Davison's sense of obligation was such that he had felt free to leave the Liberty National and go to the First National only after he had arranged to install a suitable president in his place. E. C. Converse, Davison's elder by a generation, had early taken an immense fancy to the brilliant, magnetic young president of the Liberty National. Mr. Converse himself had had a striking and successful career. Starting at the bottom of the ladder in his father's steel-tube works at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, he rose rapidly, by dint solely of his own abilities, as a manufacturer; and when the United States Steel Corporation was formed in 1901, the National Tube Company, of which Mr. Converse was the heaviest shareholder, became an important part of the combination, Mr. Converse becoming a director and member of the Steel Corporation's executive committee.

The steel mergers greatly increased Mr. Converse's personal fortune. Prior to this time, he had taken up his business headquarters in New York City. He had brought to New York ample capital, great shrewdness and energy, and a very attractive personality. Davison's invitation to him to become an active director of the Liberty Bank gave to Mr. Converse the connection that was desirable for him. It gave both to him and to Harry Davison a friendship that was touching, remarkable and enduring to the end of their lives, which fell within the same twelvemonth.

Harry learned early to call Mr. Converse "Pop." Mr. Converse welcomed the affectionate title, and he loved Harry with a devotion filled with admiration. Harry, who was amused, entertained and made glad by Mr. Converse's quaint humor and singular business acumen, could "handle" him as no other man ever had or ever could. He was one of Converse's "boys," and there was nothing in this world the elder man would not have done for Harry. They were associated in many important enterprises, and each always felt, and was always telling, how wonderful and how helpful the other had been to him. For the twenty-odd years that they knew each other, Davison and Converse, whether in constant contact or not, marched blithely together. Theirs was a sentimental journey—a romance of modern business.

With all his growing appreciation of Mr. Converse's business abilities, Davison naturally turned to him as the leading man for the Liberty. And, when Davison was called to the vice-presidency of the First National, he arranged that Converse should succeed him as president of the Liberty—not as the active manager, but yet as the responsible head of the bank. Davison himself retained the important post of chairman of the executive committee of the Liberty.

Davison's Fertile Mind at Work

Now, when Davison first sat down at his new desk at the First National and saw the new home of the Liberty National almost across the way, he could not forget that the Liberty was leaving vacant, though still responsible for the lease, a good banking room and safe-deposit vault down on the river front. That vacant lease impressed Davison as a quite unnecessary burden to the Liberty. Why not get a new tenant for it? But it must have a bank for a tenant. . . .

For months, as a matter of fact, Davison had been discussing with other bankers of his own age (the early and middle thirties) the idea of organizing a trust company that they, young bankers themselves, would direct and bring fiduciary business to; because in those days the commercial banks could not lawfully carry on a trust business. The men with whom Davison had been discussing this idea were: William H. Porter, vice president of the Chemical National Bank; Albert H. Wiggin, vice president of the National Park Bank; Gates W. McGarrah, president of the Leather Manufacturers' National Bank; Granville W. Garth, president of the Mechanics' National Bank; and Daniel G. Reid, the capitalist, who was active in the affairs of the Liberty; these in addition, of course, to Mr. Converse; and to George W. Perkins, of J. P. Morgan & Co., who subscribed to a substantial block of the company's stock but was never active in its affairs. This initial group decided to enlarge the circle. They broached the idea to others and it found ready, nay eager, acceptance. The first plan of limiting the capital to $500,000 had to be enlarged in order to create anything like enough stock to go round.

To make a long story short, the Bankers Trust Company was organized and launched on March 30, 1903, with a directorate including the men named above and thirteen others, all active and well-known in the American banking world.

A Trust Company for Bankers

The very small official staff had E. C. Converse as president, although not the directing head; John F. Thompson, up to that time cashier of the Seaboard National Bank, as vice president in charge; Thomas W. Lamont as secretary and treasurer; Daniel E. Pomeroy as assistant treasurer; and Leo H. McCall as assistant secretary. The account of Davison's boyhood days at Troy explains that Pomeroy was a cousin of Harry Davison's on both his father's and his mother's side, and that, as lads together, they went away to boarding school at Greylock Institute. Counsel to the company were White & Case, George B. Case of that law firm being Davison's especially close friend and confidant.

Business started, as arranged, in the old offices of the Liberty National Bank at 143 Liberty St., and the shares of

(Continued on page 38)

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Slander

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

HER parents dead, her small, rapidly dwindling estate in the hands of a broker whom she trusts, Martha Blaisdell receives a terrible shock: The broker—Gerald Gerrish, an ambitious social climber—is insinuating subtly, in the circles to which Martha, out of kindness, has given him entrée, that he is having an affair with her—is supporting her!

Her eyes thoroughly opened, Martha meets Gerrish, tells him what she has heard, demands a financial statement, so that she can place her affairs elsewhere. Gerrish simulates horrified astonishment, professes to be desperately in love with her. . . .

Meanwhile the girl has met two men far different from the oily Gerrish: Herbie Cranston and Peter Baxter. Cranston, an explorer — distinguished, wealthy, prominent in New York society—is, she knows, deeply interested in her. A lonely girl, who has never known love, she resolves to marry him, if he proposes.

Baxter is a "charity doctor," in charge of St. John's Clinic. Following a taxi accident, Martha had encountered him—a tall, angular young man with flaming-red hair. She had found him brusque to the point of rudeness, astoundingly naïve, but attractive. . . . A few days later Martha's cook has one of her "spells." No other physicians being available, Doctor Baxter is summoned. He comes, treats the cook, then calmly informs Martha that he is thinking of going to China, but, suspecting that he may be in love with her, he does not want to go until he is sure of his feelings! Martha is, of course, vastly amused. "Doctor Baxter," she laughs, "you may come to tea tomorrow.". . . Like everyone else, Cranston has heard the gossip. Knowing Martha, he ignores it. While dancing with her at a sophisticated restaurant, Gerrish appears. He is intoxicated. While those at the near-by tables listen, he attempts to discuss his break with Martha. Cranston seizes him, puts him out. The following day, determined to silence the fellow, he goes to Gerrish's office.

"Gerrish," he says, "if you dare to say another word derogatory of Miss Blaisdell, I'll wring your neck. I mean just that!" Then he walks out.

But he, too, is beginning to wonder.

III

MARTHA BLAISDELL yawned deliciously. She stretched luxuriously. Yesterday had been just a bit of Hades added to a week of purgatory. Monday had been hot, Tuesday had been torrid, Wednesday had been blistering, Thursday had been scorching and Friday had been a torment.

And then, shortly after luncheon, Cranston had telephoned, and the day had suddenly seemed livable. Not that her heart beat faster at sound of his voice, but security—a security that had seemed dreadfully far away during the five days just past—seemed close at hand.

She had missed Cranston since last Sunday. Not in the way that one misses a lover, but as one misses a gay companion. Also, with each passing day, the necessity of marriage impressed itself upon her more strongly, and Cranston seemed the only possible—even desirable—answer to that need.

Over and over again she had assured herself that she could not do so mean a thing. She couldn't marry a man whom she didn't love. And then she would remember that Cranston had heard Gerrish's remarks, and that it was extremely doubtful that a man of Cranston's antecedents and outlook would permit himself to fall in love with a girl about whom there was the slightest gossip.

This was a lax generation, but Cranston was not spiritually of it. He would insist upon impeccability of reputation as sternly as his father or grandfather had done. And the fear that she might not be able to attract him, win him, overshadowed her qualms of conscience.

She had received a telegram from him on Wednesday. Just a line saying that he would drive her down to the Lemmings' if she would permit. And she had replied that she would permit.

She did not know what an inner struggle Cranston had gone through before he sent the wire. He had arrived in Bar Harbor late on Tuesday morning and his sister had met him.

SHE kissed him, hugged him, and fussed over him all the brief ride to their place on the ocean. Then, shooing the nephews and nieces from Uncle Bert's room—his family disdained the Herbie that his friends had bestowed on him—she eyed him sternly.

"Who's the girl, Bert?"

"Girl? Girl? What the deuce are you talking about? And will you get the devil out of my room, Letty? I want to change into flannels, and how can I do it if you stick around here?"

"I'll shut my eyes and turn my back, brother of mine," she replied. "At that," she went on critically, "you look a bit fat to me in clothes. But never mind that now. I want to know who the girl is."

"Who what girl is?" he demanded. He turned away, fussing over dressing-table things, that she might not observe his faint blush. Letty was a devil! How could she guess—or had Millie or Mrs. Dan or some other of those gossiping females on Long Island told her about his mild attentions to Martha Blaisdell? He wouldn't put it past any of them to ring Letty on the long distance and spill, not what they knew, hang 'em, but what they imagined.

"You've been promising for a month to come down here. And when you do come, you say that you must leave on Thursday. It must be a girl. It has to be a girl."

"And you, being a girl, would have to think exactly that," he said. "No girl at all. Don't know any girl. What are girls?" he asked.

Letty pursed her lips and nodded.

"All right, my dear. But I'll find out. And when I do—"

She left her threat unuttered, and, like the good sort she was, dropped the subject, seeing that it brought him embarrassment if not slight annoyance.

SHE produced other girls, charming girls, for her brother that afternoon and evening. But his mind was on Martha all the time. There were pretty figures around Letty's pool, but none so divinely young as Martha's. There were pretty faces, but none to compare with Martha's. There was no charm like Martha's, no quick wit like hers.

But—gossip had smirched her. Of course, it couldn't be true, but even swine like Gerrish hesitated to utter insinuations completely baseless. Of course, he put himself in Gerrish's class by even thinking of crediting the gossip, but—

He argued with himself all the next day and finally sent the telegram to Martha. And when her reply came that night it somehow distilled all his doubts and left them nothing but trust. He was not absent-minded that night or morning and Letty, who knew that a telegram had come for him, also knew that it must have come from a girl. And she wrote to Mrs. Dan Treman the day after her brother left for New York.

Cranston had called for Martha at about three, and at five they were swimming in the Lemming pool. They dined with the Braleys, had pleasant bridge afterwards, and on the way home a breeze had sprung up.

And now, on this Saturday morning, the breeze still endured. From her pillow Martha could see whitecaps on the Sound. It had been worth a week of discomfort to achieve, at the end, so gorgeous a day. She pressed a bell that would cause breakfast to be fetched to her, and went to her bath. Twenty minutes later, fresh and fragrant, she greeted the maid who brought her orange juice, coffee and toast.

"In bed? I think I'd rather have it on the porch," she said.

The maid nodded cheery assent and placed the tray on a table on the screened porch. Martha took a quick look in the mirror. Her blue pajamas were becoming; her hair glistened; her creamy skin pleased her, and she wore just enough lipstick. Yes, she could stand the scrutiny of the morning sun.

She sat down at her table, and from the croquet lawn voices floated up to her. She called a gay hello.

Faces were upturned. There were Cranston, and Bob Lemming, and Mrs. Dan, and Millie Cragin, and Trudie.

"Hello, yourself, you lazy thing," called Bob. "Everyone else has been abroad since dawn. Only you, slothful one, lie abed—"

"I'm not lying abed," Martha defended herself. "I'm up, rosy and lovely, in pajamas that are divine—"

"Are you receiving in them?" asked Cranston.

"Trudie, you are my hostess," said Martha. "It is you, and no one else, who must set the standard of morality for your guests. May a young—and may I interpolate charming—young woman receive gents in her pajamas?"

Trudie Lemming laughed.

"I'm wearing them myself," she said. "I guess you can."

Martha waved a gay hand.

"I'm receiving in them, Mr. Cranston," she called.

"Oh, hang," cried Bob Lemming, "now we never will get to golf. And I want another cup of coffee myself. Let's all go."

IT WAS gay up there on the porch. Everyone discovered a new appetite, and the maid was busy bringing fresh coffee—and for Bob and Dan Treman fresh pancakes—for the next quarter-hour. Depression seemed far away. Martha's misgivings of the past week

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

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Martha rather gleefully told herself that Millie's triumph had not been too permanent

seemed ridiculous. Cranston, always delightful, seemed to have acquired a new charm overnight. It might not be impossible to fall in love with him after all.

The maid came out to the porch, this time bringing no dishes.

"Dr. Baxter has arrived, ma'am," she said to her mistress.

Trudie looked at her husband.

"There, Bob! He's yours, not mine. You go down and receive him."

Lemming smiled at his wife.

"You don't mean that, my dear."

"Of course I don't." She returned her husband's smile. It was a bore, having a complete stranger come for the week-end, not knowing if he golfed or tennised or swam or played bridge, or would fit in at all. And Trudie Lemming was a bit proud of the way she saw to it that her guests all blended amiably. But she would try to hide her slight annoyance.

"Ah-ha, a slight rift in the Lemming lute," said Mrs. Dan. "Who is the unwelcome guest?"

Trudie flushed, ashamed of her momentary faint ungraciousness.

"He's not a bit unwelcome. He's an old friend of Bob's. He telephoned yesterday asking if he could come out. Bob hasn't seen him for years, but—you know Bob."

"Surely. And we know Bob's friends, too," said Millicent. "They're all swell, and we need another man, anyway. What's the matter with this—what's his name?"

"Baxter. Peter Baxter. Nothing in the world the matter with him. According to Bob, he couldn't be nicer. He's a doctor. Runs a clinic downtown somewhere. Gives his life to the poor, and that sort of thing."

"He doesn't sound exciting," said Dan Treman.

"No? You found him pretty exciting once," said Lemming. "Age has dulled your memory, kid. Run your hand over your collar-bone, young feller. Remember the Yale tackle that broke it?"

Treman leaped to his feet, spilling a cup of coffee.

"You don't mean *Pete* Baxter? Do I remember him? Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun if I ever forget him."

HE WAS gone from the room like an arrow from a bow. Two minutes later, while the others buzzed, Treman returned, literally dragging after him an embarrassed but smiling Peter Baxter, who went through the introductions gracefully.

Martha held out a hand to him.

"We know each other," she said.

"I suppose," said Bob scornfully, "that you're one of his patients."

Unaccountably, Martha found herself coloring.

"I called him in last Sunday," she said.

"Well, for heaven's sake, Pete," cried Bob Lemming, "if you're a fashionable doctor, swelling around with patients like Martha, why haven't we heard about it?"

Baxter smiled.

"I'm afraid Miss Blaisdell exaggerates. I haven't reached her heights. Her cook was ill. That's as close as I've got to the rarefied atmospheres of chic and finance and culture that you all frequent."

"Ooh, a mean cracker," said Treman. "As tough in a boudoir as on a football field."

"Tougher," grinned Baxter. "You look fat, Dan."

"Is tha-at so?" drawled Treman. "Well, Doc, I'll take you right down to the tennis court and run some beef off you."

"I haven't played for six years," said Baxter.

"Then let's make it doubles," said Millie Cragin. "Martha, you'll play, won't you? Don't play singles, Dr. Baxter."

"Call him Pete," said Treman. "That'll be a relief to him after the things I called him last time I saw him."

"Boy, you did use language," chuckled Baxter.

"With a broken collar-bone, who wouldn't?" demanded Treman. "But say, where've you been? I heard someone say something—last winter it was—about a Doc Baxter doing swell work down in the slums, but I never dreamed it was you. Who'd ever think a rough guy like you would turn gentle and tender and a ministering healer to the poor?"

"Let the man alone, Dan," said his wife. "He was too good for you on the football field, and you're not going to pick on him here. Doubles, eh, Pete?"

He smiled gratefully at her friendly address.

"Doubles it is, Mrs. Dan. You're a gentleman not to let Dan pick on me. But I'll have to dress, Mrs. Lemming."

"Bob, show him his room," said Trudie.

MILLICENT CRAGIN whistled gently as the men departed.

"He's suh-well," she breathed. "Trudie, you needn't be alarmed about him spoiling your week-end. For my own part—my health has been a matter of concern to me lately. I need care and attention from a red-headed man. Don't you love those freckles? Tell us about him. Who is he?"

"Bob knew him at Yale," said Trudie. "His grandfather was old Whelan Baxter, ambassador to somewhere or other once, and his father was a great old beau in his day. But this young man—knew everybody, went everywhere as a boy. Then—he quit running into New York, quit raising Cain with the other fellows. And when he graduated he went in for medicine. Nothing strange about that, but it was strange the way he went in for it after he had his degree. Went in for charity work, turned his house into a charity clinic, hasn't seen anybody at all, simply slaves like a fanatic for the poor. Nothing of a prig, though, is he? Martha, you know him. What about him?"

Martha shrugged.

"I've only seen him twice in my life."

"And that's enough," cried Millie. "You're a fast worker. Now, look ye here, Marthie Blaisdell. I'm a plain, poor woman, outspoken and none of your society dames, I'm not. Modest little Millie is what they call me, but I'm a fighting demon in defense of my own. You saw him first, but I claim him first. You little wretch, you've sunk Herbie Cranston, and that's enough for any girl in one season. You leave my doctor be."

"*Your* doctor," giggled Trudie.

"Mine," said Millie with determination.

"Think you can get him?" asked Trudie, still giggling.

"Massachusetts, there she stands," said Millie. "The world knows her record. Two army officers, one embassy secretary, one broker and two—count 'em—bankers. If I can't get one helpless doctor—and I've always wanted to visit the sick and be a sort of Florence Nightingale—"

"You wicked little rascal," interrupted Trudie. "Come on, they're calling to us."

IT WAS after the tennis, in which, considering his lack of practice, Baxter did remarkably well, that Martha exchanged her first words with him.

"I hope you don't mind my coming out here," he said.

"Mind? Why should I mind? Isn't it rather a happy accident?"

He shook his head.

"Naturally you'd think that. But—it wasn't an accident. You see—you weren't at home last Monday afternoon."

She had worried about this herself, though not seriously. Something had turned up on Monday and her engagement with Baxter had completely left her mind. She had thought, later, of telephoning, but had neglected to do so.

"I was rude," she said.

He smiled gayly.

"My prerogative. But—I wanted to see you."

"So I gathered," she said. "As an experiment, wasn't it?"

He nodded.

"An earnest scientist never postpones

(Continued on page 29)

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Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Marian Dunn, owner of the 94 ranch, Billy Wheeler learns that the girl regards him as just another cowboy. He leaves the ranch, vowing never to return. Two years later "Horse" Dunn, Marian's belligerent old uncle who manages the 94, sends a frantic summons for him. He returns—reluctantly.

Someone, he learns—no one knows just who—has been murdered on 94 land. Lon Magoon, a cattle thief with whom Dunn had quarreled, has disappeared. Dunn tells Wheeler that his enemies, of whom he has many, have instigated the crime, hoping to cast suspicion on him and thus ruin him. The ranch, he says, is facing bankruptcy. Bob Flagg, en route from Arizona with sufficient funds to save it, has disappeared. The bankers will no longer support him—if he loses his good name.

Wheeler promises to stand by the old ranchman. There ensue several clashes with the men who hate Dunn—Link Bender; the Kid, Bender's son; Pinto Halliday; Rufe Dean; Sam Caldwell and others. Then another man—Cayuse Cayetano, a half-breed tracker—is murdered. To add to the mystery, Old Man Coffee (a detective of a sort, who uses hounds to trail suspects) announces that Lon Magoon is still alive—that another man was murdered. He announces, furthermore, that he is tired of being lied to by the men of the 94; and Dunn (who had employed him to solve the mystery) promptly discharges him.

But the old sleuth continues his investigations. With Marian and Wheeler, he follows a trail, hoping to find a body. He finds one. Like Cayetano's, it is riddled with shotgun shot. *It is the body of Bob Flagg!* . . . Sheriff Walt Amos (who is hostile to the 94) arrests Gil Baker, one of the 94 crowd. Then, giving Dunn thirty hours in which to establish his innocence, he collects the old man's shotguns, his loading outfit, and a blood-stained saddle (which Dunn had hidden in the ranch-house), and prepares to depart. Whereupon, Tulare Callahan, one of Dunn's men, rides up, and—"I've seen Lon Magoon! I chased him, but couldn't catch him! . . ." Out to find Magoon, Wheeler meets Marian. The girl insists on accompanying him. Wheeler kisses her. "Now," he exclaims, "I guess you'll go home!" The girl eyes him calmly. "I *am going with you*," she says.

And she does. . . . Someone rides across the trail. *Magoon!* Wheeler slips to the ground. "Hold my pony!" he whispers, and prepares for a fight.

VIII

BILLY WHEELER'S eyes were sweeping the upper levels as he stepped out of the saddle. In the ragged brush and upthrust ledges above that forgotten, nameless canyon, a thousand horsemen could have been hidden within the quarter mile. His eyes were grim as he passed his reins to the girl.

"Marian, for the last time—won't anything I can say or do make you go back?"

"No!" She smiled, faintly, a little grim, stubborn smile. "You can't seem to understand that I—"

A sharp report sounded above, and Marian's pony suddenly folded at the knees. Its head dropped as if it had been felled with a sledge, its nose stubbed in the sand; it went down on its side like a great sandbag, and was still before the echoes had died from the rifle in the upper rocks. Wheeler's pony reared, tearing free its head, and bolted down the canyon.

He sprang toward Marian. She had swung herself clear, and was already getting up beside her fallen horse. "Get down—quick, behind the horse!" She hesitated, but he did not. He seized her shoulders, deftly kicked her heels from under her and laid her flat behind her dead pony. Stay there!"

He pulled his gun and moved five yards to one side, standing up to draw what further fire there might be. A minute passed, two minutes, while he watched for movement on the upper rim; but there was no sound or shot. The desert hills were as silent and empty as before, except for the dying rattle of hoofs down-canyon from Wheeler's stampeding pony.

Marian's voice came to him: "What in the world happened?"

"Somebody took your pony through the head with a rifle, is all." A crazy red anger was on him. Loose in these hills was a man as dangerous and unaccountable as a wild animal with hydrophobia. For the first time he inclined to Tulare's belief that Magoon was the killer. Too much long riding alone—especially when it was mixed up with the night riders' long rope—could do queer things to a man whose head wasn't too strong in the first place. Lon Magoon, half outlaw, half sneak thief, all coyote, might have turned at last into something which must be destroyed at sight, without hesitation. He walked to the dead horse and roughly verified the angle of the shot; then turned and began to climb the canyon slope.

"BILLY, come back! You *can't*—"

"You stay down," he ordered her savagely. "Or, by God, I'll tie you down with my pigging-string!"

It would have been easy then to walk into gunfire, easy to shoot it out with an ambushed man. Always keeping his eye on Marian's position, he searched those upper slopes, backward, forward, and quartering. But what happened to him was the one hardest thing of all—to find the broken country empty and silent, with nothing in it to fight or trail. It seemed impossible that any horse could have been ridden here without leaving some small sign, or that he could not have heard retreating hoofs upon the rocky ledges. But though he walked between the rabbit-ear rocks, where Marian believed she had seen the skulking rider, the hard-baked ground showed no mark of hoof or heel, and there was no sound or movement anywhere.

In the end he could only go back to the girl with no result to show, and no assurance as to what was ahead. He would not have been surprised, when he turned his back on that emptiness, if a gun had spoken from a place where no one was, and brought him down.

"No catchum," he told Marian. She had not stayed under cover, but was sitting on a rock, a little apart from her dead horse. No use quarreling with her over that; she had already proved to him that he couldn't control anything she chose to do. He put himself between her and the rim. "It's a long walk back," he said morosely. "That's my fault. I'm not used to this stuff, or I wouldn't have lost my pony. When I saw your horse drop—I lost my head."

He saw her face change, so that she was suddenly pale, and the unreadable

"Because it was I," she said with an unexpected, deep-striking clarity.

"We'd better get going, I think."

"We can't go on? And get—"

"That must have been the man we were after, that killed your horse."

She drew a deep breath, and stood up. For a moment she looked all about her, upward at the high, towering rims. Then suddenly he saw her sway.

He stepped forward in time to steady her with his hands on her arms. And now he found that she was trembling violently. Her face was white, making her eyes look enormous and very dark. "Billy—I'm afraid—" She sat down on the rock again, as if her knees would not hold her up.

"No more danger, child. It's all over, and he's gone."

"But who could it be? Why should he want to—hurt me?"

"I—I don't know that. I can't imagine any living thing wanting to hurt you. I swear, by *la Madre de Dios!*—he'll pay for it if I live to find him. Now don't be afraid any more. It's all over, for now."

The tears began to roll down her face, and she hid them with her hands. Quickly he looked about him, checking the throw of the land. Then he lifted her up and led her to a pocket gully at the foot of the precipitous north slope. When he had made sure that searching lead could not reach them here, he got the blanket from her dead pony, and spread it for her to rest upon; and gathered bits of dead brush to build a tiny fire. "Striking fire kind of seems like setting up a mark," he apologized. "But you're plenty safe if you stay close under the rock split. Now you take it easy. We'll rest here an hour or so; then we'll go back."

MARIAN drew up her knees, and hid her eyes against them. One of her hands reached out to him uncertainly, and he took it. Her fingers were moist and cold, with a tremor in them; he warmed them between his hands, noticing how huge his hands were made to look by her slim fingers.

Presently she looked up, shook her head sharply, and drew away her hand. "I'm all right now. Did you ever see such silliness?"

"Rest a little longer. We've got lots of time."

The dusk had closed more rapidly at the last, and little light was left in the sky; but a moon was rising behind a high point of rocks, silhouetting a crag

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John Gannam

light in her eyes went out. Abruptly she pressed her face hard into her hands

that looked like a horse's head. He noticed how huge it looked, as the moon does when it is low to the earth. The horse-head crag had a four-hundred-foot profile, but it looked little against the moon, which appeared bigger than a mountain, bigger than a range.

"You know," he said, "it's funny how badly things work out; never the way you want them to. Many and many a night, lying out in the hills, watching my fire—like this—I've thought about how it would be, if you were there. How I'd get you to like these hills, and the coyotes talking, and the smell of smoke in your hair—you know, foolish stuff."

"I do love the hills," she said.

He shook his head. "This isn't it. This isn't right. You ought to be able to lie by your fire and smell pine timber. And that crick out there ought to have water running in it. You sit and listen to running water, and pretty soon you get to hear voices in it; sometimes you lie awake for hours trying to get what they say. But, what's more to the point, there's likewise trout in the water. There ought to be a nice pan of trout frying, here on the fire."

"You fit with things like that, you know. As if you were made out of them."

He said: "A half-hour's rest in the rocks, with a long, long walk ahead—this is about as close as people get to the way they want things, I suppose."

"It's my fault, Billy. If I hadn't been so stubborn you wouldn't have lost your horse; you'd have gone on through."

"Shucks, now!"

SHE was silent, and they sat looking into the fire. The little flickering flame was a slow magic, and the long, horseless drag that separated them from the 94 was helping it—drawing them together, shutting the rest of the world away. The smell of autumn was cool and clean in the air, across the dry sage; and the red-gold moon faintly mellowed the chill of darkness on the gaunt hills, so that they sat here in unreality, as if in a dream.

"Some places," he said, "they call that a harvest moon; the Indians call it the hunting moon, and they used to make smoke-medicines by it."

"What do *you* call it?"

"Well—sometimes we call it a coyote moon. Because it puts a kind of singing craze on the coyotes. They gather around on hilltops, seems like, and sing their hearts out, as if it drove them wild crazy, some way. Listen."

Far off, so faint a whisper that it seemed half imagined, they could hear now a queer, high crooning, full of an interwoven yapping and trilling, like nothing else on earth.

"It sounds," Marian said, "as if there were forty or fifty of them—sitting somewhere on a mountain in a ring."

"Two," he told her. "They pair off this time of year."

"Two," she repeated. "Then that's why there's something more than moon madness in that singing."

He knew that they should be starting the long return, but he could not bring himself to say so. The thing that had brought them together again—the disaster to Horse Dunn and the 94—had nearly run its course. And he knew that it was a good thing for him that it had. Already he had lived under the same roof with Marian too long for his own good. He no longer had any hope that he could forget her; she would always be in the back of his mind some place, waiting to come real and close to him in his dreams.

He supposed he would have to learn to live with those dreams. To sit with her now, far out and alone beside the little fire, was itself an unreal and precious thing, now that he no longer fought against it. A quiet peace had come upon this place; or something as near peace as he ever knew any more. She was very near to him, so near that, though their shoulders did not touch, it seemed to him that he could feel her warmth; and her hair, with the firelight in it, was a warm, smoky mist shot with gold, clouding his eyes.

They sat for a long time listening to the faint coyote song and the little popping of the fire. Once, as they sat quiet, he heard far off a thing he did not understand. It was so distant and so muffled that he could not at once decide whether it could have been the fall of a rock from a high place, or had been the report of a gun far away up the canyon, smothered by close walls and the drift of the air. He glanced at Marian to see if she had noticed it, and saw that she had not.

Marian looked at him, the firelight pooling long shadows under the lashes of her steady eyes. "I just thought of something."

"What was it?"

"This—isn't it kind of funny?—this is exactly the situation we were speaking of the other day."

He was puzzled. "When was this?"

"In Inspiration."

For a moment he didn't get it. Then it came back to him in a rush—the blast of sun upon the dusty street, the atmosphere of silent, waiting hostility, the groups of spurred and booted men in doorways, watching without seeming to watch; and he had stood talking to Marian across the door of a car, not thinking about what was ahead.

"'If you and I were set afoot,'" she quoted, "'some place far off in the mountains at night, with only one blanket between us—'"

He was resting perfectly still on one elbow, looking at the fire; but he could feel her eyes, so near his face, watching him under her lashes. And behind her eyes he supposed she was laughing at him.

"I was right," she said. "You didn't know it then, but you can see it now. You see—it seems a good deal different, now that we're really here."

"Does it?" he said without expression. He got up with a sort of stiff, slow leisure, for the little fire was burning low. He went beyond the fire, squatted on one heel beside it, and fed it pieces of stick.

"You see, I know you, Billy. Sometimes I think I know you better than I know myself." Her eyes wavered and drifted out toward the low young stars. "I can remember when I was afraid of you. If we had been out here then—two years ago—I would have wanted nothing so much as to get back among other people. That's all gone now."

HE LOOKED at her. She had never seemed more lovely, more human, more elementally desirable than she looked now, a tired girl in cow-country work clothes, slim and lazy, relaxed by the little fire as if she had never known any other resting place in her life. Her face was quiet, almost grave; but though her eyes looked drowsy there was a little gleam in them that did not come from the flame in front: a small, provocative glimmer of fire within, which he had seen in her eyes only two or three times in his life—and never before the last two or three days.

Their eyes met and held, his steady and masked within, hers seeming to laugh at him a little, half veiled by her lashes.

"I said," she reminded him, "that if we were—in a situation like this, there wouldn't be anything for me to worry about, nothing at all. And you said, if I thought that, I was a fool. Well, you see"—she met his eyes again—"I win."

Still her eyes held, and he could not understand why they did not drop. "I can't believe, hardly," he said, "that you have any idea what sort of thing you're talking about."

She smiled. "You think I don't? That's because western men are certainly the most conventional people in the world."

Suddenly he angered. He had not brought her here of his own will, nor set them afoot, nor wished to rest here with her. He would not even have been on her range, or within a day's ride of it, if her interests had not drawn him in and held him. She had made her decisions in regard to him long ago, and to change them he had spent his every resource without any effect. And now, at the last—it amused her to torment him. It seemed to him that there was a capricious she-devil in that girl—perhaps in all women, given opportunity.

"YOU see, I know you," she was saying again.

The masks behind his eyes dropped away, and though his face hardly changed his eyes reddened, seeming to smoke with the angry fire that came up behind. She herself had lighted that fire long ago. It was a fire that had driven him relentlessly, making him rich; it could have made him work for her all her life—or it could break him again, and drive him up and down the world. Suddenly he did not know whether he loved or hated this girl.

"I'll give you the same answer I gave you in Inspiration," he said, his words almost inaudible, even against the stillness of the night: "If you think that, you're a little fool."

Still she met his eyes, so long, so steadily, so knowingly that he wondered for an instant what was happening, was

(Continued on page 44)

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Bill Klem has been the target of countless curses, pop bottles, lynching threats and larceny charges, but nothing disturbs his serenity. That's what twenty-odd years as a big-league umpire have done for him

Always Right

By John B. Kennedy

© *International*

Bill Klem calls the play as Gehrig slides home in the second game of the 1932 world series

I DON'T call 'em as I see 'em," says Mr. Klem. "I call 'em as they *are*." From this may be inferred what manner of man this dogmatist of the diamond is. Mr. Klem has been a major-league umpire for twenty-odd years, an umpire of all sorts for thirty-five years. And since the time he started out as little Bill Klem with his own semi-pro outfit in Rochester, New York, to the present he will admit, with ready voice and bright blue eye, that baseball is a far, far different game than it was when he found it.

Let's start at the outset of his career as umpire, judge, referee, arbiter and petty pope of the national pastime. It is Norwich, Connecticut, on a dewy spring eve with nature in blitheful mood, gallant with buds and breezes. Under these clear skies thunder mutters and cries like angry lightning split the air:

"Thief! Burglar! Crook! Robber!"

All of these being extemporized synonyms for Mr. Klem. All hurled at him at a crucial moment during one of his first assignments as professional umpire in a regular minor league game.

A Hartford outfielder, reported exceedingly tough, came to bat. The Norwich club, led by Jack Tige, himself a gentleman of rowdy reputation on the ball field, had been encouraged by the ferocious onslaught of their adherents on Umpire Klem.

How to Handle Rowdies

The tough outfielder, who had broken rules by imbibing at a beer stand, joined in the chorus of abuse. The burden of the Norwich fans' complaint was that Umpire Klem had deliberately inaugurated larceny at the Norwich club's expense. Inspired by good beer on a hot day, this outfielder found temptation irresistible.

Klem called a strike on him.

"Get out yer glasses!" the batter bawled.

Another pitch and again Klem called "Strike!"

"Try a telescope!" yelled the batter.

Mr. Klem walked with dignity from behind the pitcher. "You're through for the day!" he told the batter.

That Hartford bully stood swishing his bat. His teammates in the dugout cried: "Play ball!"

"Get out of there!" bade Klem, to the stubborn batter.

He advanced towards Klem, bat in hand.

"Who's goin' to put me out?" he demanded.

"You're out now," said Klem, "and you're fined five dollars."

The batter glared.

"I'll get even tonight," he said. But he quit that game, muttering threats.

In the evening Jack Tige, the Norwich manager, sat in a chair beside one occupied by Klem outside the hotel where visiting teams were housed. Supper was over and peace reigned.

Peace reigned in and around the hotel; but in a pool-room across the way there was no peace. A dozen ball players were there. Conversation was blatant and Umpire Klem heard his name mentioned frequently, without respect.

From that pool-room lurched a figure—the tough Hartford outfielder. He approached Klem.

"Come on out in back," he challenged, "and I'll learn you!"

Klem was in no mood for being "learned." He wanted nothing more than evening quiet, a newspaper and a smoke. Yet no boozy ball player could be permitted to intimidate an official league umpire.

They walked down a long corridor. The ball player was taller than the stocky umpire—but Klem had been in rough-and-tumbles before. His strategy was simple. He knew the end of the corridor led to wooden steps dipping into a yard. When they came to those steps Klem planned to sock the aggressor on the chin and quickly depart. And he did just that.

Irate ball players jammed themselves in the corridor in their eagerness to get at Klem. But Jack Tige, the tough man, sat on the drunken outfielder. By brisk footwork Klem was enabled to skip through another back door, reach his room and even prop his feet on the window sill while he looked down into the yard on a tangled battle that lasted long enough to be entertaining.

This shrewd method of disposing of a rowdy was more than sudden inspiration. Earlier, Klem had an object lesson in the art of getting in the first slug, or getting the first slug. Newark was the scene and Jimmy Johnston, a brother umpire, ordered a Newark player off the field after a fracas. The rebellious player had gone from the field, disguised himself in street clothes and slunk in ambush. When Johnston sauntered up the bull-run to a dressing-dungeon this waiting sportsman kicked him in the face.

"That learned me," says Mr. Klem, taking his verb from the outfielder previously noted.

As Mr. Klem, speaking with the positiveness of authority, puts it—umpires were everybody's foil in the old days.

International

William Klem, National League umpire, who has officiated in fourteen world series

"It wasn't till Ban Johnson built the American League and insisted that umpires were as much a part of the game as players that we felt sure of our ground in any of the leagues.

"When I went into the American Association with a reputation of being a hard man, players all along the line told me that my stuff might get over in St. Paul and Minneapolis and other towns; but wait until I got to Milwaukee. I didn't know what awaited me in Milwaukee; but evidently there was some umpire-eater on that club. Umpiring, as a practice, was more or less in those days a system of *entente cordiale* between certain umpires and certain clubs or players—that is, for easy umpires. The boys had their favorite officials, whom they never rode, and this brought reciprocity.

It Happened in Milwaukee

"I was determined to be an umpire—the boss of the game while I was in it."

From Mr. Klem's punchful intonation follows conviction that he has never been lacking in militant self-confidence. This he quickly illustrated—in Milwaukee. The incident is baseball history. Mr. Klem puts it thus:

"Umpiring alone, I let the Milwaukee center fielder nag me through several innings. He was this tough bird who had a private cemetery for umpires and a reputation as a bad man through the Middle West. I was interested in finding out how far he would go before I put a stop to his rowdyism.

"Milwaukee's base coaches coöperated with him when he bawled me out. The crowd joined in the chorus. My apparent submission to the ragging made it worse.

"The game was even. A fly hit to the razzing center fielder was dropped. A man raced from first to second. I covered the play and called the runner safe. Behind me, the center fielder who had made the error and snapped in the ball for an 'out' came pounding. I could hear him. Without looking back, I ran from second back to the pitcher's box. This fielder came on. I could sense the crowd's expectancy of a fight. They stood up, wide-eyed and yelling.

"When I got to the pitcher's box, I pulled up. Digging my cleats in the dirt I drew a straight line. Back of that line I stood watching the center fielder advance. Across the line he came to a sharp stop, glared—and retired.

"That was all."

That happened thirty years ago. Men

(Continued on page 32)

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LITTLE DID HE SUSPECT THAT ALL HIS FRIENDS KNEW HIS SECRET FAILING

IN EVERY respect but one, Oliver was an exceptional young man. Good to his mother. Prompt with his tailor. And above all, particular in his use of an excellent mouth wash, morning and night.

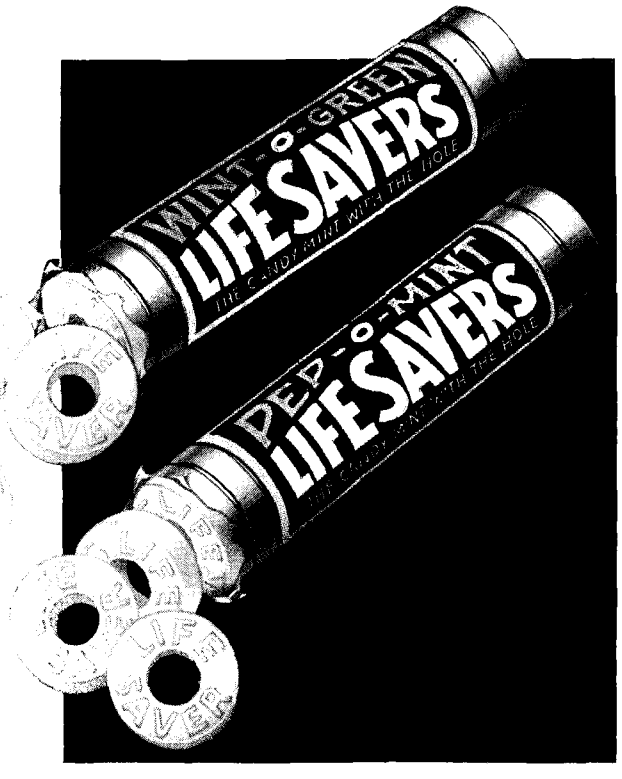
Ah! . . . but that hidden passion for strong cheese. Ollie thought his friends would never know . . . so furtively did he indulge his secret craving. But off-color breath, like murder, will out. Slowly he was becoming *Persona Non Grata* with the Best People. If he had only thought about Life Savers!

No matter how efficient the morning mouth wash, it cannot protect the breath from all the odor making indulgences of the day, such as partaking of onions at lunch, or limburger before going to the talkies.

One can't be expected to carry a mouth wash on his hip, to meet all breath tainting emergencies. But one doesn't need to! A package of Life Savers, in the purse or vest pocket, affords all-day breath protection. Slip one of these delightful and 'HOLEsome confections on your tongue (they come in any flavor of your favor) and instantly any suspicion of unpleasant breath is wafted away.

LIFE SAVERS are the delicious ALLIES of the mouth wash. They "carry on" when the morning mouth wash wears off. They keep the breath sweet and fragrant ALL THE WAY 'ROUND THE CLOCK.

LIFE SAVERS . . . come in many enticing flavors. The Enjoy-*mints* of the Nation . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. The Fruit Drops with the Hole . . . Lemon, Orange and Lime . . . and the *5-Star Extra* . . . CRYST-O-MINT . . . and Life Savers latest thrill . . . the new, tangy SPEAR-O-MINT.



All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, New York.

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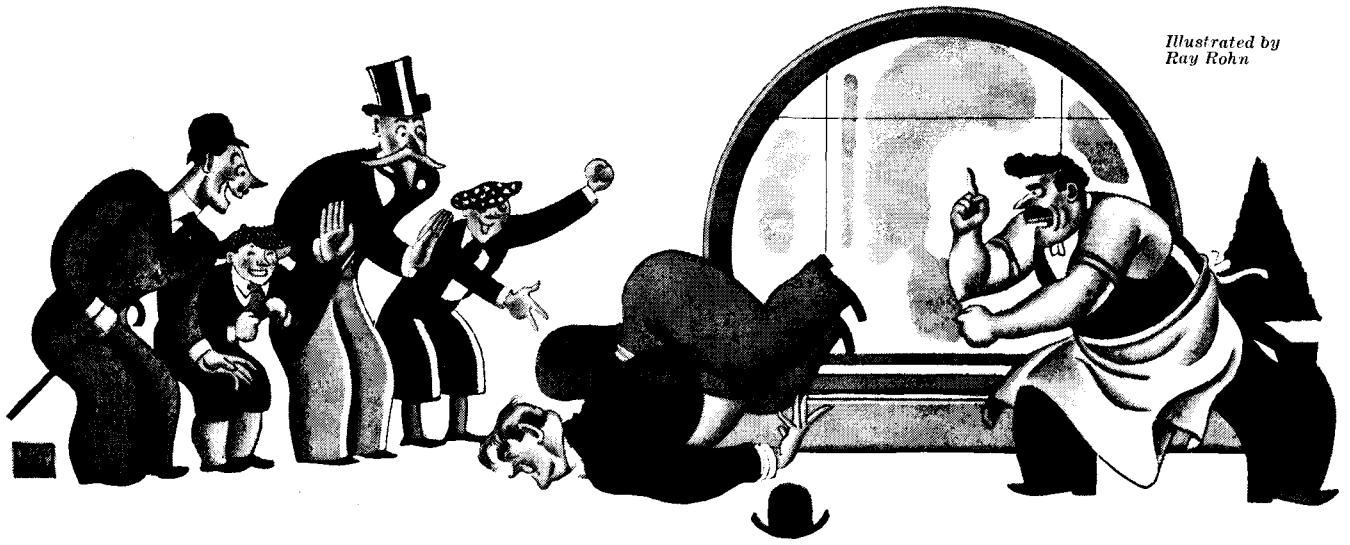
For the Sake of Argument

By Don Marquis



Illustrated by Ray Rohn

Jake comes out from behind the bar and throws me out on my ear like he promised to

THERE ain't anything so useless as Politics," said the Old Soak in a discouraged tone of voice, "unless it could be talk about politics.

"Politics and talk about politics don't settle anything at all. They make more trouble than they settle. And I can prove it. Yesterday a feller in Jake Smith's speakeasy says to me that unless the country can balance the budget every year and keep it balanced, there ain't anything gonna do any good.

"'Yeah,' says I, 'balance it on what? The end of its nose?'

"Not that I cared one way nor the other how they balanced it, but he was one of them know-it-all lookin' fellers you naturally want to take down a peg or two.

"'Listen,' he says, 'you talk like a Bolsheviki to me!'

"I ain't one, but if I was one, I wouldn't want to be called one in the tone of voice he was using, so I says to him: 'Well, suppose I was one? What would you be likely to do about it? Huh?'

"'Yeah,' he says, 'you Bolshevikis is traitors to your country . . . tryin' to get the Philippine Islands turned loose, so as Russia can get 'em, and use 'em from which to attack this country, that's what you Bolshevikis is plannin'.'

"I NEVER heard such an ignorant remark. So I hauled off and handed him one. He set down on the floor, and whilst he was settin' there with his hand over his eye I says to him I had beaned him on account of his ignorance, not because I was mad at him; such ignorance has got to be discouraged.

"And Jake comes around from behind the bar and says: 'Now then, Clem, this gentleman's eye is gettin' black, and he'll go out of here with it black, and when he gets home his wife will find out where he got it blacked; and it's stuff like that which gives speakeasies and barrooms a bad name amongst the wives of a family, and the first thing you know we never will get that amendment repealed, just because of rough stuff like you pull, and it will be fellers like you which will have plunged the country back into gloom and destitution once more. You are playin' right into the hands of the Prohibitionists, you are. Now, you gotta beg this gentleman's pardon.'

"Well, I done that, because I never want trouble with anybody. I am the peacefullest man alive. And I give him my hand to pull him off the floor. Then he turns to Jake, and he says: 'I *thought* he was a Prohibitionist when I first came in here!'

"When he called me that, I hit him on the other eye and he set down again. Honest, I didn't mean to hit him again—my hand just reached out and done it when my ears heard the word, and I didn't even know I had done it until I seen him settin' there with his other eye gettin' black.

"'NOW then,' says Jake, 'you gotta apologize to him again, or I'll throw you out of here on your ear, Clem Hawley!'

"Well, Jake was right; and I never been too proud to admit it when I was in the wrong, so I apologized to him again, and helped him up again, and he looked at me nasty and unforgivin' and says he guesses I must be one of them birds that is in favor of the furriners cancellin' the honest debts they owes to this country, so I whams him down again and Jake comes out from behind the bar and throws me out on my ear like he promised to, and I goes home and the Old Woman says:

"'So you been fightin' again, have you? Listen! You don't have to go to Jake Smith's place to look for trouble! Didn't I tell you the next time you come home in this condition you'd get it right here at home? Huh?' And with that she finished the work Jake had started.

"So I went back to Jake's place and picked out a room in the hotel part of his building, and laid down on the bed with a hot-water bag in under my lumbago, and I says to myself the world will never come to anything good until politics is entirely abolished out of it. And I reached over and opened up one of them Gideon Bibles which was by the head of the bed on a chair, and the first place I opened it up to said that he that taketh the sword is probably gonna perish by the sword. Well, you gotta hand it to that fellow Gideon; he knew what he was talkin' about.

"As far as my lumbago is concerned, what Jake started and my wife finished ain't done it any good. If there was only a bar in my home I'd set there quiet all day long and read out of one of them books and forget politics and keep out of trouble.

"Why, I don't know yet whether that budget oughta be balanced or not, nor on what."

Well, Jake was right, so I apologized and helped him up

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY THE COCKROACH

dear boss i am hoping
and praying for the depression
to pass i was in a newspaper
office yesterday eating some nice paste
and i heard the rod and gun editor
saying to his assistant
if times dont get better before long
gentlemen anglers will have to give up
fancy bait and use cockroaches
to catch fish with
please nip this horrid notion
in the bud write at once
to the fish and game commission

archy

A western senator thinks that "we shall be forced to turn the Reconstruction Finance Corporation into a central bank and establish branches throughout the country." Before I endorse this, I should like to know how it will affect the bank-robbing racket. Racketeers are getting so hungry that we don't want to do anything to anger them.

"Yeah," he says, "you Bolshevikis is traitors to your country"

Eagle Routs Two Robbers—*newspaper headline.*

Could this be the well-known old American eagle getting after the racketeers? Yes; it could be—but it isn't.

We gather from Mr. Clem Hawley's utterances that if there is a Big Change in the System, he would like it to take the form of a Soviet of Soaks.

Got a letter from an acquaintance yesterday who says he is down on his luck . . . he is doing thirty-four months in prison. That son-of-a-gun doesn't know how lucky he is . . . imagine knowing that you are going to have food, clothes and lodging free for the next thirty-four months, and no traveling expenses!

Technocracy, we gather, never got old enough not to sit on the floor and poke beans up its nose just for scientific experiment.

What a jolt it is going to be to the Modernist of today when he finds himself regarded as an Old Fogy day after tomorrow!

There is hope for poetry nowadays . . . a lot of the current poets have quit caring whether or not anybody understands them.

Men have thought machines into existence.

There seems to be a kind of cult at the present moment which looks to machines to reciprocate and think a new human social order into existence.

Which is a harmless form of idiocy not particularly worth combating. . . .

It's lazy, too. We have to think the new social order into existence ourselves, using the machines in their proper relationship to the whole.

WANTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Promoter wishes to exchange coupon-clipping machine for face-lifting treatments and serviceable shovel.

—

Political economist wishes to trade copy Life of Millard Fillmore for crayon portrait Rutherford Hayes.

—

Financier, 48 years old, white Christian, good habits, strong, willing, wishes to form acquaintance of childless married couple with view to being legally adopted. Understands dogs, investments, furnaces, rug-beating, international finance; recites The Shooting of Dan McGrew. An orphan; mentally retarded; has had twenty years' experience as executive manager of multi-million-dollar concerns.

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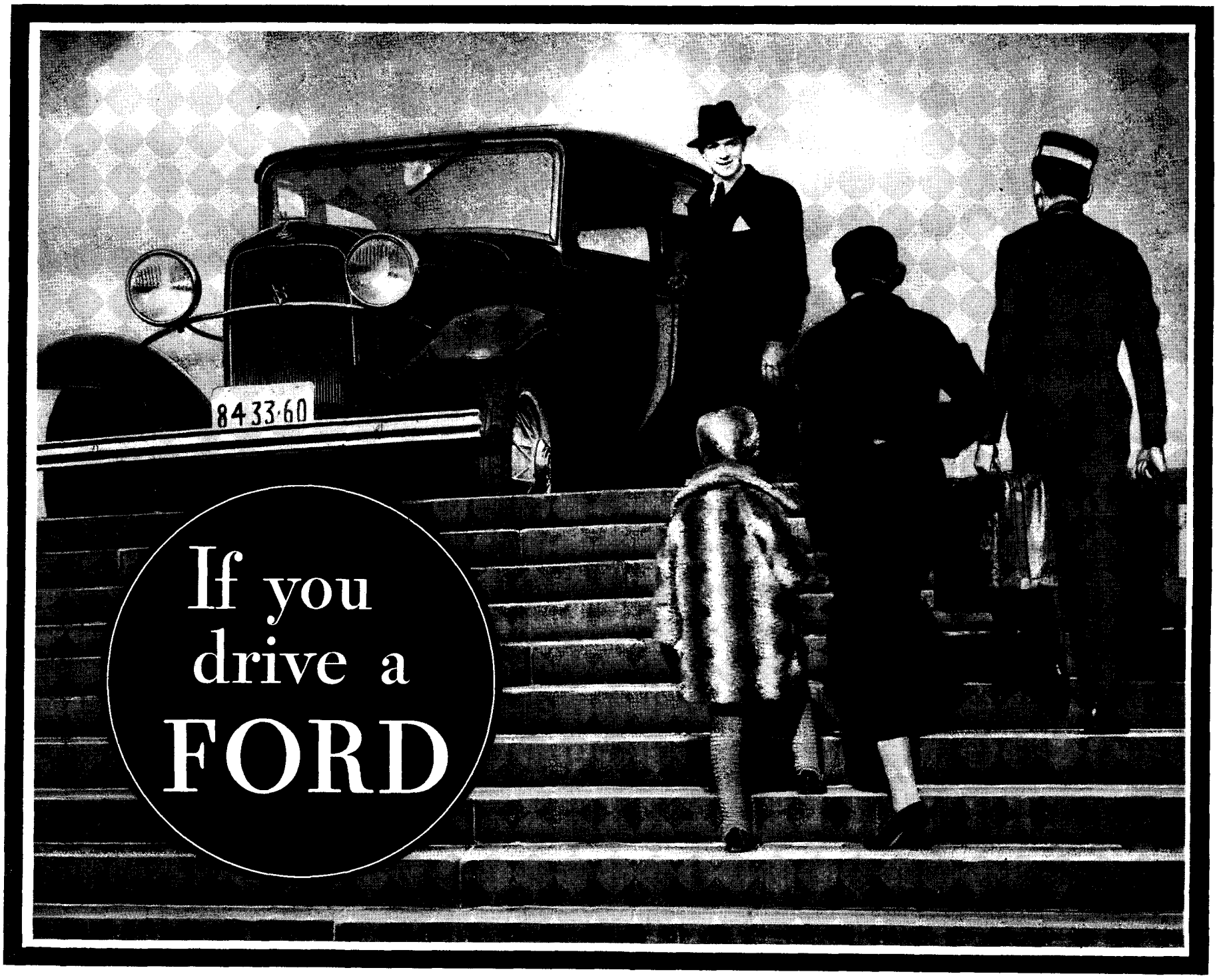

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For transmission and differential lubrication of your car be sure to ask for Mobiloil "C", famous for protecting and quieting your gears.

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MERGER OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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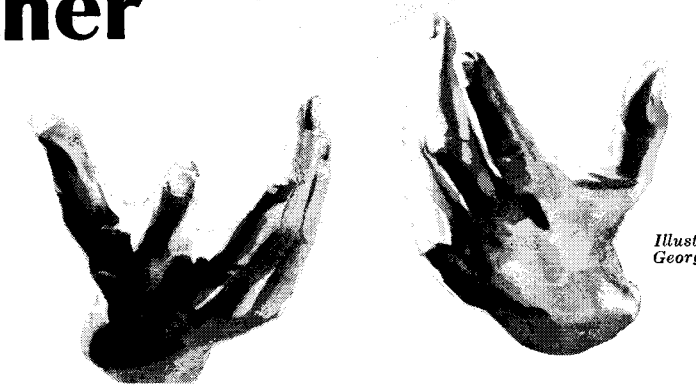
Sorokin's Mother

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Helena Clayton



Illustrated by George Howe

At the Soukharevka market he had nearly frozen his fingers. That was when he was selling his dress suit

EVERY time Dr. Andrei Petrovich Blok mounted the five broad stone steps to the entrance of the First People's Hospital of Moscow—and that happened every morning at nine o'clock precisely—he went through the same emotional crisis, a fear which seemed part of his physical make-up, so deep-rooted that he could not shake it off.

At the top of the steps stood a guard, a young soldier in a long, dirty-gray military coat with a high astrakhan cap that added a good ten inches to his small stature. He held his bayoneted rifle with an air of indifference and boredom, and seldom answered Dr. Blok's polite "Good morning, Comrade."

In his worst dreams Dr. Blok saw this gray sentinel come to aggressive life, his bayonet barring the entrance to the hospital from him, by the grace of the Communist party head of the surgical department, hurling him back into the category of the undesirables, cramming him and his wife again into one small room, back to the ration of half a pound of black bread daily.

Once past the guard, in the wide vestibule of the hospital, Dr. Blok was himself again, his self-confidence and energy restored to him in the atmosphere of white uniforms, antiseptics and lines of waiting patients huddled on the benches. His small but wiry body responded to the alertness of his mind as he briskly set about his daily tasks: one operation scheduled for this morning, three for the afternoon; the recently operated ones in the four surgical wards awaiting the touch of his capable hands, his reassuring word that they would soon be well. So much depended on him, and he felt well equipped to meet all demands made on him—he whose reputation as one of the best surgeons of Moscow was well established before 1917. After three years of idleness and waiting under the stigma of suspicion he had received the call and was reinstated in his profession.

Dr. Blok was back in his private office after the first operation when the head nurse entered.

"Commissar Sorokin just phoned. He is bringing his mother over at once for an emergency operation."

With the words "Commissar Sorokin" a discord pierced the air around Dr. Blok. Sorokin had been the only one of the committee called to pass on his nomination who argued against the advisability of having a former *bourgeois* on the staff of the People's Hospital. Sorokin had been overruled. He had even agreed in the end that Dr. Blok, who for years had been working for his own enrichment, should now do his duty by the people. Yet at the mention of Sorokin's name Blok always was invaded by something akin to the feeling he experienced when passing the guard at the front entrance—that of a schoolboy on probation, tolerated only as long as he could prove his usefulness.

Comrade Sorokin, walking beside the stretcher bearing his mother, was a young man of medium height. His clear-cut features and the keen, dark-gray eyes denoted a man of energy. His reputation was that he knew how to draw from his subordinates the same efficiency and enthusiasm for their work which characterized his own actions.

Sorokin remained in the hall outside after his mother had been wheeled into the operating-room. Dr. Blok could hear his steps going down, coming up, as he washed and rubbed his hands in the prepared solution. They disturbed his necessary calm, those steps of the commissar upon whose mother he was about to operate.

THE patient had stopped breathing. When all attempts to revive the inert form on the operating table had failed Dr. Blok dismissed the nurses and his attendants. There was nothing more to do now but notify the son. He would want a last look at his mother's face before they took her away.

Dr. Blok pulled the sheet up to the old woman's chin. The impassivity of the dead face seemed to mock him, to derive a cunning pleasure from the situation. "That is Commissar Sorokin out there," her blue lips were saying—"and he is my son. Go and face him. I dare you to. . . . Hear his steps, sure and unwavering. . . . He despises failure."

As the steps of the son neared the operating-room Dr. Blok's legs gave a funny twitch. Then he opened the door.

"Well, Doctor?"

Dr. Blok kept his eyes on a brass button of the commissar's blue blouse.

"Your mother is old. . . . It is a very difficult case. . . ."

"I know she is old. . . . She is in your hands, Doctor." And the son resumed his walk down the corridor.

Dr. Blok slid back into the operating-room. His legs carried him to the nearest seat. He looked at his folded hands in his white lap—small, fine hands, with strong, nervous fingers. He had always been silently proud of his capable hands. He had been frantic with fear when once at the Soukharevka market he had nearly frozen his fingers. That was when he was selling his dress suit. He had been forced to stand in the cold for the whole day, until at dusk a peasant woman had offered him twenty pounds of rye flour for it.

That flour had kept him and his wife alive for two weeks. Pancakes for dinner, flour porridge for supper. How he had come to hate the sight of the gray mixture of water, flour and salt, boiled over the kerosene stove to the consistency of mud!

But it was not the near-starvation that was the cause of his despair, not the crowded living quarters after two families of workers were installed in his five-room apartment to share their furniture, their kitchen, their bath. The thoughts that were eating at his soul were those of his idleness, of years wasted, and the injustice of it. Belonging to the intelligentsia of pre-war Russia, he had always prided himself on his liberal ideas. He had welcomed the March revolution, but six months later found himself in conflict with the Bolshevist rule. His reason could not accept it. It was a Utopia, and too blindly destructive in its efforts to establish itself.

As time wore on he stopped pondering political questions. He was above all a Russian, and thousands of Russians needed his help, the skill of his hands. But he was not trusted. Then, finally, he was called; life had begun anew; it was like being dragged out of a dark hole, back to light and warmth.

THE steps in the hall continued their even pace. Dr. Blok came back to the present with a start. His eyes lifted to the still figure on the table. He glanced at his watch . . . eleven twenty-five. Trembling, he got up, opened the door and stepped outside. The son was standing facing the door, barely three feet away. Dr. Blok hastily shut the door behind him. How much could Sorokin have seen? . . . The commissar waited.

"I fear I have to tell you . . ."

The son still said nothing.

". . . there are complications. She may not pull through."

"This is your work, Doctor. Do your best."

Dr. Blok went back into the operating-room. The commissar's steps were going down the hall.

Dr. Blok waited until the footsteps were nearing again, then resolutely stepped outside.

"Well, Doctor . . ."

"I am sorry . . . your mother has passed away."

He looked the commissar straight in the face. The son spoke:

"Dead. . . . Well, it's a good thing. . . . She was a useless woman. . . . She did not believe in Communism."

Dr. Blok reached mechanically for his handkerchief, wiped it across his perspiring forehead, returned the wet ball of cloth to his pocket.

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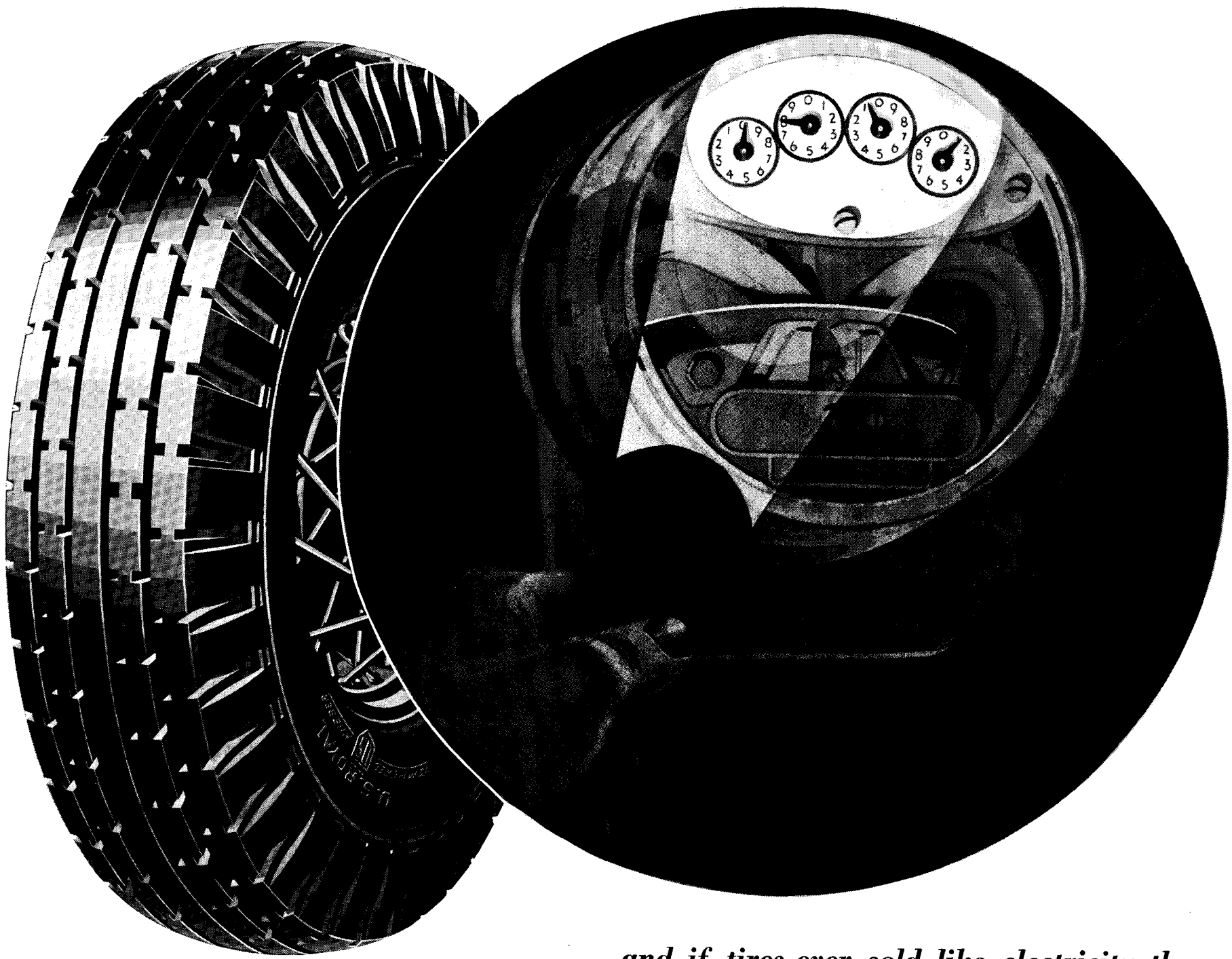

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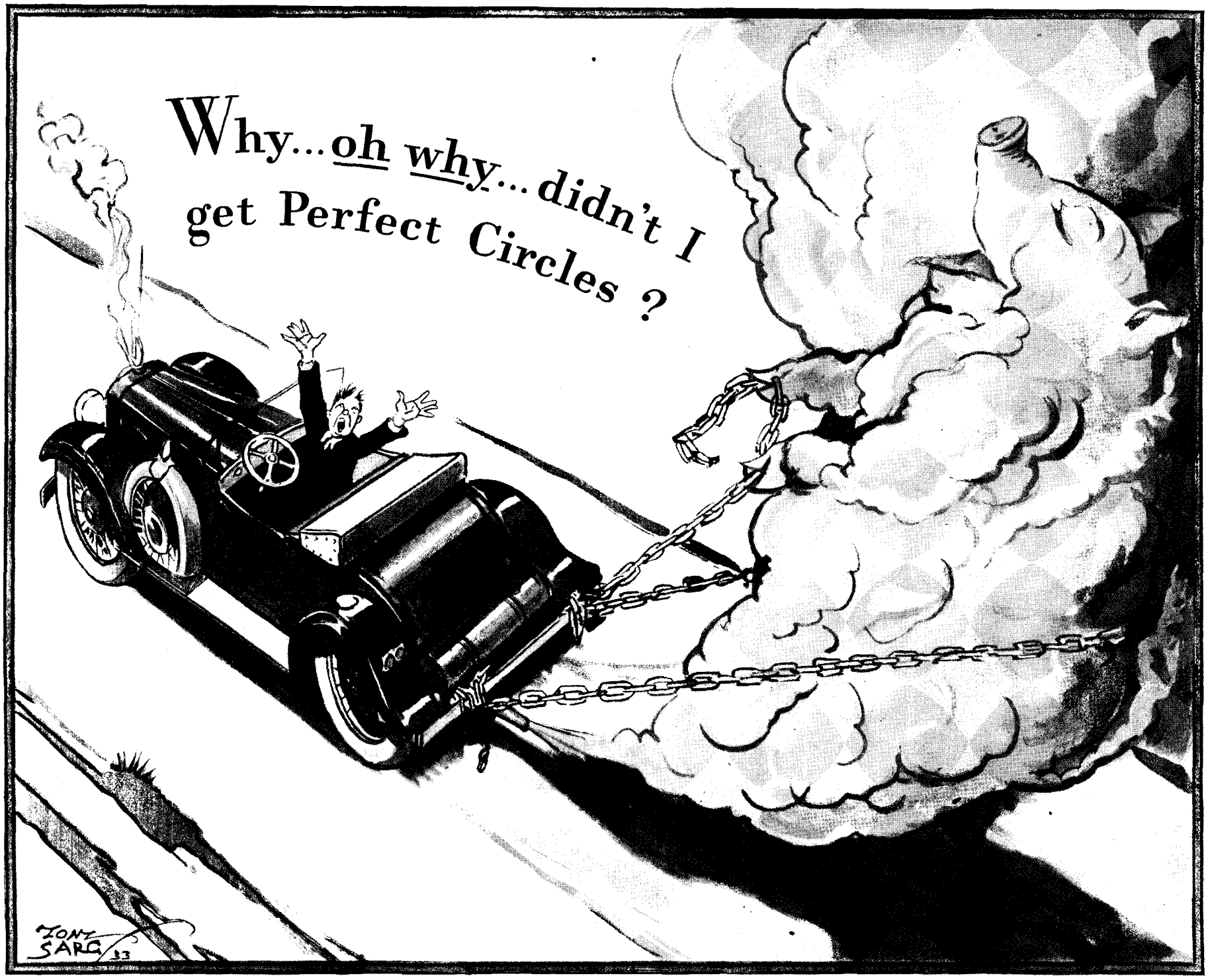

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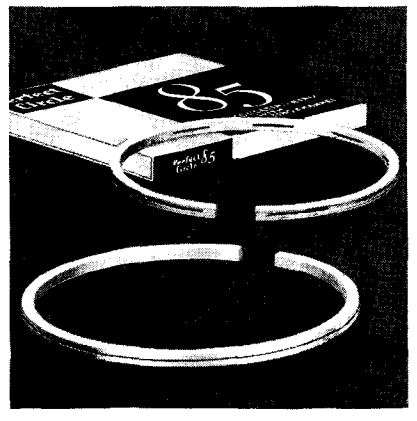

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PERFECT CIRCLE *Piston Rings*

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Slander

Continued from page 19

things like that. So—well, I phoned yesterday afternoon, and your maid told me where you were. And I telephoned Bob Lemming, reminding him of our old friendship—and here I am."

"And so what?" she slangily asked. "What am I to do? You see, I haven't been a test tube before."

"Perhaps you won't care to be one now," he said. "Are you engaged to Mr. Cranston?"

"Am I *what?*" she gasped. "What on earth put such an idea into your head?"

"The way he looks at you," he answered.

"The way he looks at me?"

"Rather like the way I do, I imagine," he said.

She stared at him.

"Oh, come now, Dr. Baxter. Fun is fun, but—we barely know each other, and you're not telling me—what *are* you telling me, anyway?"

"It's rather obvious, isn't it?" he parried.

And then Millie Cragin descended upon them.

MILLICENT CRAGIN had not idly boasted when she had pointed to her record. The army men, the brokers, and the diplomats—Millie had a rather universal appeal. Corn-silk hair, blue eyes, pouting mouth and lovely figure, money, position and good fun—these were Millicent's assets. And the only depression that would cause these assets to diminish would be old age, and that was far from Millie. Too, she was confident of her ability to subdue any man, and confidence—when backed by charm—is half the battle. Men like women who know what they want, if what they want is the men they are with. To be liked by an unattractive woman is a bore; to be admired by a charming woman is delightful.

She had a peculiar effect upon men. At first glance they thought her hair was a shade too light and her eyes too pale. They turned away indifferently. They glanced again and didn't look away again. For when Millie went to work she did so with the sure technique of the artist. It took a many-sided woman to convince diplomats, soldiers, and brokers that here was not merely someone to love, but the ideal helpmate for a diplomat, soldier, or broker.

Unfortunately, Millie was sometimes catty. Women knew this but liked her despite the weakness. She kept her acquisitive fingers off married men. So she was asked everywhere and enjoyed a genuine popularity, and when someone, a trifle harder to convince than most, asked why, with all her attractions, Millie had achieved twenty-eight years and no husband, the answer came pat:

"Don't you know? You remember Callie Curtayne. They were engaged. Wedding date set, trousseau nearly finished, honeymoon trip planned—you *can't* have forgotten. Callie flew her down to Southampton for a week-end with the Burgesses. He took young Burgess up for a flight and they crashed. You *must* remember. The only man Millie ever really cared for. Do you know that for six years she hasn't seen a soul on the anniversary of her wedding day—what would have been the anniversary? Just goes into hiding."

And this, in a somewhat hard-boiled age, was looked upon as evidence of Millie's sterling loyalty.

But to Martha, at the moment, Millie was an intruder. Millie had been around. Millie knew the ropes and the rules. Millie could scent romance—or its tentative beginnings—a mile away. Millie knew better than to break in when a man's manner was serious and a girl's not too receptive. And then Martha hated herself for her own pettiness. Baxter's manner hadn't been *that* serious, nor had her own manner been a "keep off" sign to other women. She was unfair. Further, it was her present task to fascinate Cranston, and she should be grateful to anyone or anything that prevented her from letting her thoughts slide to other matters.

"I WON'T permit this," said Millie gayly. "Martha is too attractive, Dr. Baxter. No, Pete is the name. She monopolizes all the men. Martha, you run off and sell your papers. They're getting up more doubles and need you."

The words were crude, but Millie's manner was never that. Her actions could be crude, also, but there was something suave about her that softened the action. She made it appear that Martha was really needed on the court and that she had been assigned to take care of Baxter for the moment.

"The doctor says I must wear them when I work"

Gilbert Bundy

Martha looked at Baxter. If he were disappointed that he had not finished his talk with her, he didn't show it. Yet, he must be disappointed. Why, she, Martha Blaisdell, was disappointed. And as she strolled toward the courts, she wondered at this.

Why, she wasn't even interested in the doctor from St. John's Square. As a matter of fact, she was only interested in Herbie Cranston. Only a man with money *could* interest her. The past week's examination into her finances had shown her that they were worse than she could have dreamed. Cranston was a pleasant way out of her difficulties. Marriage with him was no longer something to be idly considered; it was something to be definitely schemed for.

That this bizarre man, Peter Baxter, was interested in her was a matter not even to be thought about. He was, as a heart interest, distinctly not possible. Let the brazen Millie have him. Yet she felt an unaccountable reluctance at letting Millie win so easy a victory.

Of course, as she had known, none of the group wanted more tennis at the moment. The pool called to them, and Martha was sitting on its edge, watching Baxter thrash, with great strength but little skill, up and down the pool. Millie's triumph, she rather gleefully told herself, had not been too permanent. But why shouldn't it be? A man like Baxter and a girl like Millie—it would make a perfect match, and only a woman who was more catty than Millie would interfere with its making.

"Quite a man," said Cranston's voice beside her.

MARTHA turned. Cranston had dressed leisurely. Martha felt humorously certain that the explorer made as much of an art of undressing as of dressing. Not that he was, she thought, finicky, but somewhat methodical. Well, a little contact with method would do her no harm. She had been unmethodical for too long. Her carelessness had resulted in the unpleasantness with Gerrish. Had she been a stickler for details, used just ordinary common sense, not shut her eyes to obvious things, she would not have permitted her lawyer to put her in a position that was, to say the least, anomalous.

He was quite a man, too. That brick-red burn of his face, she noticed, which indicated more exposure to sun and wind than indulgence in outdoor sports would account for, extended to his shoulders and chest. She visualized him toiling, drenched with perspiration, in a tropic jungle. That man who risked dangers for his career was entirely different from the man who saw to it that his tie was in consonance with his socks, who could order a harmonious dinner. And both men pleased her. She admired the explorer and enjoyed the man-about-town.

"Anything wrong with the one-and-a-half today?" he smiled.

"Haven't tried it," she replied. "Let me see you do it."

He shook his head.

"When Jones plays golf I look on. I'd never dream of strumming chords if Paderewski were in the room. And so I won't do any diving today, thank you."

She would, to make idle conversation, have insisted, but the telephone rang in the Lemming dressing-room and from the pool Bob asked her to answer it.

"Is Miss Blaisdell there?" a servant asked.

"This is Miss Blaisdell."

"New York calling," said the man. Carelessly he did not give her the name of her caller. And through the ear-piece came the voice of Gerrish:

"Martha?"

"Well?" she said icily.

"Martha, I have to talk to you."

"I'm listening," she said.

"You've got to help me," he said.

"Yes?"

She could feel her body trembling.

"Jimmy Munson has taken down my name from the Course Club," said Gerrish.

"Well?"

"You'll have to do something about it," he said.

"Will I?" she asked.

"You must see him. You must tell him—"

"Can I force people into my friends' clubs?" she interrupted.

"You can if you want," he said.

"Well—I don't want," she said.

"Then I'll make you want, Martha," he cried. "I'm not going to be dropped by people merely because you think I said something about you."

"It isn't because *I* think so. Evidently Jimmy thinks so," she said.

"But if you tell him that you know I didn't—"

"But I know you did," she told him. "Gerry, you must be mad. Do you think that I would do anything to push you among people with whom you evidently don't belong?"

"YOU thought I belonged to them until recently," he said.

"That was my mistake," she retorted.

"But not as big a mistake as you're making now," he said.

"And just what do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I mean that I'm not going to permit you to treat me this way. Martha, I've thought it over. I was good enough to give you money—*give* it, I say, and you knew I was giving it. I was good enough to go around with you, to meet your friends. But I'm not good enough now, and I won't stand for your attitude. Perhaps you think your friend Cranston frightened me. You listen to me. I have a lawyer, and he knows how to take care of threats against me. If he attempts to attack me I'll have him in jail, and don't you think otherwise. And it wouldn't be hard to bring a suit against you, Martha, and if newspaper men asked me what the suit was about—well, the things you think I've said might actually be said. I tell you, unless you speak to Jimmy Munson—"

"I'll speak to no one," she said. "And, Gerry, I don't wish you ever to speak to me. I don't want you calling me up. There are lawyers in my acquaintance, Gerry, and some of them will know how to deal with a blackmailer."

She hung up with a click. She looked at herself in the mirror over Trudie's dressing-table. She was white and shaking, too obviously wrought up to permit the others to see her. So, trying to stiffen her weak knees, she went to her own room and dressed. The six or seven minutes it took to do this were sufficient to steady her nerves, and she was quite calm, and her creamy skin was not too pale when she rejoined the others at the pool.

Cranston looked up in disappointment.

"Dressed? I hoped you'd swim awhile."

"You watched me the other day; now I'll watch you," she said.

(Continued on page 31)

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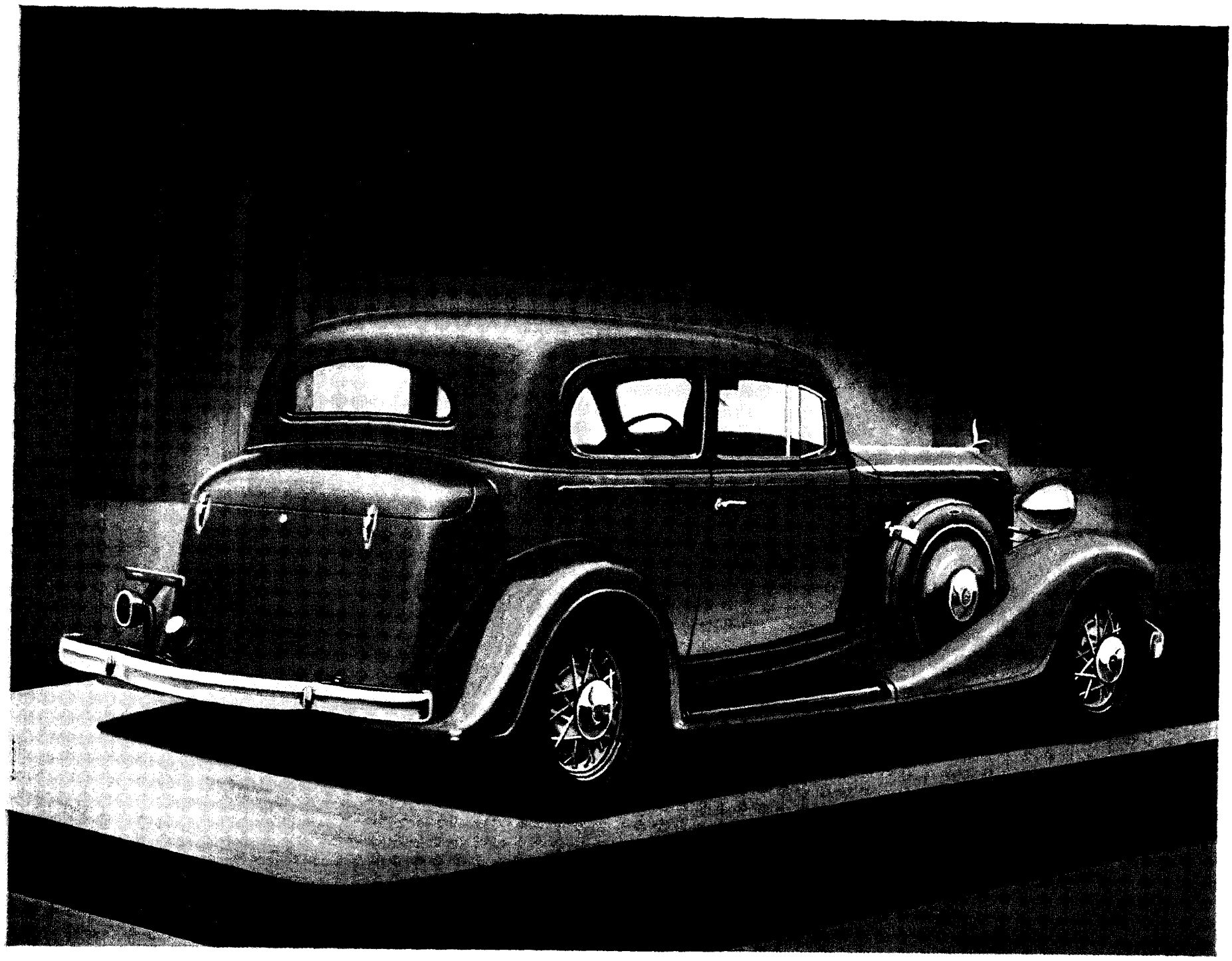

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Slander

Continued from page 29

"I suppose that's fair enough," he laughed. He plunged gracefully into the water, and she stared at the rippling pool.

So Cranston had not let the matter drop at the Ministery the other night? He'd gone to Gerrish and threatened him. That was—fine of him. She felt a quick surge of tenderness toward the man now swimming easily down the pool. She needed a protector, and this man had heard gossip about her and gone to gossip's source to stop it. And because he had heard gossip he had not avoided her. He was—she knew—about to propose.

"Our conversation was not finished," said Baxter's voice beside her.

He had swum to the edge of the pool near her, and was looking up at her now. The water, instead of smoothing his recalcitrant red hair, had made it more tousled than ever. His freckles were somehow more conspicuous now than ever, and she saw that they extended over his arms and shoulders.

Yet no woman would have said that he was unattractive. His blue eyes were frank, and at the moment they were gay. And the way he pulled himself up from the pool was an indication of tremendous strength.

"Wasn't it?" she asked, quite at a loss as to just what to say.

"Certainly not," he said. "I asked if you were engaged, and your delightful friend Miss Cragin summoned you to the tennis court before you had answered me."

"Did you expect me to reply to such an impertinence?" she asked.

"You don't really think it was an impertinence, do you?" he countered.

To her amazement she found herself replying, "No."

"I'm glad of that," he said. "You see, if you were engaged to another man—well, that would sort of preclude a proposal from anyone else, wouldn't it?"

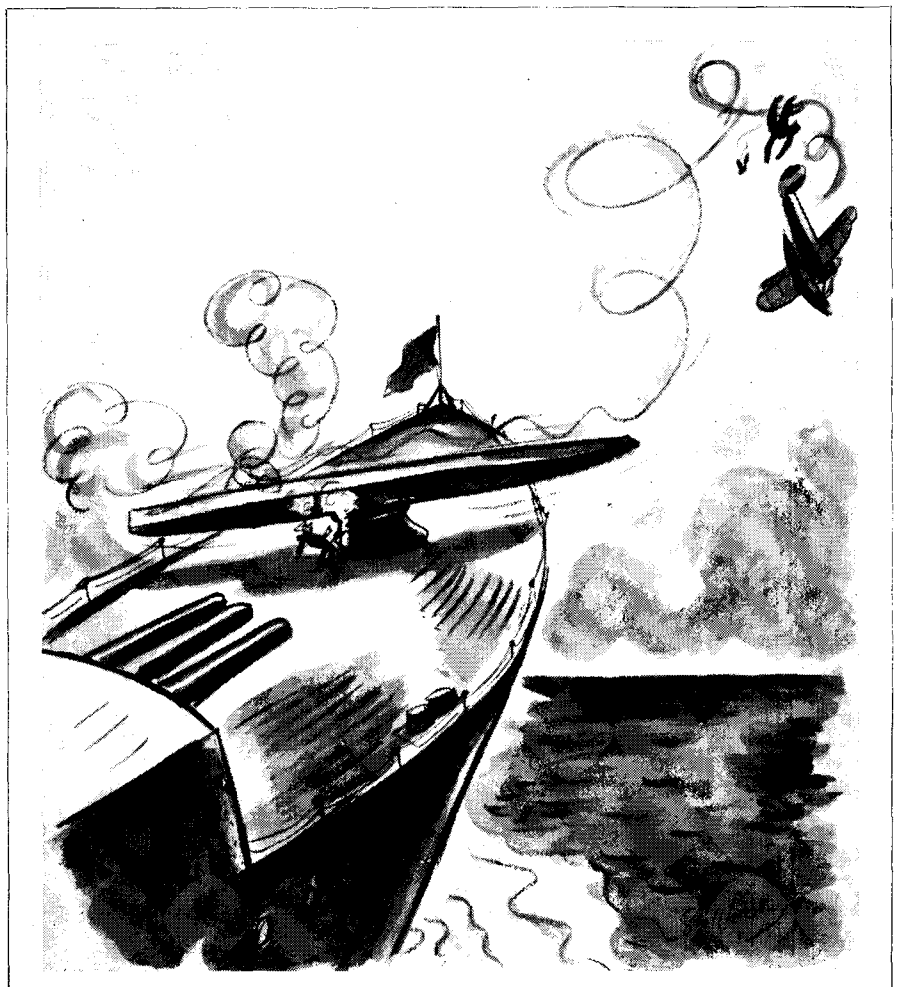
THERE he was, wet and tousled of hair, half in and half out of the pool. Millie had disappeared, probably into the house. The Dan Tremans and the Lemmings were arguing about a proposed relay race. There was a matter of handicap—and subsequent wager—to be adjusted, one gathered from the high and gay recriminations. Cranston, appealed to as arbiter, was refusing to be drawn into the argument. Altogether, it was a typical week-end group at a typical Long Island house, indulging in the typical amusement of its kind.

Martha, her eyes raised above the head of Baxter, looked almost unseeingly beyond him. It seemed to her that she saw with her mind, rather than with her eyes. There were the Lemmings and the Tremans in this pool. In other pools, or on the beaches, or on the tennis courts, or at the bridge tables, or playing backgammon, or finishing a morning round of golf, or starting off for pre-polo luncheon, were similar groups. There was much talk of depression and considerable evidence of it, but amusement hadn't ceased. Bridge and backgammon stakes had diminished, and foursomes played five-dollar Nassaus instead of fifty, but the play side of life had not been affected much. True, yachts were laid up, and not as many polo ponies would run over the turf, and great houses had been closed.

But the temper and the tempo of the set she knew had actually not changed at all. Parties were smaller but about as numerous. Certainly the fever for amusement, amusement, amusement, had in no way diminished. When, occasionally, one of this group of pleasure-seekers commented on his own way of living, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "One must do something to forget hard times." Three years ago he would have said, "One must do something to forget boredom."

That one might acquire an interest in something a trifle more substantial than a birdie on the long eighth hole, or in the proper way to arrive at a grand slam, simply didn't occur to them. Or, if it did, an unwillingness to admit a serious side kept that serious side carefully hidden. Willie Henderson, for example, had actually lectured on medieval lecterns before a Romance literature class. His study of churches had forced him to acquire a vast knowledge of the history and literature of the period that preceded the Renaissance. He had even been offered a professorship.

But did Willie, save to his closest intimates, ever admit his grand passion? Certainly not. If he wasn't ashamed of his interest, at least he kept quiet about it. It was, so to speak, slightly off the norm, and one adhered to pattern. To listen to Willie at dinner or later, one would have been convinced that he knew nothing beyond Twenty Grand's racing record and who had been presented at the Court of St. James in 1926.



"Gee—I didn't think it would work!" *George Shellhase*

THERE were others like Willie, too. For example, laughing at the challenges and counter-challenges being hurled from Lemming to Treman and back again, stood, thigh-deep in the water, Bert Cranston. He *did* things. Yet, if his acquaintances were aware of his exploits, they never mentioned them. They never drew Bert out to talk about his experiences. And as soon as he returned to civilization, she gathered, he became instantly the man-about-town, with no interest beyond amusement.

Was achievement, devotion to something a trifle more important than the pleasure of the moment, something of which to be ashamed? It was all very well not to air your knowledge, not to boast of your achievements, if you had any. But if you didn't have any—and the Hendersons and the Cranstons were not overly frequent—why couldn't you, once in a while, show a wish—or, at the least, a willingness—to listen to people who knew or did?

An occasional reference to foreign debts and much talk about prohibition—these were almost the only matters of public interest that were ever touched upon in general conversation, except, of course, the latest sensational crime or revue in the theater.

NICE people. Jolly, generous, well-bred people. But—to live with them forever, without an outside interest . . . The great of the world visited them. Statesmen, scientists, artists of all descriptions. Yet she had never heard one of these dominate a dinner table. On the contrary, every one of them had been overawed by irrelevant chatter, the aimless talk for talk's sake that rippled up and down the board.

She looked down now at Peter Baxter. Cranston represented something a bit different from the life she had known. For months at a time he disappeared into the remote places, and when he returned men of scientific standing welcomed him, listened to him.

But Peter Baxter represented something completely different. He didn't disappear for a few months, to return and take up the old life until the wanderlust, or whatever it was that animated Cranston, seized him again. Baxter had broken definitely with the old idle life. He had devoted himself to his profession, and that profession was healing.

It had been years since Bob Lemming, a close friend, had seen him. Peter Baxter had returned to this life of which she was a part merely to see her. The life itself, although he could adapt himself gracefully to it, meant nothing to him.

Indeed, that wasn't quite true. It doubtless meant something to avoid, although he had not shown a sign of disapproval thus far. Of course not; he was a man, not a prig who frowned because people were happy.

She made the reply for which, she felt, he had been waiting with a patience partly compounded of amusement.

"It would," she said. "And even if the girl weren't engaged, but were about to be, another man might feel that his proposal was—well, that he ought not, perhaps, make it."

His freckles showed more distinctly against his sudden pallor.

"I—wish you all happiness, Miss Blaisdell," he said.

"Thank you, Peter," she said. "And—and—aren't you being a little bit silly? I mean—you speak as though—your voice is—well, tragic. After all, you've only seen me three times and—"

"How often have you seen Cranston?" he asked shrewdly. "You see," he went on as she colored, "time doesn't matter."

And then, as if his mood moved as quickly as his body, he was half across the pool. She stared at him for a moment, then thoughtfully began walking toward the house.

Of course, it was too ridiculous. He was a charity doctor, with no possible career ahead of him, and—she wasn't the least bit in love with him. Still, it was—pleasing—to know that she had made so definite an impression on a really attractive man. Of course, he wasn't as attractive as Cranston, and certainly he wasn't eligible, but still . . . She thought very tenderly of Peter Baxter as she entered her room.

And down by the pool Trudie Lemming beckoned to Baxter. He swam to her. The others had raced to the dressing-rooms to prepare for luncheon.

"I like you, Peter," said Trudie. Her snapping brown eyes were gentle as they looked down at him.

THE young man flushed with quick embarrassment.

"I can't think of anything that could make me happier than knowing that," he said.

Trudie's eyes were wise now.

"I can," she said.

Before the meaning in her glance he colored more deeply.

"I've been watching you," she went on.

"I hope I've been behaving," he smiled.

"So well that I'm furious with Bob. How dare he have so nice a friend and not produce him years ago? How dare he wait for you to telephone him?"

"You're too kind," he said.

She shook her head. The slight ringlets at the nape of her neck nodded vehemently.

"Not a bit of it. If you drop into the silences again you'll have hurt me frightfully."

"I won't," he promised. He looked at her gentle face, lovelier in the early thirties than it had ever been in her glowing youth. She was a born wife and mother and the fulfilment of her destiny had lent graciousness to her face and body as well as to her mind and heart.

"You're kind," he said again.

"I'm not," she said. "But I'm going to be. Forget all about Martha. It—it would never do. And would only spoil the thing that, being Martha, she must do."

"Now, what," he gasped, "do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what you think I mean," she replied.

(To be continued next week)

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Always Right

Continued from page 22

from Babe Ruth and Dazzy Vance to the rawest recruit still ask Klem: "Where's that line?" when they meet him on the field—for they rarely meet him elsewhere. Before Klem won his spurs as a major-league arbiter he concluded that fraternizing with players was bad policy. Unspecifying, he grins the wide, knowing grin of those who get, keep and silently convey secrets when they have a mind to. I gathered that he knows of umpires who have let friendship affect fairness. Klem's policy was and is to be fair to players but never to fraternize with them.

"The only time," he declares, "I fraternized at any length with ball players, it caused me grief. It brought about the first dismissal from a game that John McGraw ever experienced as manager.

"Selected by the National Commission, Sheridan and I accompanied the Giants-White Sox tour around the world. To liven things up in the long jaunt across the continent for our boat to the Philippines at San Francisco, Christy Mathewson organized a poker tournament. The two clubs played exhibition ball games everywhere we went—and the games, day after day, were not up to big-league standards. People were paying their money to see the outstanding teams of both leagues in action, and what they saw was inferior baseball.

"The poker was not inferior. Sheridan and I were good poker players—at any rate a grade better than the average excitable ball player. The luck also favored us; so that we came out ahead each night. Frankly, I wanted to have the players break even with us: then we could quit playing. Because it was apparent that we, as umpires, would have to lecture the teams to put up a better grade of baseball. These people in the minor league towns knew good baseball when they saw it, and they weren't seeing it.

"One night in California I declined to play poker. So did Sheridan. McGraw and Charles Comiskey of the Sox wanted to know why. We told them the tour was for baseball, not poker, and that their players would have to go out and improve on their game.

McGraw in a Fiery Mood

"The following afternoon I was umpiring at the plate in a game at San Diego. McGraw was in a fiery mood. Friends of his occupied a field box and, as he was the foremost manager of his day, I suppose he wanted the customers to see his most verbal brand of managing. He criticized me freely. Once when I called one of his players out on strikes he shouted:

"'Forget about poker and watch that ball.'

"I let that go. I wondered what insult McGraw would invent next. There had been some joshing about the fact that both leagues had appropriated five hundred dollars each so that the two umpires could take their wives on the trip. McGraw had mentioned this before in a joking way. He mentioned it again.

"On a hair-line decision at plate he literally sprang at me.

"'You didn't even see that play, apple-head,' he bellowed.

"'Get off the field!' I retorted.

"McGraw turned on his heel, but went back to the bench. I stood at the plate, watching him:

"'Mister Manager,' I called, 'you're out of this game. Leave the park.'

"McGraw came at me, glowering.

"'I've got friends watching this game,' he said. 'You don't mean to say you're going to throw me out during an exhibition game.'

"'You'll leave this park or this game will be called right now,' I told him.

"His glare would have crisped a stone lion.

"'We pay your wife's expenses,' he blurted, 'and I'm tossed from the field! That's great!'

"But he left—and he never did apologize for that crack about Mrs. Klem's trip.

"McGraw, of course—as big-hearted a fellow as lives—was always a man-eating tiger in the ball park. He selected me always, for vituperation."

In what Mr. Klem calls his humble opinion, the game has produced few greater or more irritating players than John J. McGraw.

"But," says Klem, "he was a great manager, a fighter, and I'm his friend."

Never Called a Wrong One

Mr. Klem makes no claim that umpires never err. The limit of his declaration is an abiding consciousness that he has never called a wrong one. He has reason to support him. Back in the time of uproar when Ban Johnson was raiding the National League for players and officials, Klem was invited several times to join the staff of the newly formed American League. He had this bid up his sleeve when John Heydler and others invited him to remain with organized baseball. So that when ebullient managers protested his retention on the staff, he was able to tell his superiors in his quiet manner that if they didn't want him Ban Johnson did.

Mr. Klem wastes little time in ruminating on his own performances as a player. I infer these were not memorably brilliant. He's more concerned with his part in promoting the umpire to his proper position as a power in the game. His movement for better accommodations for these officials won the kindly ear of John Heydler, National League mogul. They now have rooms separate from players and managers in which to digest their decisions in any game—if these need digestion, and sometimes they do—although Mr. Klem will admit nothing further than that umpires must, in the National League, collaborate on their daily reports.

The one time he missed making a report he was suspended for several days. It happened in a Brooklyn game. "Buck" Weaver of the fiery temper, who threw bats in the air when he didn't agree with umpires, tried that trick on Klem.

"The next time you do that," said Klem, "there's dirt in your eye."

The next time came, and Umpire Klem flicked diamond dust at Weaver. Weaver took a swing—not at the ball, but at the umpire. He missed but was ordered out amid oral riot.

Klem didn't report the incident that day, or the next. Newspapers carried stories of it, so Klem was suspended until investigation. Some days later he met Heydler, his boss.

"What's the idea of not making a report on that Weaver thing?" Heydler demanded.

"I've got a reason," said Klem.

"What is it?"

"I was guilty," said Klem.

Of such frankness is forgiveness made.

Aware that he himself has on occasion enraged players and crowds by

(Continued on page 34)

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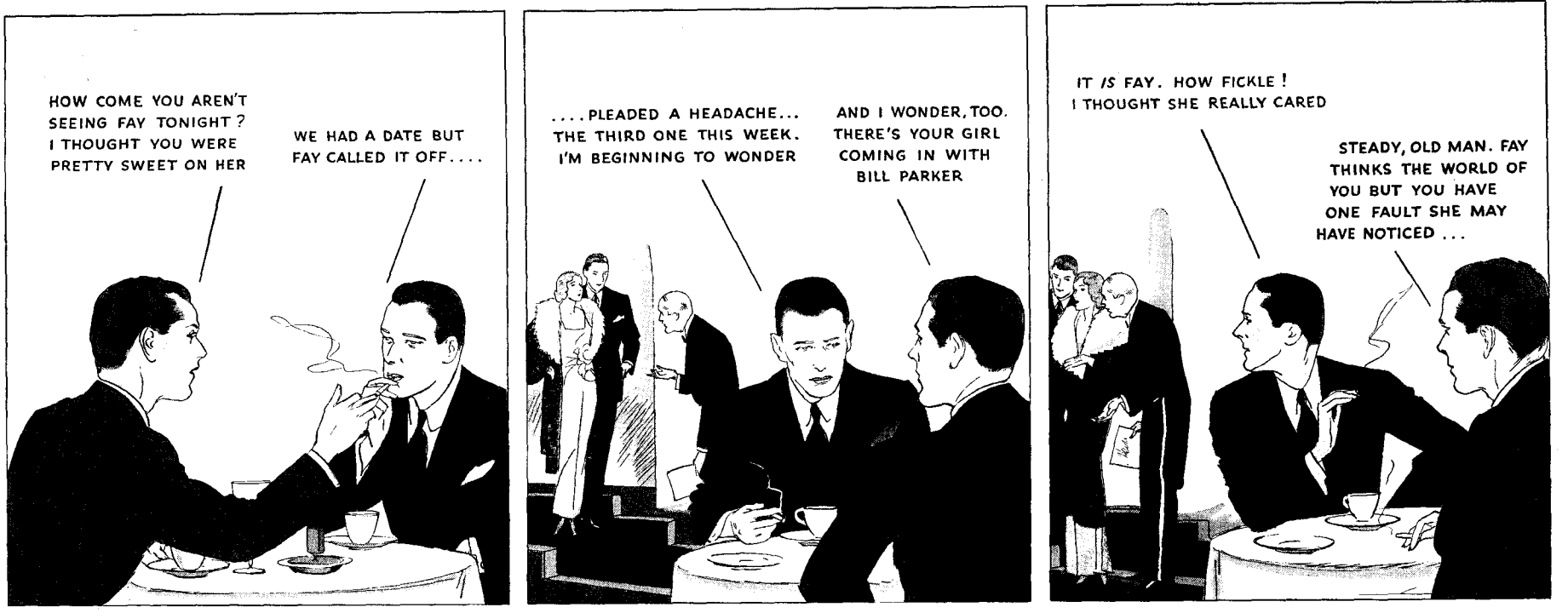
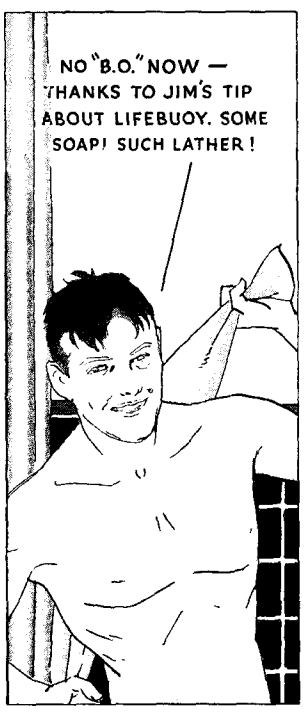
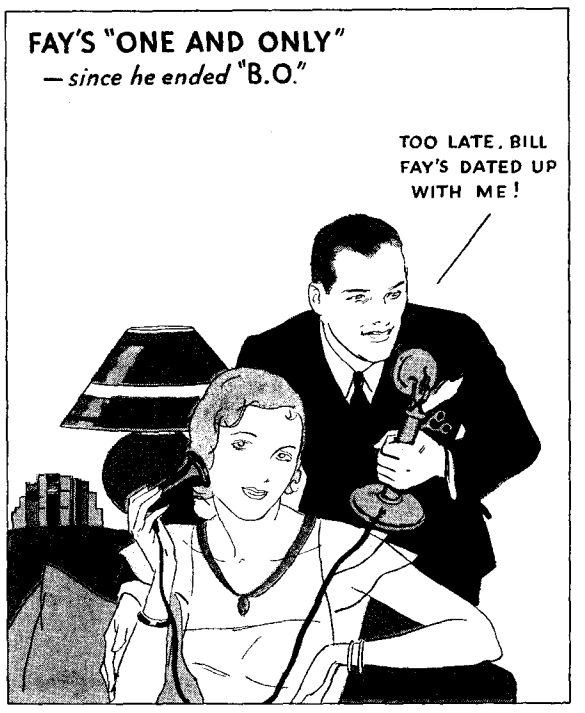
WHY FAY WAS FICKLE — by Timmins


HOW COME YOU AREN'T SEEING FAY TONIGHT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE PRETTY SWEET ON HER
WE HAD A DATE BUT FAY CALLED IT OFF....
....PLEADED A HEADACHE... THE THIRD ONE THIS WEEK. I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER
AND I WONDER, TOO. THERE'S YOUR GIRL COMING IN WITH BILL PARKER
IT IS FAY. HOW FICKLE! I THOUGHT SHE REALLY CARED
STEADY, OLD MAN. FAY THINKS THE WORLD OF YOU BUT YOU HAVE ONE FAULT SHE MAY HAVE NOTICED ...





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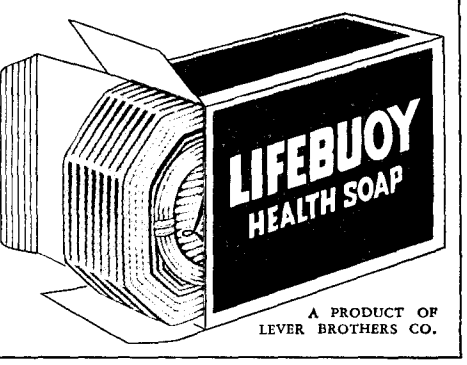

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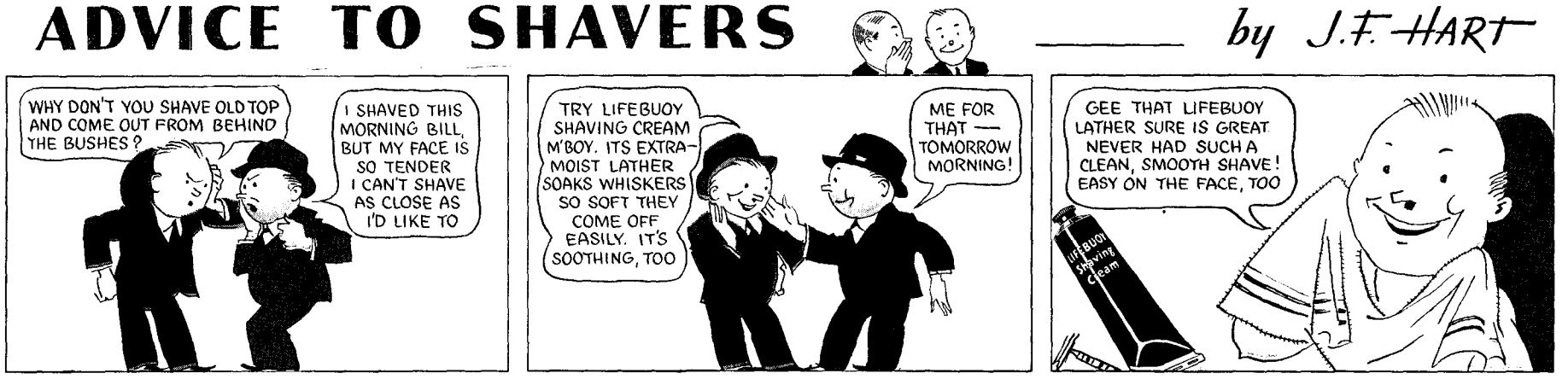
ADVICE TO SHAVERS — by J.F. HART


WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE OLD TOP AND COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE BUSHES?
I SHAVED THIS MORNING BILL, BUT MY FACE IS SO TENDER I CAN'T SHAVE AS CLOSE AS I'D LIKE TO
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ME FOR THAT — TOMORROW MORNING!
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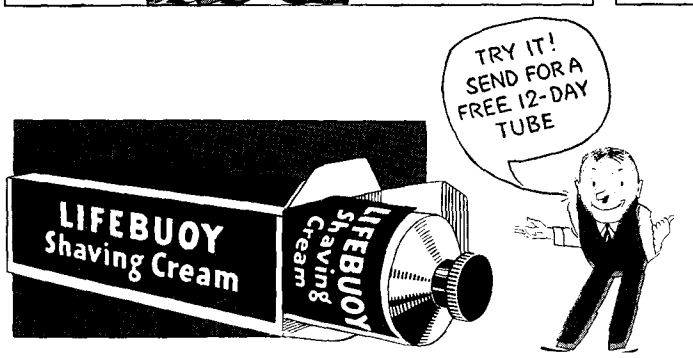

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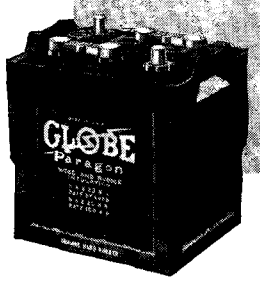

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Always Right

Continued from page 32

close decisions, Umpire Klem has a stern disregard for clamor from either bench or bleachers. Threats have rained about his ears, and bottles have sometimes just missed him. Center figure of a hundred storms, when emotions seethed and a rope produced at the right time would have provoked lynching, he has been inflexible in standing by a decision once made. And he states, with a grunt of pride, that not once has he been personally attacked.

Oh, yes—just once.

It was in Philadelphia. Following a sacrifice fly, he jerked a runner out. The play was exceedingly close. Hot protests flew at him. Klem was adamant. The grandstands rocked with rage.

"Looks bad for you," said the Chicago manager to Klem.

It looked bad indeed. Shouts and curses loaded the air at the end of the ninth inning. Klem, at plate, glanced along the row of field boxes. He observed that by one exit passage a venerable old gentleman with a breast-deep beard sat among youngsters who were obviously his grandchildren.

"That," thought Klem to himself, "is the exit I select."

The game closed and the manager of the club flanked Klem with his players, clubs drawn. Amid jeers and waving fists Klem walked to the exit where the patriarch sat. To his amazement there was a sound thwack to his jaw, accompanied by a hot ejaculation:

"Burglar!"

The bearded patriarch had struck him. Mr. Klem later discovered that his name was Hennessey.

The stars in their courses, Klem reports, are usually decent blokes like Hornsby—although there are others more genial. Lou Gehrig of the Yankees Klem considers the coming king of the game. Before the last world's series between the Yanks and the Cubs, Mrs. Klem was indisposed in a New York hospital. Gehrig visited her. Just before the first game he greeted Klem with the hope that Mrs. Klem was improving. Klem nodded, but sternly declined personal conversation with a player on the diamond. Gehrig came to bat.

"Strike!" bawled Klem.

"Did that one nip the plate?" asked Gehrig.

"Took a chunk out of it," said Klem. One ball, then:

"Strike!" bawled Klem.

"Did that nip the plate?" asked Gehrig.

"Sliced it!" snapped Klem.

Lou Gehrig's Deadly Aim

Gehrig tipped one, ran for first, was thrown out. As he sauntered back of the plate to the Yankee bench he was heard by Klem to mutter:

"Why don't you change places with Mrs. Klem?"

Those who heard that second game in New York radioed may recall the unusual dispute between Gehrig and Klem. Klem was umpiring at second base and short-stop. Gehrig, who hits left-handed, motioned to Klem to get out of his line of vision. Klem moved back and away; but Gehrig waved at him again. Klem refused to budge. Gehrig protested, but the umpire stood his ground because he wanted to remain where he could watch all play at second base—also he wasn't going to put himself in jeopardy of a liner from the hard-hitting Gehrig.

Bang! Gehrig cracked that liner, and if Klem hadn't been quick on his feet, he'd have been flat on his back.

"Perhaps I was in his line of vision," Klem reflects—"or maybe he can put 'em where he wants 'em."

Klem was only once dangerously hit by a batted ball. This was when, imitating old John Gaffney, he tried wearing a thick, bookbinder's board under his coat for a chest protector. The cardboard stood the test until it wore down, and Klem still carries a knob on his collar-bone as evidence that his experiment didn't work.

"When an umpire or player gets hit," he dogmatizes, "you know it's because he's flat-footed—excepting, of course, if he's running bases when a fast one gets him."

One umpire, he explains, without naming names, was hit so often and so hard that "Gabby" Hartnett, the catcher, a war veteran himself, presented this umpire with a trench helmet. Many a player holds as a precious souvenir one of the balls that bounced off this official. Whenever he took to the base-lines, the ball mortality jumped from an average of a dozen a game to twenty. It's a superstition with both players and umpires not to continue play with a ball that has hit somebody.

Umpires Stick to Their Jobs

The keen-eyed Klem has his humor. Brawny, and slightly arced, not bowed, at the legs, he stamps through the streets with you, occasionally lifting his voice in a harsh, high pitch as if shouting decisions. Passers-by vaguely recognize it—and pass on.

So will Klem pass on. But not for years yet, although his age remains as secret as the few, inevitable occasions when he must—by the law of human imperfections—have called them wrong.

"I work for the National League," he boasts. "They're so strict they won't even allow an umpire a dime above straight traveling expense. Do you think they'll ever stand for a guy calling them wrong?"

I didn't think of that. But I thought of something else he said—something that explains the tenacity with which umpires stick to their jobs.

Tim Hurst, the ancient, shocked sportdom one afternoon by ordering the celebrated "Fielder" Jones out of a game in Chicago. It made the front page headlines. Klem, then a big league beginner, saw Hurst sitting in a hotel lobby.

"So, Tim," said Klem, "you tossed Jones out of the game?"

"Yes," said Tim in his flavored accent. "You got to do something like that now and again to be on to your job.

"Y' know," he continued: "You'll never find anywhere a job like this umpirin', where you can report to work in the middle of the afternoon and be home in time for dinner. Why, the heads of the league don't even have to see the games."

Bill Klem isn't quite as cynical as the late Mr. Hurst. He takes baseball seriously. He acts baseball in season, he lives it out of season—down in Florida, where he's one of innumerable ex-millionaires who populate that sunny state by at least ten to the square mile. There Bill lives the simple life, warming up on semi-pro and exhibition games to keep his arc legs agile, his eyes keen and his mind familiar with the rules of the game. His wife and his son and daughter think Bill's the greatest umpire of them all. Bill doesn't dispute the verdict.

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Welcome, Stranger

Continued from page 13

"I thought some of breaking off Freddy's affair with Thelma Pointer," said Jean.

"You thought—? What do you mean?" Bud was excited.

"Oh, nothing particularly. Only it seemed sort of a shame for her mother to marry her off to him when you and Thelma are in love with each other." Jean ignored Bud's start. "I just go around doing things like that for people. You'd be surprised," she went on sadly, "how ungrateful—"

"How are you going to break off this affair?" Bud interrupted.

"Oh, I've got a rubber doll that squeaks in my bag," explained Jean. "I had brought it for the Gregorys' baby but I think now I can— Here comes someone."

MRS. POINTER sailed into the room with Thelma in her wake.

"Are we late?" she asked brightly. "What's the matter with you, Bud?" She looked at him sharply.

"—that squeaks," he muttered in a dazed voice.

"What?" demanded Mrs. Pointer.

"He said he's had a toothache for weeks," Jean explained.

"Toothache?" asked Thelma. "Why, you didn't say anything, Bud."

"Oh—er—it didn't ache," Bud said.

"A toothache always aches," stated Mrs. Pointer. "Otherwise it wouldn't be a toothache."

"Don't you think that's rather didactic?" Jean asked gently. "After all, there are always two sides to every question. One school of thought certainly contends that—"

"Freddy isn't down yet," put in Bud hastily, if somewhat unnecessarily.

Mrs. Pointer was easily diverted from Jean's discourse.

"Naughty boy!" she said. "But I won't scold him—it was really my fault. We had such a nice, long talk before we went to dress—he had a lot of things to ask me." She laughed self-consciously.

"Oh, but he *is* a naughty boy," Jean corrected her. "The times I have just had to sit on him, my dear! Really, don't you think it's usually the quiet ones who are the worst?" she asked sententiously.

"Knowing him as well as Thelma and I do, Miss Payne—"

"I could tell you a few things!" Jean was playful. She lowered her voice and went on, seriously, "Wasn't it too bad about that girl who committed suicide?"

"Suicide?"

"Oh, I don't mean that chorus girl who sued him—I never did believe for a minute that Freddy had anything to do with her. I mean the waitress who —oh, but I wouldn't think of mentioning it if you hadn't heard."

Bud indulged in a sudden fit of coughing and walked over to the window to stare out at the darkened garden. Thelma glanced at him curiously and then turned back to Jean.

"Are you sure you aren't thinking of someone else?" she asked. "Freddy is such a stick—I mean, so quiet and shy. It doesn't sound like him to be mixed up in such things."

"How loyal you are!" There was admiration mixed with pity in Jean's tone. "I really can't say anything more. I'm much too fond of him to spread unpleasant stories, however true they may be. Oh, here he is." She walked over and put a hand affectionately on her host's shoulder as he came in the room. "Hello, darling, why were you so long? I was lonesome for you. Oh, darn! I meant to bring your cigarette case down —you left it in my room. Oh, well, you can stop in later for it."

"I left my cigarette case in your room?" demanded Freddy in surprise. "Why, I never—"

Jean looked at him fondly.

"Now, dear, just because you're forgetful you mustn't get cross with me. Haven't I told you time and again you'd forget your head if it wasn't tied on?" She gave Mrs. Pointer a one-woman-to-another look. "Such a baby he is, you'd never know. Why, one night at my apartment—"

(Continued on page 36)

"Here's an interesting bridge problem, Colonel. You take North"

Gregory D'Alessio

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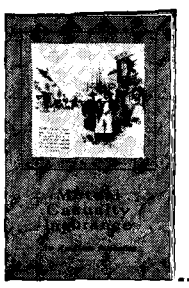

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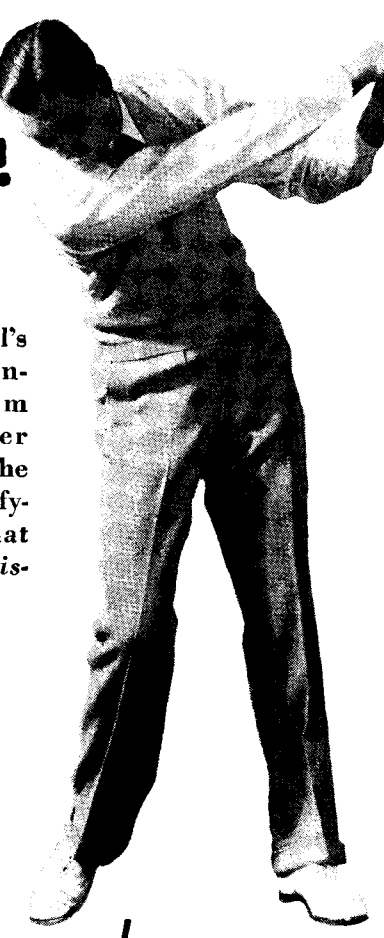

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United States Rubber Company

(Continued from page 35)

Freddy glared at her.

"Oh, all right," she shrugged. "If you'd rather I didn't speak of it. But I certainly don't see anything wrong in your being there at three in the morning. Good heavens, I couldn't let you go home drunk as you were, could I?"

"I think," said Mrs. Pointer, "if dinner is served we might as well go in."

"Yes," agreed Freddy. "Let's."

The dinner was started in silence. Jean finally looked up from her plate and smiled around the table.

"My, aren't we all quiet! I didn't have any lunch, you know, and I'm too hungry to talk."

"Good," said Freddy.

Jean threw him a happy glance.

"You're always so thoughtful, dear. Really," she turned to the others, "I never knew a man like him—so afraid I won't take care of myself and eat enough and all that."

"I'm sure Frederick takes excellent care of all his guests," said Mrs. Pointer.

WHILE Jean went into a detailed explanation of two occasions when Freddy had not taken excellent care of his guests, the subject of her discourse sat glumly studying the tablecloth. There was no use, he decided, in trying to stop her. It only gave her new ideas.

"—and there was Freddy, with not a stitch on but his bathing trunks, trying to climb up the water pipe at the side of the house when—" Jean's voice broke in on his thoughts. He shuddered.

"You seem to have had some very gay times," Mrs. Pointer said to him in a hard, bright tone when Jean had finished her story. She summoned up an almost friendly smile. "But now that you're settling down—"

"Mother," broke in her daughter nervously, "will we play some bridge after dinner?"

"There are five of us," Bud pointed out.

"I'll watch," Freddy said.

The game that followed after dinner was not one to have inspired envious respect in the breast of any expert. Mrs. Pointer, usually an alert and skillful player, was abstracted; Thelma and Bud were frankly not interested; and Jean kept up a running fire of light conversation based largely on the minor misdemeanors of a madcap Freddy. After one feeble protest during the first hand, when Jean referred to his penchant for stealing policemen's nightsticks, Freddy sat grimly silent. He even found a detached amusement in watching Mrs. Pointer's expression and once caught himself exchanging a broad wink with Bud.

"I should denounce that girl and throw her out of the house," he brought himself up sharply. "She's a menace. Why did I let her stay in the first place? Why don't I—" But Freddy was beginning to suspect that he didn't want to throw her out. He had to acknowledge to himself—for he was an honest as well as a shy young man—that, in spite of her really notable efforts to blacken his character, he was finding Jean one of the most fascinating girls he had ever seen. He was studying her profile and finding it good when she rose from the table.

"Do you mind if I turn in early?" she asked. "I'm really awfully tired after that long drive this afternoon."

"Not at all," agreed her host immediately. "You ought to get right to bed."

"So thoughtful," murmured Jean. "Good night, everyone—it's been a lovely evening." As she left the room, Bud followed her.

"What a work-out!" he said when they were in the hall. "Haven't you any mercy for the poor guy? I'm a more interested party than you but I couldn't have had the heart to do it."

"I do feel sorry for him," Jean confessed. She hesitated a moment. "You know, I'm not sure that you're a more interested party than I, at that. He's nice, isn't he? But he'll always hate me," she sighed. "Oh, Bud, before you go, show me which is his room."

"Aren't you satisfied?" Bud asked, following her up the stairs. "What are you going to do—knot his sheets?"

"Oh, no. I hate that sort of thing. But I'm not finished yet."

In spite of her declared exhaustion, Jean did not go to bed after she had had her bath and gotten into pajamas. Instead she sat by the door and listened until she heard the other members of the house go to their rooms.

"I better give them half an hour," she told herself as the last door was closed. Before she settled herself comfortably on the bed with a book, she opened her suitcase and drew out a parcel. This she unwrapped tenderly and revealed a large rubber doll.

"When I bought you yesterday," she told it, "the outlook for you was black. All you had to hope for was to be bitten or thrown out a window by Bobby Gregory. There was no future in it. But now—" Jean looked at the doll with some reverence "—now you're destined for greater things. It may hurt you a little, my pet, but console yourself with the thought that you may bring happiness to two—maybe four—people. No, I guess just two. There's no reason I should get a break. Anyway, I will have done my duty."

Apparently quite unimpressed by its glorious destiny, the rubber doll lay quietly on the foot of Jean's bed for nearly thirty minutes. It paid no attention when she got out of bed, leaned out of the window and did mysterious things to the hook on the shutter. Even when Jean—after a careful survey of herself in the mirror—picked up the doll and carried it stealthily out of her room and put it on the floor of the hall in the shadows just outside her room, it displayed no curiosity. Its feelings, as it lay there in the blackness, while Jean crept along the hall to the door Bud had pointed out to her earlier, will probably never be known. Possibly it felt that any fate was preferable to Bobby Gregory's teeth.

AT JEAN'S timid little knock, Freddy opened his door almost at once.

"What," he asked, "now?"

"Shh! Aren't you surprised to see me?" Jean whispered.

"I was thinking of you." Then Freddy looked uncomfortable. "I mean, why did you say all those things about me? I never did you any harm."

"I was doing you a favor."

"A favor! Say, what's up now?" Freddy looked at her suspiciously. "Or do you just want to talk some more?"

"It's my shutter."

"That makes you talk?"

"Fool. It's my shutter in my room that made me come to get you. It's broken and it bangs. Would you come and fix it?" She smiled trustingly. "I didn't know whom else to ask."

"I don't see how it can bang—there isn't a breath of wind."

"Is that my fault?" Jean burst out. "Oh, dear, here I am trying to save you from yourself and all I get is—"

"What are you talking about?"

"Never mind. I'm sorry I bothered you. I-I-I'll fix it myself."

"Oh, I'll come do it."

"Shh," Jean cautioned again. "Don't wake anyone up—Mrs. Pointer's room is right next to mine." She took his arm and guided him slowly down the hall. As they approached her door, Jean gave him a little push and his foot hit something.

"*MAAAA-MAAAA!*"

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The quiet of the house was pierced by the wail.

"What the heck!" Freddy jumped back.

"Shh!"

As he stepped forward, his foot again came in contact with the doll and again the whistling cry shivered through the hall.

"Oh, Freddy," whimpered Jean, as she saw the door next to hers begin to open. "I'm scared." With that pathetic little cry, she threw herself into his arms.

"It's nothing." His arms tightened around her.

"Nothing? It seems to me that it most definitely is something!" announced an outraged voice a few feet away.

JEAN clung to Freddy more closely. "May I ask the meaning of this disgraceful exhibition in the middle of the night?" Mrs. Pointer's voice was shrill and Bud and Thelma appeared in the doors of their rooms. "You're a shameless hussy. Standing there in those pajamas with your arms around— What are you doing there, Frederick?"

"He was just coming in my room," Jean answered plaintively, "when that awful noise frightened me and woke you up."

"Now, Mrs. Pointer—" Freddy started toward her and for the third time contacted the doll that was to have been Bobby Gregory's. And for the third time the doll wailed. Thelma, an interested spectator to this moment, shrieked and fell into Bud's willing arms.

"Darling," said Bud, and kissed her. He was a patient young man and a loyal one but he was only human.

Jean was at his side in a moment.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you two on your engagement," she said. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Pointer.

"It's not nonsense at all," said Jean warmly. "I do hope they'll be happy. Don't you, Freddy?"

"Of course," said Freddy, "but—"

Mrs. Pointer turned on him.

"I don't care to hear anything further from you, young man. I consider myself fortunate to have found you out in time before—" She drew in her breath sharply. "Thelma, get out of that young man's arms immediately and pack your bags. We're leaving."

"But there are no trains," Freddy began.

"We'll walk," announced Mrs. Pointer.

"Now, Mother Pointer," said Bud in an entirely new tone, "don't get excited. I'll drive you and Thelma to town."

For a moment, Mrs. Pointer wavered. Then, in a firm tone, she said:

"Very well, Bud. We leave at once." Her door slammed.

"Say, Bud, what's the idea?"

"Don't you worry, Freddy, everything's all fixed up." Bud turned to Jean. "You're swell," he said simply.

"But I don't understand," protested Thelma weakly.

"You just get your things together and I'll tell you all about it later," Bud told her. "Darling!"

Obediently she went into her room and closed her door. Then Bud's door banged to and Jean and Freddy were alone in the hall. Alone with the doll.

Freddy leaned over and picked it up.

"What this?"

"The instrument of your salvation," said Jean a little wearily. "You can throw it out the same time you do me. I guess I better pack, too."

"Why?"

"My work is done," she explained.

"Don't go."

"But—"

"Mrs. Tiller will chaperone you all right."

"Huh." Jean looked at him pathetically. "Do you really want me to stay?"

"Yes."

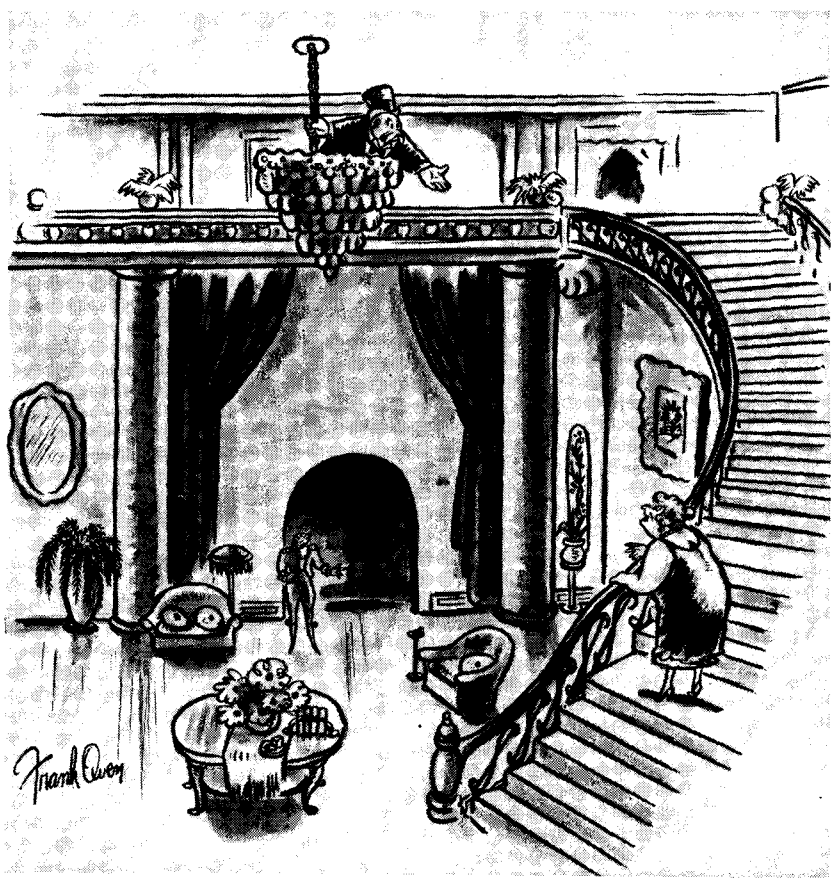
"Say it then."

"I did."

"No, I mean—say 'Please, won't you stay here for the week-end, Jean?' "

"Please, won't you stay here for the week-end, Jean?"

"Thank you, I'd love to." She was actually demure as she said this. "It's not like me," she went on with dignity, "to visit a house where I haven't been invited."



"Sometime last night, Martha!—but don't ask any more questions! It's got me puzzled too!" *Frank Owen*

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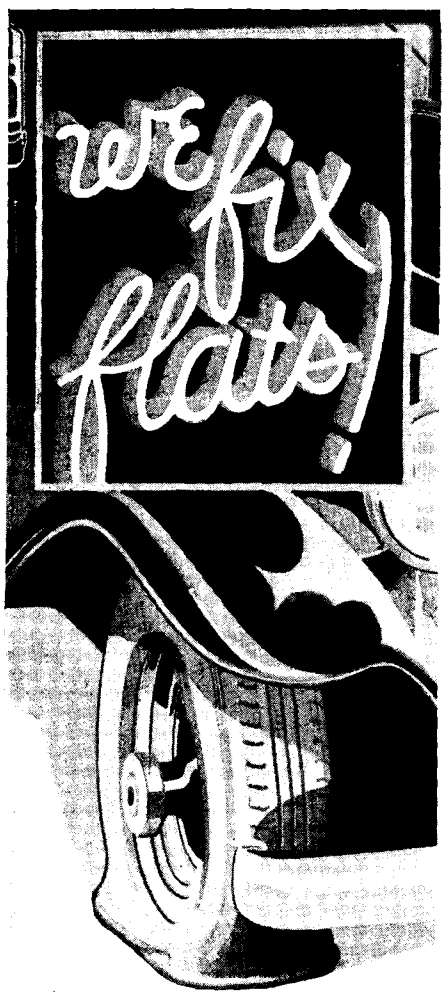

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Henry P. Davison

Continued from page 17

the company were so popular that on the day they were issued they sold at $300 per share, just double the subscription price.

But aside from the very considerable amount of daily attention which he bestowed on the Bankers Trust Company, Davison, for almost ten consecutive years, gave up one whole evening a week to the affairs of the company. Almost all the members of the executive committee were active young bank officers like himself. So Davison proposed that, in order to give proper and thorough attention to the affairs of this lusty young banking infant of theirs, they meet uptown for dinner every Thursday at 6:30 o'clock, and devote the evening to the reports and work of the company. Thus, rain or shine, winter and summer, Davison and the other devoted members of that executive committee met and worked with the officers, reviewing what had been done and planning out the institution's future growth.

Davison, both at the time and in later years, often talked of the great importance that these meetings came to have, not only in the fostering of the Bankers Trust Company, but in developing the spirit of coöperation which the meetings inspired among the active young leaders of the banking community. It was largely because of the spirit of friendly coöperation and of personal intimacy, built up at these dinner meetings, that Davison was enabled, when the 1907 money panic broke out, to count upon the instant and unanimous help of this group for the work which he was deputed to lead, in the banking efforts to stay the storm.

A Borrower Becomes a Lender

As an illustration of the quickness with which Davison's mind worked, and of the intuitive decisions he seemed to make, perhaps I may be permitted to repeat George Case's story of how Davison chose me to become an officer of the Bankers Trust Company which he was organizing. Case says that Davison and he were returning to Englewood on one of those Northern Railroad of New Jersey suburban trains that amble slowly across the Hackensack Meadows, about ten o'clock in the evening—after all well-regulated commuters have long been safe in the bosoms of their families. Davison and Case had been staying in town for dinner with the other men interested in the organization of the Bankers Trust Company, and they had been discussing this very question of executive officers. I, too, as it so happened, had been kept in town and was going home that evening on the same train. Case says that Davison had just been saying: "We have enough banking talent for our official staff, but where in the world can we get that plain business man that we want?" Just then I came strolling up the aisle. Davison gave Case a poke. "There's the man!" he said, and next morning he sent for me to make the proposal.

"I believe," said he to me, "that you are the man for our secretary and treasurer."

"But," I responded, "I don't know the first thing about banking. All my brief business life I have been borrowing money—not lending it."

"Fine!" retorted Davison. "That's just why we want you. A fearless borrower like you ought to make a prudent lender."

Davison was also the one who chose Benjamin Strong for the Bankers Trust Company. Strong, too, had been an Englewood neighbor. It was there that Davison and he first met, in connection, as it happened, with the operation of the Englewood Hospital. None of the other directors of the Bankers Trust Company knew much of Strong but, as usual, Davison's idea was enough for them; and so on April 4, 1904, Benjamin Strong came into the company's official family.

Although his progress was rapid and steady, he had comparatively little chance to come under the attention of the elder statesmen in banking until the time of the panic of 1907. When, in October of that year, the currency panic suddenly started with the run on the Trust Company of America and on the Lincoln Trust Company, the elder Mr. Morgan decided, with George F. Baker and James Stillman, that these institutions must, if solvent, be saved. And Davison had, as related, chosen Benjamin Strong to act as the head of a small committee whose work was to pass with accuracy and speed upon the value of the collateral securities which the two trust companies under fire were depositing, to secure the advances being made to them by the banking community under Mr. Morgan's leadership. During the rest of the 1907 panic, Strong spent a good part of his waking time at the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. The bundles of collateral—demand loans, time loans, bills payable, syndicate loans, mortgages, and what not—all came tumbling in upon his desk. He had a sure eye and a strong flail, in separating the wheat from the chaff. He performed an extraordinarily valuable service.

From that time Benjamin Strong was a marked man. When I succeeded Davison as a vice president of the First National Bank in 1909, Strong became vice president of the Bankers Trust Company, and was for five years the ranking executive officer under E. C. Converse, whom, in 1914, he succeeded as president. In the important conferences held in 1912 and 1913 by bankers and others who were coöperating with Congress in the reform of the country's banking system, Strong took an active part. And in 1914, the year the Federal Reserve System came into operation under the unforeseen stress of the Great War, he was persuaded to undertake the organization and the governorship of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

The change meant heavy financial sacrifice for Strong; it meant, too, that he had to take up work in an untried field. But the Strong whom in 1905 Davison, with his unvarying acumen for choosing useful men for important and waiting jobs, picked out for the Bankers Trust Company, was prepared for his new task; a task that he discharged with equal fidelity during the stress of war days and of the equally difficult reconstruction period.

This brief sketch of the Bankers Trust Company, in which I have spoken also of the genius and work of the late Benjamin Strong at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, would be lacking if I failed to mention three of the moves brought about under Davison's initiative that were important in enlarging the institution's resources and scope. These were its absorption, respectively, of the Mercantile Trust Company on August 9, 1911, the Manhattan Trust Company on March 23, 1912, and the Astor Trust Company (this last a natural and inevitable move) on April 23, 1917.

So Davison lived to see that little institution of the Bankers Trust Company, that had started down in the Jersey Central building on West Street with an active official staff of four persons and a clerical staff of only a half-dozen, become one of the greatest institutions of the country, with total resources of $391,882,462.57 as of June 30, 1922, and with a record of having disbursed in dividends to its fortunate stockholders a total of almost $37,000,000.

A Monument to Davison's Genius

The stately pinnacle of the Bankers Trust Building, soaring into the sky above its twenty-five stories, is almost an exact replica of the beautiful classic tomb of Halicarnassus. But the building, with all that it stands for in sound banking and business, is a monument to Henry P. Davison. When the building was erected ten years before his death, the directors, desiring to record a word or two of their conviction, inscribed this on the stone tablet that adorns the wall of the president's room:

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANKERS TRUST COMPANY HERE RECORD THEIR APPRECIATION OF THE SERVICES OF HENRY POMEROY DAVISON IN THE ORGANIZATION AND UPBUILDING OF THE COMPANY AND THE ERECTION OF ITS PERMANENT HOME.

And again, after his death, at the foot of the niche which holds his bust, we read:

HENRY POMEROY DAVISON
FOUNDER OF THE
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY
MEMBER OF ITS BOARD OF DIRECTORS
AND CHAIRMAN OF ITS EXECUTIVE
COMMITTEE FROM THE ORGANIZATION
OF THE COMPANY UNTIL HIS DEATH
MAY 6, 1922.

The formation of the Astor Trust Company early in 1907 (afterwards, on April 23, 1917, merged with the Bankers Trust Company) was a second banking move that was a logical sequence of that association of young bankers that began with the organization of the Bankers Trust Company. That institution was only three years old—it was founded in 1903—when its sponsors, looking towards the future, began talking of the advisability of organizing an uptown branch.

At this juncture, George F. Baker suggested that the Astor National Bank, located on Thirty-fourth Street just west of Fifth Avenue, be merged into a new institution which should take over the name, business and excellent goodwill of the Astor National Bank. So the Astor Trust Company was organized, and on March 18, 1907, it opened its doors for business at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street.

The offices of the new institution were installed, with modern changes, in the old Lorillard mansion at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street. And at the board meetings held in what was formerly the beautiful ballroom, we sometimes used to wonder what the shades of those bustled dancers of the Age of Innocence were thinking as they peered in upon this aggregation of twentieth-century business men!

The heads of the executive staff of the new Astor Trust Company were full of energy, and they had every quality of kindliness, directness and cautious judgment that went with their energy. We called them from the start "The

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Astor Twins." They were born into a vice-presidency at one and the same moment. These men were Erastus Seward Prosser and Thomas Cochran. Their choice as joint managers of the Astor was another apt illustration of Harry Davison's method of thought and execution.

First, as to Prosser: Davison had for several years been attracted by his personality and his ways. They had become acquainted as residents of Englewood. Then one day Seward Prosser dropped down at Harry's vice-presidential desk at the First National and kindly offered to write some insurance on his life, in behalf of the Equitable Life, of which Prosser was already one of the leading metropolitan agents. Now, Davison thought he had all the life insurance that he wanted or could carry; but Prosser knew otherwise. After a comparatively brief talk, Harry woke up to the fact that he was wrong and Seward was right. This was an eye-opener for the active young vice president of the First National. He had had an idea that his own judgment as to insurance on his own life was to be relied upon; but he found that Prosser's judgment on that score was much better than his. From that time Prosser was in Davison's keen mind a marked man. And his advancement was steady and sure.

Thomas Cochran Enters the Story

The selection of Thomas Cochran as a vice president and joint manager of the Astor Trust Company came about in this way: One noon, some weeks prior to the organization of the company, Harry Davison asked Albert Wiggin, Gates McGarrah, and me to lunch with him at the Lawyers' Club, then located in the old Equitable Building (which was destroyed by fire in 1912). Davison proposed and urged the selection of Seward Prosser as executive head of the new Astor.

"He doesn't know anything about banking," said Davison, "but then, Tom," turning to me, "neither did you when you entered the Bankers Trust, and yet you still hold a job." After discussing the matter back and forth we were all agreed that Prosser would fill the bill. "But," I added, "I must say I have a hankering for George Case's friend, Tom Cochran. He has a certain quality that the Astor will need. I wish it had been possible to use him."

Quick as a flash, Davison turned his eyes upon me. "I think you're right, Tom," he said; "we'll have them both, and we'll call them the 'Astor Twins.'"

That was a first-rate example of the way Harry Davison's mind worked. It never would have occurred to the rest of us to suggest, for a corporation, a joint leadership equal in official rank and salary. But Davison's intuition touched just the right point. The combination of Prosser and Cochran proved in every way most happy.

In February, 1912, Prosser was drafted from the Astor to come downtown and head the Liberty National. Prosser, after again proving his capacity as head of the Liberty, was, in October, 1914, drafted into still larger fields as chief executive of the Bankers Trust Company, whose senior officer he is today. Cochran in turn succeeded Prosser as president of the Liberty National, on October 6, 1914. So excellent was his work there, so sure his touch, that, in 1915, he was invited to become a member of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Although there had been many danger signals flying, the terrific money panic of 1907 came as a storm which the country as a whole was unprepared to meet. Demagogues have been inclined to attribute the whole trouble of that time to the wiles of crafty men working in their own interests. But even the most casual study of world history, through the few years preceding the currency collapse, will show the gradual piling up of events bearing down heavily upon the world's economy.

There had been a considerable exhaustion of capital and much disturbance in the world's money markets as a result of the costly Japanese-Russian War, the settlement of which (at the Treaty of Portsmouth) was satisfactory to neither party to the conflict. Then, with dire effect, came the San Francisco earthquake and fire of April, 1906. The drain caused by the fire upon many insurance companies and then upon the banking community perceptibly tightened the money market.

The storm itself was precipitated by what at first seemed to be an unimportant occurrence. But, just as the legendary cow kicked over the lamp and caused the great Chicago fire of 1871, so a seemingly minor episode started this series of troubles. Some of the depositors of an uptown trust company (the Knickerbocker) became concerned and started to withdraw their deposits. Before the community woke up, there was a run on the bank. This was on October 22d, and that day call money went to 70 per cent. Within twenty-four hours the rate had shot up to 125 per cent, and the run had spread to affiliated institutions, notably the Trust Company of America, whose chief offices were located in Wall Street, and the Lincoln Trust Company, located uptown.

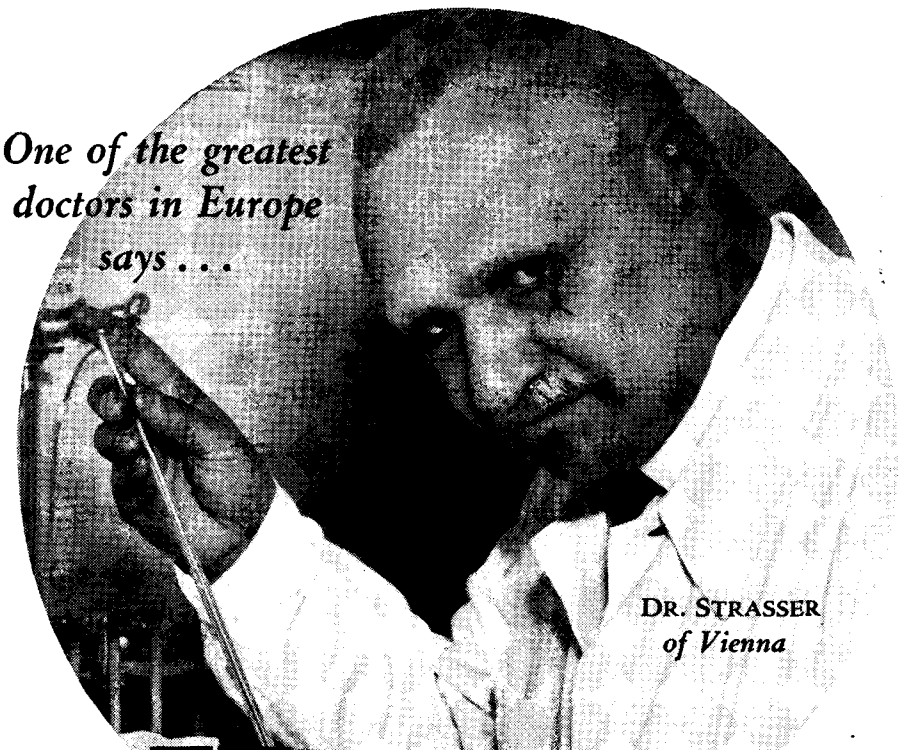
By this time people were thoroughly alarmed, and runs started on many deposit banks all over the country. At once the inelastic system of the old National Bank Act showed its defects. The banks had no central bank of issue to turn to, and most of them, deeming their fifteen or twenty per cent cash reserves as sacred, rather than as resources to be used in such cases of emergency as these, tightened up, pulled in their purse strings and refused to pay out cash freely. This policy added fuel to the flames, and directly the country found itself in the throes of a first-class money panic: a shortage of currency for all purposes.

Mr. Morgan Organizes the Rescue

The elder Mr. Morgan hurried home from Bar Harbor. This was in October, 1907. At once he organized a rescue party, the three chief figures of which were himself, George F. Baker, and James Stillman of the National City Bank. The story of their indefatigable work has been frequently told, but not so often that of the younger men upon whom fell the heavy task of carrying out the policies which their elders laid down. Of this younger group, George W. Perkins, a partner in the Morgan firm, and Harry Davison, the vice president of the First National Bank, were the most active. Davison in turn arranged the coöperation of the younger group of bankers associated with him on the executive committee of the Bankers Trust Company. In addition Davison called in some of his juniors as aides. From one of these I am going to quote largely: Benjamin Strong, then secretary of the four-year-old Bankers Trust Company, later its president; and from 1916 until his death in October, 1928, the powerful head of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

In the early part of his narrative covering panic conditions, Strong mentions the apparent suddenness with which the financial storm burst upon the community. Before he and other bank officials, whom Davison had drafted for the work, could complete an examination of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, it had been forced to close its

(Continued on page 40)



"Headache? that's a sign of poisons in Your Body"

Where trouble starts! Intestines, warns Dr. Strasser, must be kept clean. X-rays show how.

DO YOUR BOWELS function normally?... Probably not, say doctors, if you have frequent headaches!

As the head of Vienna's famous Winternitz Sanatorium, Dr. Alois Strasser (above), puts it: "When intestines become unclean, your body absorbs dangerous poisons," which lead to headaches, "nerves," indigestion and a host of other ills.

"My advice," states Dr. Strasser, "is to include fresh yeast in the daily food."

He goes on: "Fresh yeast has a revitalizing effect on intestinal muscles, which soon puts them back in working order . . . banishing all symptoms of self-poisoning." *Including headaches!*

You know a clean system is important. So why not eat Fleischmann's Yeast and actually *strengthen* your intestines to clear away all poisons *naturally?* That is what yeast does and no medicines will ever do.

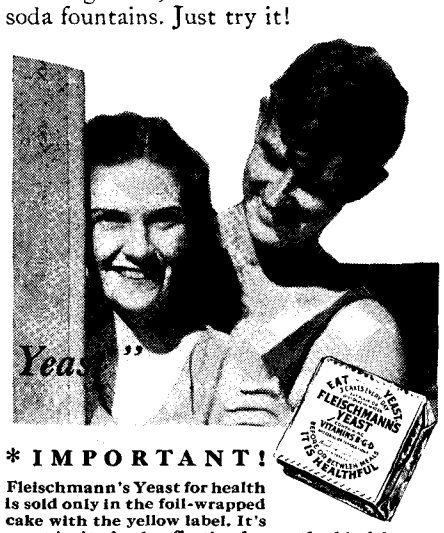
So start now—today! Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day — regularly — one before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime — plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

You can get *Fleischmann's** Yeast—rich in the precious vitamins B, G and D—at all grocers, and at restaurants and soda fountains. Just try it!

"My doctor advised eating Yeast"

"My senior year in high school was a strenuous one," *writes* Elinor Miksitz *of Miami, Fla.* "In the most important play of the year, I was struck, by accident, and knocked unconscious. My nerves were so upset I couldn't digest any food. I was also subject to frequent headaches.

My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast . . . Almost immediately my stomach condition was improved . . . headaches disappeared."



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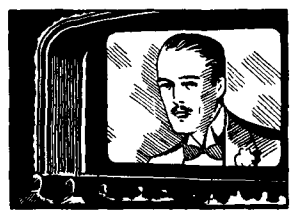
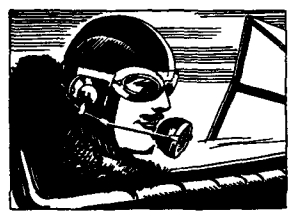


talking picture equipment



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(Continued from page 39)

doors. From that time on the rescue forces concentrated their attention largely upon the Trust Company of America and, in perhaps less degree, upon the Lincoln Trust Company. Strong's force of examiners started in at once to examine the affairs of the Trust Company of America. Late in the same afternoon Strong went to the Morgan offices to try to make a preliminary report to Mr. Morgan and to the trust company presidents, who had been summoned by Mr. Morgan to form some sort of concert in behalf of this other trust company which was in trouble. This is the way Strong describes that interview:

"At the Morgan offices the trust company presidents were meeting in the front room, but when I went in Davison and George Perkins took me into the rear room, where I found Mr. Morgan, Mr. Baker and Mr. Stillman. And then Mr. Morgan made one of his characteristic remarks, so much to the point, and so effective in result. He said to me:

"'Have you anyone with you who can make a report to the gentlemen in the next room? They are the presidents of the trust companies. But when they came into the office they had to be introduced to one another, and I don't think much can be expected from them!'

"In answer to his questions I told Mr. Morgan that I was satisfied that the Trust Company of America was solvent. Mr. Morgan asked me if the bankers would be justified in seeing the company through, and I told him that that was my best opinion. Turning to Mr. Baker and Mr. Stillman, he said: 'This, then, is the place to stop this trouble.' But in the whole course of our meeting, which may have lasted for three-quarters of an hour, I doubt if Mr. Morgan spoke more than five or six times."

The Crisis of the Panic

After describing the work of the examining committee, of which he was the head, and the long, all-night vigils during which it worked, Strong explains that at last, after the committee's report had been rendered, the initial loan of $10,000,000 for the Trust Company of America was arranged and the situation tided over. Then his narrative goes on as follows:

"The real crisis of the 1907 panic came on Friday morning, November 1st, when it became known that, owing to the market decline in the price of the shares of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, Messrs. Moore & Schley, one of the largest New York Stock Exchange houses, might be forced into bankruptcy, with consequent serious embarrassment to banks from which this house was borrowing heavily against the Coal and Iron shares as collateral. A few days before that it had also become apparent that the money so far loaned to the Trust Company of America was not going to be enough to see the company through.

"Consequently I returned with the committee to the Trust Company's office to make another examination and ascertain whether there was sufficient collateral left to secure another loan. We started on a Friday and worked without sleeping, or even leaving the building, until Saturday afternoon.

"At about nine o'clock that night, in accordance with the arrangement made by Harry Davison, I went down to Mr. Morgan's library, and found there assembled in the East Room representatives of the Clearing House banks, in the West Room representatives of the trust companies. As I went in I saw Judge Gary, Controller Filbert of the Steel Corporation, and Lewis Cass Ledyard go into the rear room to join Mr. Morgan. Knowing of the Tennessee Coal and Iron situation, I felt satisfied that something had gone wrong. Harry, I think, for the first time felt some sense of discouragement. He told me that Mr. Morgan was convinced that $25,000,000 more was required to deal with the trust company situation alone, and that the Tennessee matter would take an additional $25,000,000. And in those days $50,000,000 looked large indeed, in contrast with such figures as those to which we are now accustomed.

Nobody Could Leave the Party

"Finally, towards midnight, Edwin S. Marston, president of the Farmers Loan and Trust Company, was called from our room to see Mr. Morgan. After an absence of nearly an hour, Mr. Marston finally returned to the group, looking very grave, and said that he had been summoned by Mr. Morgan to listen to an explanation of another situation which had arisen and which he was not at liberty to disclose. This new situation [Tennessee] would require the use of at least $25,000,000. He added that Mr. Morgan had made arrangements to handle the situation, contingent, however, upon the trust company presidents agreeing to raise not less than $25,000,000, so as adequately to meet the trust company difficulties. This statement by Mr. Marston filled the trust company heads with consternation.

"Before I was asked to make a report on the result of the last examination of the Trust Company of America, I had dozed off to sleep, sitting on a lounge next to James Stillman. I recall his asking me when I had last been in bed, and when I told him the previous Thursday night, he said the country wasn't going to smash if I went home to bed. But just then I was called on to report the situation in the Trust Company of America, in the light of the figures as to which I had for the first time gained an accurate idea. This must have been about three o'clock in the morning. Having made my report, I went to the front door to go home—and found it locked.

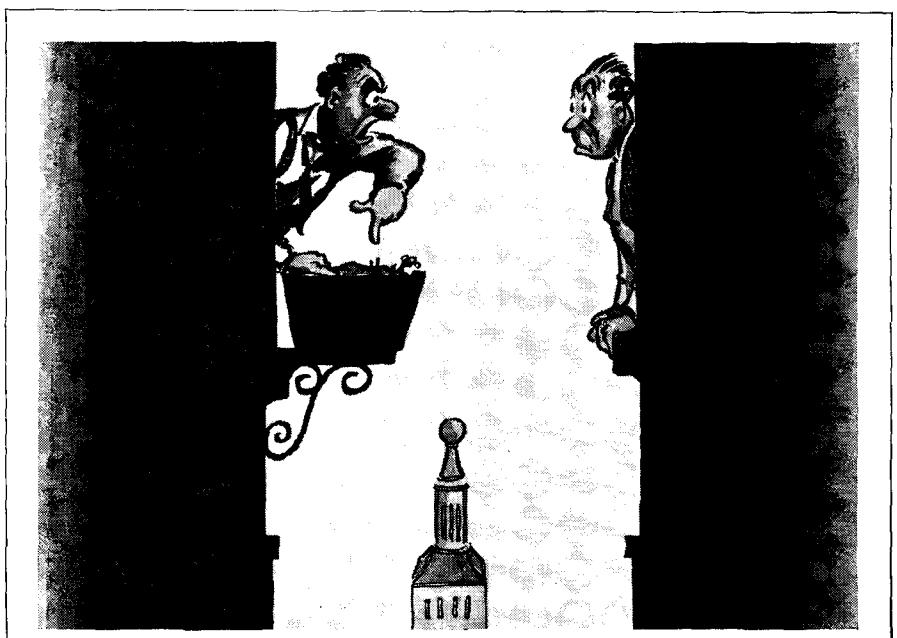
"It was indeed true that Mr. Morgan, having assembled the men to deal with a perilous situation, had had the door to the library locked, and the key was in his own pocket. The result was that the door was not finally opened until sufficient assurances had been given that the all-necessary loan would be forthcoming, and I left the library to walk up Madison Avenue with Mr. Baker at exactly a quarter to five Sunday morning. I had no opportunity then to discuss the locked-door incident with Davison, but when I did, it struck him as a most humorous exhibition of Mr. Morgan's peculiar insight into human nature. There wasn't going to be any mistake that night. He intended that all should stay to the end of the party."

I venture to interrupt Benjamin Strong's narrative in order to point out that this was, of course, the famous all-night meeting that has become one of the traditions of the late Mr. Morgan's career. It so happened that I was summoned by Davison to attend this particular plenary session of bankers at the Morgan library. But I did not arrive until towards midnight. The scene was just as Ben Strong has described it. A more incongruous meeting place for anxious bankers could hardly be imagined. In one room, lofty, magnificent, tapestries hanging on the walls, rare Bibles and illuminated Middle Ages manuscripts filling the cases. In another, that collection of the Early Renaissance masters—Castagno, Ghirlandaio, Perugino, to mention only a few; the huge open fire; the door just ajar to the holy of holies where the original manuscripts were safeguarded. And, as I say, an anxious throng of bankers, too uneasy to sit down or converse at ease, pacing through the long marble hall and up and down the high-ceilinged rooms, with their cinquecento background, waiting for the momentous decisions of the modern Medici.

The Situation is Saved

President Edward King of the Union Trust Company had by common consent been selected as the leader of the trust company presidents. Mr. Morgan pointed out to him, as to his fellow executives, that the fresh loan of $25,000,000 to the Trust Company of America must be raised or the walls of their own edifices might come crumbling about their ears.

Yet the trust company presidents were reluctant to act. They questioned whether their first duty was not to conserve all their assets for the storm which, despite everything, might burst upon them. Mr. Morgan understood well enough their situation. Inwardly he sympathized with them. But he had a task to accomplish. The situation must not get further out of hand. It had to be saved. Briefly he pointed out the chief factors in the situation. He said he was satisfied that, if each trust company president present signed for an amount, computed fairly on the basis of his company's resources, etc., the several boards of directors would surely ratify the action.



"I don't suppose you know what became of my radish!"

Nate Collier

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By this time Mr. Ledyard, Judge O'Brien and other lawyers had agreed upon the form of a simple subscription blank to make up the total loan of $25,000,000. One of them read it aloud to the assembled bankers. Then they laid it on the table. Mr. Morgan waved his hand invitingly towards the paper. "There you are, gentlemen," he said.

The bankers shifted from one foot to another, but no one stepped forward. Mr. Morgan waited a few moments. Then he put his hand on the shoulder of his friend, Edward King, and gently urged him forward.

"There's the place, King," he said kindly but firmly, "and here's the pen," placing a handsome gold pen in Mr. King's fingers. Mr. King signed. The ice was broken. They all signed. Mr. King had been no more hesitant or less courageous than the others. It had simply fallen to his lot to lead off. When the final moment came, he went forward.

Strong concludes his story by saying: "My impressions of Harry's work during all of that anxious period are almost as vivid today [1924] as they were seventeen years ago. He was the commanding general over the forces in the field. Behind him was the general staff, principally Mr. Morgan, Mr. Baker and Mr. Stillman. Harry was throwing his forces—that is, the various elements in the organization—at one task after another and listening to the results of the action, whatever it might have been. There were at least twelve institutions being specially administered in one way or another during all of that period. Each one presented problems, the most serious of which, indeed, were not alone questions of security, but those of personality, prejudice and sometimes selfishness and timidity. It was in dealing with the human equation that Harry's supreme talent was shown. He reconciled differences of view, calmed the uneasy and anxious; he inspired the timid, sometimes disciplined the cowardly, but with it all his courage never flagged, his industry was unceasing and his good temper never failed him."

Mr. Morgan's Courage as Leader

There can be no question that it was Davison's work in the 1907 panic that first attracted the elder Mr. Morgan's particular attention to him, and started his thoughts moving in the direction of inviting Davison to become a member of the Morgan firm.

The elder Mr. Morgan's last great and active participation in the country's affairs was in this very money panic of 1907. That was seven years before the organization of the Federal Reserve banking system, and there was no official and recognized leadership in the banking world as there is now—constituted, as such leadership is, in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the Federal Reserve Board at Washington. Hence, by reason of the fact that, for at least two generations prior to 1907, Mr. Morgan had always been the rallying point, the port of safety in storm and stress, the financial and even the banking community looked to him as its natural and inevitable leader.

And in times of trouble he was superb. The story of his part in the quelling of the 1907 panic has been told in a sketchy way many times by word of mouth. But from my own limited personal experience at the time; from the firm's records; and from the testimony of my partner, Charles Steele, who, himself a wise and courageous counselor, was at Mr. Morgan's elbow throughout the whole period, it ought to be said that our late senior was almost recklessly prodigal of the firm's resources, if he thought the utilization of them could be made to help stem the tide of disaster. He seemed to care not a whit what losses he and his partners might suffer, if only the situation could be saved. And at no time throughout the entire crisis did he harbor any thought other than that the difficulties must, and finally would, certainly be overcome.

One characteristic of Mr. Morgan's was manifested at the height of the panic, in his absolute determination to save the credit of the City of New York. The authorities of the city have rarely utilized the good offices of the Morgan firm, except in times of crisis. The latest one was in January and February of 1932; before that in August and September of 1914; and still further back in the dark days of 1907.

New York City's Credit Preserved

It was on Sunday, October 27th, in that year, that it developed that New York City was facing a financial crisis. Something like thirty million dollars of short-term obligations were coming due, and there was no prospect of renewing them. The money market was completely disorganized. The rates for call money were fluctuating wildly and, on one or two days, the renewal rate on the New York Stock Exchange had run up as high as 150 per cent per annum. But the moment that the elder Mr. Morgan had heard the story from Mayor McClellan and the other city officials, he undertook to meet the danger.

He thought over the problem for a full forty-eight hours. Then he invited the mayor and other city officials to his library. After a brief discussion, Mr. Morgan sat down at his desk, picked up a pen and began to write.

Fifteen minutes or so passed. Then he gathered the loose sheets and handed them to his banking associates present, George F. Baker and James Stillman, and to his counsel, F. L. Stetson. The writing constituted a draft of a contract. Under its terms Mr. Morgan agreed to furnish the city with the $30,000,000 required. The contract that he had drawn was so complete in both substance and form that it was accepted at once by the mayor and his legal advisers, as well as by the bankers.

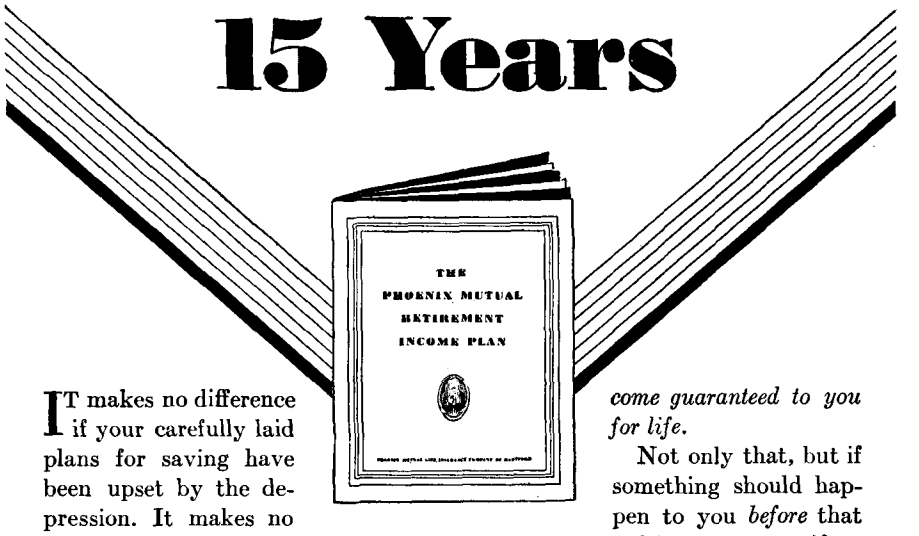
Neither Mr. Morgan nor his banking associates knew then just where the money was coming from for the fulfillment of the contract, but before the next twenty-four hours had passed they had completed their plans, and the city's credit was saved at a time when banking and corporate structures all over the country were falling to the ground.

This particular document—Mr. Morgan's draft contract with the city, written off in a few minutes and under great pressure from outside events—has always been considered as a unique performance under the extraordinary conditions prevailing at the time.

Just as in the course of the 1907 panic Harry Davison first came to the favorable attention of our late senior, so in turn that series of dramatic events gave Davison his first real glimpse of a great leader in action. Up to that autumn of 1907 Davison had never worked closely with or under Mr. Morgan. Thus the clarity of his purposes and his constructive will came almost as a personal revelation to Davison. He was filled with admiration for what he saw being accomplished. His imagination was kindled. Mr. Morgan was for Davison no longer a name, a mysterious power: he became a human being, living, vital, stimulating, commanding. A full twelvemonth rolled around before Mr. Morgan asked him to enter the firm. But when the invitation came, it was from a man for whom he had already conceived not only an admiration that was almost reverence, but a strong personal attachment.

(To be continued next week)

How a Man of 40 can Retire in 15 Years



IT makes no difference if your carefully laid plans for saving have been upset by the depression. It makes no difference if you are worth half as much today as you were in 1929.

Now, by merely following a simple, definite Retirement Income Plan, *you can arrange to quit work forever fifteen years from today with a monthly income guaranteed to you for life.*

Not only that, but if something should happen to you *before* that time, we would pay your wife a monthly income as long as she lived. Or if you should be disabled, and were unable to continue your payments, we would *make them for you,* and pay you a disability income *besides.*

$250 a Month beginning at age 55

Suppose you decide to retire on $250 a month, beginning at age 55. Here is what you get:

1. A check for $250 when you reach 55 and a check for $250 every month thereafter as long as you live.

2. A life income for your wife if you die before age 55.

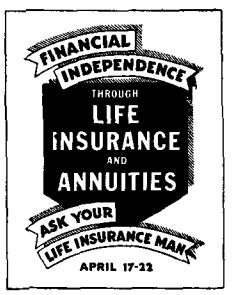
3. A monthly disability income for yourself if before retirement age serious illness or accident stops your earning power for good.

It sounds too good to be true. But it isn't. There are no "catches" in it, for the Plan is guaranteed by an 80-year-old company with $600,000,000 insurance in force. If you are in good physical trim, and are willing to lay aside a modest portion of your income every month, you can have freedom from money worries and you can have all the joys of recreation or travel when the time comes at which every man wants them most.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40. You may be older or younger. The income is not limited to $250 a month. It can be more or less. And you can retire at any of the following ages you wish: 55, 60, 65, or 70.

How much does it cost? When we know your exact age, we shall be glad to tell you. In the long run, the Plan will probably cost nothing, because, in most cases, every cent and more comes back to you at retirement age.

Write your date of birth in the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of the interesting illustrated booklet shown above. It tells all about the new Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. Send for your copy of the booklet now. The coupon is for your convenience.



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Or what Have you?

Continued from page 11

them that there is no magic in your brew nor immediate regeneration in what you offer. Listen to the wail of the gentleman I encountered just inside the store (until lately occupied by a merchandise liquidation sale that had been going on for a year with ever-replenished stocks) which now housed one of the larger production units.

"Tomatoes, tomatoes," he bawled above the din of hammers and saws, women and children, arguments and proclamations. "I bet I've eaten a ton of tomatoes. I smell like tomatoes. And I can lick any guy who tells me again that they're better than nothing. A guy can die of tomatoes quicker than he can of no tomatoes.

By-Products of Barter

"But make yourself at home if you can stand the noise. Ask all the questions you want. Everybody will have a different answer but don't mind that. There's nothing you can do about the noise; it's been going on ever since we started. Look in that back room. Full of tomatoes. After you talk to everybody come back here and I'll fix you up. Maybe you would like to have lunch here—scalloped tomatoes, orange marmalade made of carrots, and our own bread. I'm working on the books. They are supposed to balance but damn' if I can do it—not on tomatoes anyway. I'm a painter and a paperhanger. It's a good thing you came when you did. I wouldn't be surprised if this barter business wasn't here tomorrow."

The lower floor of the store looked as if everybody in Dayton had marched through, dropping things. In one of several bird cages there was a Gideon Bible. There was a cradle containing several defeated derby hats. There were heaps of cotton cloth; in the middle of one sat a robust baby, fishing with her finger for a bit of cheese in a wire mouse trap. She didn't need the cheese; in her lap was a slice of bread so thick that an alligator would have had trouble with it. There were boots and shoes —all of them ready to call it a life. There was lumber enough to build a baseball park and practically all the otherwise unoccupied floor space was completely hidden by the feet of arguing men. Only the women were working. It must have been like sewing on the tracks of the B. & O. freight yards but a half dozen women were bent over sewing machines turning out children's dresses. Every now and then one of the women would straighten up, glare at the male orators and let fly:

"Ah, shut up. We wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for so much talk."

Nevertheless the production units were doing pretty well. Between six and seven hundred families had enlisted and there was a waiting list of several hundred more. There was no room for more in the units already established.

"I'm beginning to understand what's the matter with us," said a middle-aged woman in the North Dayton Unit. "Believe it or not, more than half of us couldn't cook — couldn't bake bread, make hot porridge or even toast. We've started a cooking school. It was something of a shock to us old-fashioned women to find that when the men were working they lived chiefly on ready-cooked stuff and cold meals—delicatessen. All right of course, this delicatessen food, but it was pretty painful to see women—young and middle-aged —receive flour and meat (when we got it) and sit there looking at it wondering what to do with it. It was as bad as that. But it was worth learning, this ignorance; we're teaching them how to make flapjacks and rolls and how to cook cereals. Sure, we have women who had never learned to make anything but gin. And that doesn't have to be cooked, so they were all right there."

The Dayton Units (and in this they are typical of their kind) emphasize production by their members rather than straight barter. And in this they offer little sanctuary for the white-collar worker. The laborer and the mechanic have their labor to offer. All that they need is something to work with and a depot or clearing house to deliver to. As long as municipal moneys hold out the depots will continue and there raw materials can be had and finished products disposed of. But there is no place for the clerk, the salesman, the accountant or the stenographer. A few may be used in the offices but only a few. Therefore these nonproducing members of the community are forced to look to the city's treasury and the local relief agencies for all relief. And their morale is resultantly low.

Far more spirited are the purely commercial barter organizations—the Midwest Exchange, for example—which are independent of municipal and other public funds. The Midwest Exchange proposes to act as a credit clearing house. A rubber company wants coal, let's assume, and might like to pay in its products rather than money. And the coal company may need tires for its trucks—not many tires perhaps, but a few. Obviously there can be no straight exchange of coal for tires as far as the coal company is concerned.

What that coal company actually needs are steel, timber, labor, food supplies and blasting powder. Very well, here is a powder manufacturer to deal with. He can use a small amount of coal but not enough to make the straight exchange workable. But he can use packing cases, chemicals, and so forth. Which introduces another manufacturer of another product. The thing becomes involved, you observe. Before the whole circle is traveled you come to transportation. Who is going to haul the chemicals to the powder mills and carry the powder to the mine operators? And what does this truck owner get out of the whirligig? Tires, oil, gasoline and repair labor.

It Won't Run by Itself

To accomplish this industrial waltz, a number of manufacturing and distributing companies must be organized. And that is precisely what concerns like the Midwest hope to do—with themselves as the clearing houses. All member firms would be taken in on trial. Anyone failing to justify complete confidence would be dropped forthwith. Suppose a member firm should, without a clear understanding agreed to by all concerned, charge a higher price through the Exchange than to cash customers outside the organization. An investigation of the charges is made at once and if discrimination is proved, the member firm is called upon at once to make correction or withdraw. This can be the weakest link in the whole chain.

As the affairs of such organizations as the Midwest expand, there will be more and more violations of the rules. And there can be no penalty for such violations except expulsion because the Midwest does not set itself up as a government with police powers.

The Midwest, like others of its character, would exact ten per cent of the first month's income on any consignment passing through it as a clearing house. These commissions would not be regarded as profit, but for maintenance. And each member of the exchange is required to extend the exchange a credit of a thousand dollars or more—each accepting and filling orders to that amount even though orders for such materials have not then been placed. And in return for that, each member firm would have the privilege of a certain amount of credit in the exchange, the amount depending upon the capacity of the member to produce and upon the demand for and the general salability of his product. For example, a member offering sugar or gasoline would be entitled to greater credit than one manufacturing scientific instruments.

All of which may sound to you impractical in spots. But very practical men are on the directorate of the Midwest Exchange—Mr. C. A. Bock, vice president of the Dayton-Morgan Engineering Company; Mr. Alfred G. Bookwalter, proprietor of the Berryhill Nursery and Lynn Guernsey Dairy in Springfield, Ohio; Mr. John C. Haswell, an iron founder, and several more of this caliber.

Whatever You Need

Thus far the Midwest Exchange has but one retail unit, a well-stocked general store in Yellow Springs. But that store is merely one of its activities. It has made barter agreements with manufacturers of biscuits, confectionery, soap, haberdashery, dry goods, bedding, raincoats, furniture, aluminum and cast-iron ware for homes and hotels, fertilizers, pumps and water systems, automobile tires, paper boxes and plumbing supplies whereby they may trade their products to the producers of lathes, electric motors, bronze, iron and steel castings, paint and varnish, brooms, brushes, batteries, printing, steel window frames, and so on. Through the Midwest you may negotiate for bacteriologist service and consultation, industrial and scientific research, college tuition, hotel accommodations, auditing and accounting and so on for several pages.

Contrary to widespread impression, labor and farm produce are minor items in what the Midwest offers. It maintains agents in the farm country, making agreements with the farmer who, in his current temper, has been the hardest man to deal with.

"Not me," says he; "I have a house with furniture in it. I have hogs and cows to eat and food enough to see me through. And when that's gone I have the land to produce more. I haven't any money and I don't want scrip. What I don't eat can rot where it lays, and the hell with you city people! You own my mortgage. All right—try and collect. You can't sell me out for taxes nor the mortgage because a sale won't begin to cover what I owe. Besides, the politicians are getting scared and aren't going to sell me out anyway."

But such defiant ones capitulate under diplomatic handling. Here's a farmer whose daughter broke him down. She wanted to go to college. She's in college now and the father is paying her tuition with milk, eggs and cheese. And yonder is a farmer who was visited one day by a gang of painters who told him they were hungry.

"Well," he said, "nobody ever said of

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me that I let a man go hungry. Come into the house."

"After a guy eats one meal he's all set to get hungry again," said the boss painter. "What we're aiming at is a food supply. Your barn needs painting. So does your house. We'll paint them and you deliver the price of the job in dairy stuff and vegetables to the Midwest store in Yellow Springs. They'll do the figuring. If you deliver more than the painting would come to they'll make up the difference in scrip and we'll have food credit for what we've done for you."

"All right," said the farmer slowly. "But what I need most is a new battery for my car. That and a few gallons of gas now and then."

"The battery will be out tomorrow," they told him. "They'll take the price in something you've got here. Gas? That's easy. Everybody needs potatoes."

Making It a Game

Yet such businesslike barter is disappointing to those to whom swapping is as much of a game as it is a quest for necessities. Behold a farmer who has two bad horses and a dozen bad teeth. He knows before trying that there is not a dentist in the state who would take those horses for work on his ailing teeth—no dentist he'd trust anyway. He learns too that the nearest barter center has no use for horses, bad or sound, because even a foundered animal has to be fed.

Of course he might destroy the two animals, thereby cutting down his overhead, but in these days almost anything you can see is good for something somebody else has. In Knoxville, Tennessee, there is a motor-car dealer who got rid of his overstock of automobiles for everything from sweet potatoes to carnival monkeys. In Denver, Colorado, a gentleman swapped his dog for a fourteen-foot boa constrictor which he turned over to a pet shop for a parrot and ten pounds of birdseed. And he kept right at it until he had a fairly good windmill, which in turn became a suit of clothes, a hat and a pair of shoes that didn't fit him. He got rid of the shoes for a pair of rubber boots.

So this farmer finally presented himself at the dentist's with two gold wedding rings, a Spanish dictionary, and an enormous lithograph of Abraham Lincoln, two bushels of potatoes and a pretty good pigskin bag for which the dentist fixed up those teeth. And this cargo of barter was once two no-good horses.

When I arrived at the Midwest's store in Yellow Springs, two burly lads drove up with a truckload of coal.

"Want any coal?" they asked Moser, the storekeeper.

"Yes. How much?"

"Five dollars."

"Put it in the cellar," said Mr. Moser.

They put it in. Then they took two dollars' worth of groceries and three dollars in scrip with which they could buy more when desired. And while I was there people appeared with clothing, typewriters, phonographs, a radio, views of the Grand Canyon, jig-saw puzzles and books. Some the store accepted in exchange for food or food and scrip. Some was taken in on consignment. If anybody wanted it they might set their price in whatever they happened to have, with Moser, the shrewd storekeeper, sitting in judgment.

It really doesn't make much difference how long this back-to-barter resort lasts; the strong likelihood is that it will serve its purpose and then retire to the history books along with other hard-time refuges and experiments. A few billion healthy, rollicking dollars in full motion up and down the country will usher it out. Perhaps it will leave its mark, but in spite of all that the sociologists and emergency economists say, I am more inclined to accept the practical word of the farmer in Terre Haute who, while satisfied for the moment that he had traded a basket of beets for a rat-tail file, was hungering for the day when he could swap a dozen eggs for "one of them nice thin dimes I used to hear so much about."

But until those happy days are back again, we're going to have barter—organized, regulated barter by organizations and not the agate-eyed, razor-edged swapping of the old days when your forefathers were quite apt to fare forth with a raw bear skin and come back with a new religion.

Even in New York City they're bartering, three units having been set in motion by the Emergency Exchange Association. In New York as elsewhere in the less adaptable East, local government is not inclined to assist the barter exchanges. There is much talk of appeals to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Barter, the fundamental of commerce, cannot today be carried on without capital. The expedient hasn't gone that far back because the world hasn't.

To the more scientific managers of these exchanges, the greatest menace to barter's success is its recognition by "society" as a fad. Its success, they assure you, depends upon actually unemployed and penniless members who must travel to salvation over unpaved and ankle-twisting roads and avoid benefits and money-raising shows given in luxurious surroundings by the more fortunate.

They deprecate dances and benefit performances, five-dollar banquets and professional fund appeals. Such things are all very well for organized charity.

"But if we are going to preserve our identity and the morale of our membership," said one of the less sentimental organizers, "we must barter our own way through."

"Do you expect this sort of thing to continue then, after the world has come out of its slump?" I asked.

"I am not so much interested in butter and eggs and a pound of cheese today," he replied, "as I am in impressing the wage-earner that he need not be in constant terror of unemployment and the whims of the wage system."

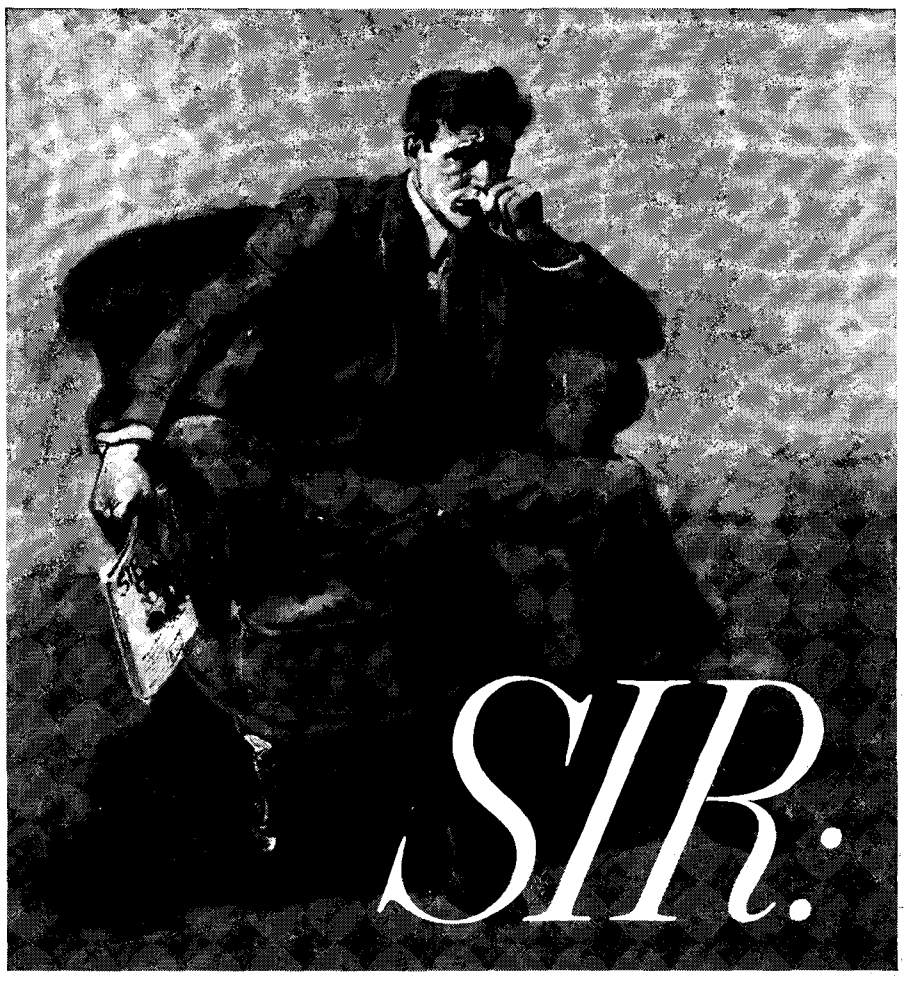
"An economic ace in the hole?"

Something to Fall Back On

"Exactly," he said. "Our toughest opposition comes from the old-style labor leader, whose only weapon in wage disputes was the old-fashioned strike with all its absurd financial losses and head-smashing. He pretends to see us now as competitors with his organized workers who couldn't get the so-called prevailing union rate of pay if there were jobs for them. He sees in us a menace to his own union membership—or pretends to. We have thousands of union men coming in with offers to work at their trades for any wage, and he knows it.

"There will be strikes after industry has scrambled to its feet again. Prevailing union pay rates have been smashed back to the 1910 level and the unions foresee a fight for their lives. And that being so, these organizations will be excellent things for striking workers to retire to when the inevitable wage wars come. So I'm against being adopted by polite society. We could use money raised by these pleasant people but money gotten that way softens us. We've got to build something permanent—of our own—and preserve it against future emergencies."

Political radicalism? Frankly, I don't know. After all, I'm merely telling you what I saw and heard.



If you don't help your wife solve this problem

a doctor *must* . . . or a lawyer *may*

YOU may be serenely and completely happy in your marriage. Then, sir, this is not for you.

This is for the man—and his wife—who wonder why the smooth course of married life sometimes becomes difficult and strained.

Deep in her heart your wife probably knows the reason—but not the cure. The reason is her fear, based upon ignorance of correct marriage hygiene—fear that recurs periodically, again and again.

Fear corrodes the mind and then the body. It makes its way, like a poisonous cramp, down into delicate feminine organs, disturbing their sensitive rhythm. Irregularity creates new fears. And then follow jangled nerves, drained energies, depression, apathy. Eventually, it may end in a doctor's office. In an amazing number of instances, as Domestic Relations judges will tell you, it ends in a lawyer's office and even a court of divorce.

What can you do about it? Everything. You, her husband, can do it better than anyone else. Place in her hands full, authoritative information on the subject of marriage hygiene—feminine antisepsis.

It is all in a special booklet which has been prepared—"Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It discusses fully, simply, nontechnically, the method of feminine antisepsis approved by the medical profession for many years. The "Lysol" method. The simple use of "Lysol" in the proper solution, at the proper time.

"Lysol" has received professional approval because it is *safe* and *soothing* to tender feminine tissues . . . yet *sure* in its action. Sure for two reasons. It penetrates to every fold and crevice, where other antiseptics often fail to reach. And it destroys germ-life in the presence of organic matter, where other antiseptics, such as the chlorine compounds, lose 95% and more of their potency. Furthermore, "Lysol", unlike these same chlorine compounds, contains no free caustic alkali which burns and sears feminine membranes.

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(Or fill in her name and mail the coupon yourself)

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"HERE MOM,

..thought mebbe you an' pop 'd be glad to have a different hot cereal for a change"

•

And Pettijohn's IS *different. It's flaky, flavory. Fun to eat. Real, genuine rolled whole wheat. Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes!*

FOR years Algernon had *trusted* his parents. Believed them when they said there *were* no different hot cereals. Then . . . one day . . . a friend told him the truth. Told him about Pettijohn's . . . . !

Pettijohn's is such fun to eat. No mushiness here. Instead, a *meaty* whole grain texture . . . a luscious, tangy, whole wheat flavor. Why? Because Pettijohn's isn't "ground." It's *flaked* tissue thin. That's why it tastes so deliciously different. That's why it cooks *done* in 3 to 5 minutes. That's why it regulates the most stubborn cases.

If you believe in the pep and health and optimism that right-eating brings . . . if you believe in variety in hot cereals, try Pettijohn's tomorrow morning.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with All the Bran

Product of The Quaker Oats Company

Cold Trails

Continued from page 21

going to happen, there under the coyote moon.

Then he saw her face change, so that she was suddenly pale, and the unreadable light in her eyes went out, and she was like a little girl. Abruptly she pressed her face hard into her hands.

He made his voice as hard and cold as the rocks that hung over them: "Now what?"

She answered in a muffled voice: "I was wrong—I *am* afraid. I—fail everyone. . . ." She lifted her head and glanced about her, as if she were seeing this place for the first time. A black shape lay beside the empty dust of the stream, like a great black bottle overturned—the carcass of Marian's dead horse. Suddenly the girl turned sideways, and dropped her head in her arms upon the blanket. She began to cry, terribly, silently except for the choke of her breath.

HE SAT down against a rock and waited. The gaunt, dead rock hills leaned over them sadly cold and silent, blackened by the twisted ghost shapes of the parched brush. And the coyote moon was pale and old, no longer golden, but greenish, like phosphorus rubbed on a dead and frozen face.

Once she said, "But it's your fault, too—that I fail—your fault as much as my own."

His answer was perfectly honest: "I don't know what you mean."

It was impossible for him to sit waiting for her weeping to stop, while her slim body shook convulsively with her effort to suppress it, and her breath jerked uncontrollably in her throat. Her tumbled hair made her seem a child; he had never seen her look so small, so fragilely made. And he thought he had never in his life seen anything so pitifully in need of comforting.

He swore under his breath and got to his feet. For a few moments he stood over her, watching the movement of the firelight in her hair. He could hardly prevent himself from touching her; almost he stooped and picked her up in his arms. But he was telling himself that that was the last thing she wanted.

HE WALKED out a little way into the dark, and stood listening to the night silence. He was still worrying about the distant, muffled sound of concussion which he had heard. It seemed to him now that what he had heard was unquestionably the sound of a gun—perhaps a gun fired near the forgotten miner's shanty at the upper end of the gulch; but what he could not imagine was who could have fired it. He had assumed that it was Lon Magoon who had killed Marian's pony; but now he saw that something was wrong. If Magoon had fired upon Marian Dunn and killed her horse he would not have gone to the cabin at the head of the gulch, but would have put long country between himself and them. Therefore two men, not one, must be prowling these hills. He thought of Coffee's theory that there had been a third man at Short Creek—and was worse puzzled than before.

He was trying to guess who the second man could be. Vaguely he was thinking of the green eyes of Rufe Deane, watching Marian as she testified against the Bender faction at the Inspiration hearing. He knew that there was nothing behind the eyes of that embittered man which would prevent his firing upon the girl—if a reason for such an act could be conceived. But still he could think of no explanation for the firing of that other distant gun.

Abruptly he turned and went back to the fire. Marian was sitting up, trying to press the redness from her eyes; she seemed steady again. "Sorry," she said.

"I've got to go on up the canyon," he told her.

"I thought you said Magoon wouldn't stop there, now."

He told her, shortly, of the distant report of the gun.

"But who could it be?"

"I don't know. But—I've got to go up and see."

"I'm ready to start," Marian said.

"Ready—?"

"I'm going to go where you go."

He considered a moment. She looked tired, and there was a long hour of rough travel between them and the hidden cabin. But he supposed she would not want to try to wander back through the dark alone; nor could he, against her will, leave her to imagine horrors in the dark. The hard twist of his mouth turned a shade more grim.

"Very well," he said. "But you're going to be a little tired before the night's over, I'm afraid."

"I don't care anything about that."

To a tired rider a trail can unroll interminably ahead; much worse is a trail on foot, forever upward into increasing dark. To a walker accustomed to the saddle one mile seems ten. It could not have been more than three miles to the ancient shack at the head of the gulch, but they climbed continually; and the twist of the dry stream lengthened the miles. He knew that often Marian was trying to conceal from him the laboring of her breath in the high air. It must have seemed to the girl that she plodded and stumbled all night long through that uphill sand, while Wheeler's long stride led out relentlessly. She could not know how much he slowed his pace for her.

The broad canyon narrowed and steepened until it was a twisting gorge between vast, black walls. The going became steeper, and the sand shelves ended; the dead stream was an endless staircase of ledges and tumbles of rock. They had traveled an interminable time before Wheeler whispered to her, "We've got to be quieter now." And still they went on, climbing a long way.

HE WAS moving slowly and very cautiously when at last he turned off and worked his way up a gravelly slide of stone; then forward through twisting juniper that clung to the steep land. He stopped, gripped her shoulder, thrust her downward to her knees.

"What—"

He stopped her whisper with a quick hand over her mouth; but directly ahead, not a dozen paces away, she was answered by the sudden long snort of a pony. He was peering through the juniper; her eyes followed his, straining in the canyon's black shadows. What he was looking at took form in the darkness and, without moving, seemed to appear all at once. With a shock she saw that they were not fifteen steps away from a small, ruined shanty set hard against an overhanging wall of stone.

The shack at the head of the gulch was windowless, and its door was open

"It's a shame to waste this moonlight. Let's play backgammon"

Eldon Kelley

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into blackness. Beside it, tied some yards apart, were the horse which had snorted, and a second animal that might have been either a horse or a mule.

Wheeler backed away, drawing her after him, foot by foot. Fifty yards away, in the shelter of the rocks, he made her sit down. No sound came from above except the uneasy shifting of the ponies' feet; and Wheeler permitted himself a deep breath of relief. She could hardly hear his whisper in the dark: "I didn't remember it was so close."

"Is he there?"

"Someone's there, or the horses would be gone. Wait here."

SLOWLY Wheeler made his way upward again over the rocks, through the juniper scrub. Walking upright, but very quietly, he circled and approached along the rock wall, until his hands found the side of the cabin itself. He pressed an ear against the rough timber, and listened for long minutes. But he could hear nothing, not even the drawing of a breath.

He took out his knife and cut a plume of brush. Standing close against the corner of the cabin he struck a match and set the brush aflame. He was holding his breath as he did that. If the man he sought was playing the old Indian trick of moving away a few yards from his camp to sleep in the open, then the striking of a light here at the cabin end would be a good signal for gunfire. But the dry, oily brush blazed up quickly in his hands, blinding him with its sudden light, and nothing happened. Instantly he swung an arm around the corner of the cabin and threw the lighted brush through the open door.

Crouching low, he moved ten paces from the cabin and circled slowly, watching the lighted doorway. He could see the blazing brush on the cabin's floor of hard-packed earth, and no hand moved to put it out. Behind the flame the cabin's interior was barren; he made out an ancient brush jacket hung against the wall, the three-legged ruin of a crude table, the black shadow of a bunk. Someone was here—should be here; but if the fugitive had been in the cabin he would have thrown a blanket over that torch by now. Wheeler wondered if the man was behind him, or drawing a bead on him from above.

Then, as he circled, a high-heeled boot came into view upon the cabin floor. That boot was unnatural; it was lying on its side, yet not on its side—tilted up a little upon its toe. When he saw that, something turned over inside Wheeler, for he knew what was in the cabin. He straightened up and walked to the door, stepped inside quickly and flattened himself against a wall.

The flickering flame of the brush was lower now, but by what was left of its light he was looking, for the first time in his life, at the face of Lon Magoon. Although he had never seen Magoon before he was sure at once who this man had been. The small stature and pinched build of the cow thief, "like a grasshopper, or a flea," was partial identification; and there were other reasons to believe that this was he. Magoon had fallen forward; there was a rifle under him, and it was at the cock. But it was not in his hands, for his arms were folded tight against his body. And his face was turned to the side, a pinched, almost wizened face, frowsy with a patchy gray beard of three weeks' growth.

The brush torch wavered and went out with a sudden odor of smoke. Wheeler found another match, struck it, and stepped forward to see how this man had died. But even before he turned the cow thief over he knew that Lon Magoon had died by shotgun, as had Cayuse Cayetano and Bob Flagg.

The 94, lightless and silent under the low-swinging moon, appeared deserted as Marian Dunn and Billy Wheeler trotted in, riding the horse and the mule they had found at Magoon's cabin. "You go on in, Marian. I'll take care of your horse."

Marian said in a small voice, "Is everyone gone from here?"

No need to remind her that the sheriff must certainly have come and gone, and taken Horse Dunn with him, by now. "It must be after midnight," he said. "Whoever is here must have turned in."

She walked off toward the silent house. It would not have surprised him if they had found themselves entirely alone; but by the time he had finished tossing hay to their animals he heard the murmur of voices and, following Marian, he found her talking to Old Man Coffee. The old lion hunter sat angularly on a low step, the coal of his pipe glowing and dying out again at slow intervals.

"Marian tells me you caught up with Lon Magoon."

"We found him, all right."

"How was he killed?"

"With a shotgun; same as the rest."

"I was kind of looking for that," Coffee said. "Lucky, though, that you stumbled onto it so quick."

Marian sat down on the step beside Old Man Coffee. "Why were you looking for it?" she demanded.

"Well—" Coffee paused and seemed to consider—"kind of hard to say. One thing, I've been to Pahranagat since I seen you. I didn't tell you I was going there, but I had a kind of hunch, and so I went. And I got trace of Bob Flagg there at Pahranagat. Seems like he was coming to the 94 by kind of a back way; and at Pahranagat he run into Lon Magoon. He bought or borried a cheap horse and a worn-out saddle from Magoon, and they rode out of Pahranagat together. Begins to look like Lon Magoon was a witness to the killing of Bob Flagg."

"BUT how do you know," Marian said, "that Magoon himself didn't kill Flagg?"

"Well—these killings being done with a shotgun is kind of unusual; it makes you think the same killer attended to all three. And it's easy to see, too, how Magoon might have been a kind of a distant witness. Suppose Magoon was riding along with Flagg, who didn't know him very well. Pretty soon Magoon sees some local cowman coming toward them. Magoon doesn't want to fall in with any local cowman, on account of the business he's in. He splits off and kind of hovers in the distance. In a case like that, him not getting out of sight soon enough would just be suicide for him. Whoever killed Flagg would figure he had to kill Magoon before he talked."

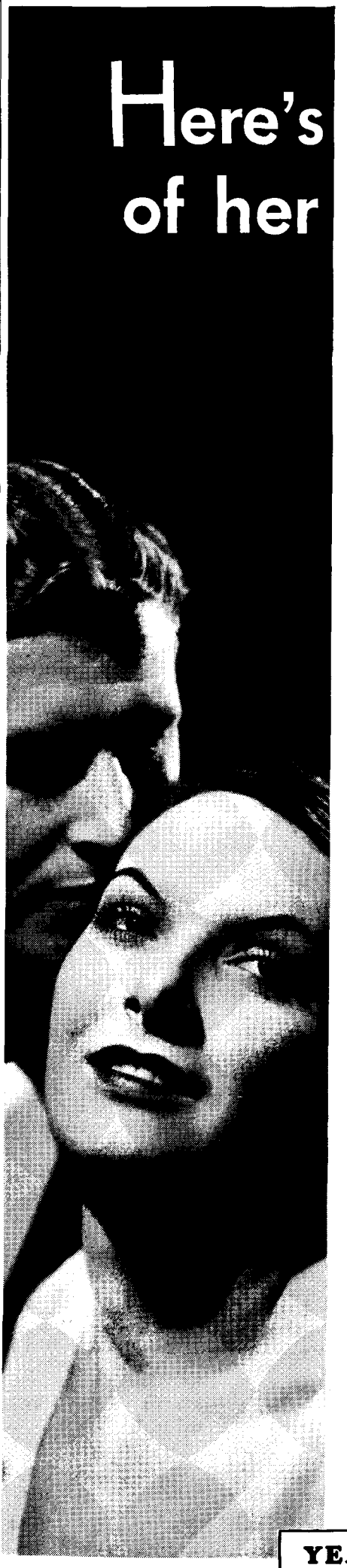
"Did you see Val Douglas at Pahranagat?"

"No, he wasn't there when I was. But he's been back here, tonight, since I been here. He said Pahranagat was where he was. Well, I don't know; I didn't see him there. And according to him he couldn't get any trace of Bob Flagg."

"Is he here now?"

"He pulled right out again. Nobody's here but me and that old woman that cooks. She claims the sheriff come in and took Horse Dunn to Inspiration, about an hour before I got here. Tulare Callahan come in with Horse; they was pretty much worried over where you was, Marian. Tulare saddled up again and rode out to see if he could find out where you had went. Later

(Continued on page 46)



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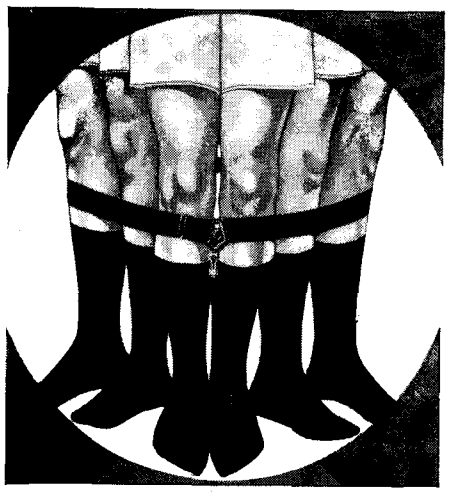

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(Continued from page 45)

Steve Hurley come in, and he's gone looking for you too. So naturally Val Douglas, he figured he'd have to make as good a showing as anybody did, and *he* hightailed. So now the whole 94 is out hunting for you—what of 'em isn't in jail."

"Men make me so mad!" Marian declared. "I have a good notion to go riding out looking for them now, just to make the picture of idiocy complete!"

Coffee looked as if he wouldn't put it past her. "Oh, now, I wouldn't go and do that, child."

"Coffee," Billy said, "one other kind of funny thing happened while—we were out. That hombre that shot at Marian the other night—he took another try."

"Damn!" said Coffee. "He come close?"

"Killed her horse. I got nervous and let my own pony get loose, and he stampeded. Later we had to come back on a mule Magoon had tied up, and a horse he stole from the 94."

Old Man Coffee turned slowly and for a few moments studied Marian's face. "Uh-huh," he said at last.

There was a silence. "What do you think of it?" Marian said.

"I think," said Coffee, "you better turn in."

Marian rose slowly. "I suppose you're right—I've made enough trouble for one day, haven't I?"

When she was gone Billy Wheeler took her place on the step beside Old Man Coffee. "Well, we're slowly learning a thing or two," he said. "God knows where this thing leads to; but it ought to lead some place pretty soon."

Old Man Coffee knocked out his pipe, refilled it again, and struck a new light. In the flare of the match his bony old face looked more grim and more sardonic than ever. "It ain't going to lead me no place. It's led me far enough. I'm through!"

WHEELER did not argue this. Twice before Coffee had made such hollow threats; he did not believe the old lion hunter would actually withdraw now.

"One thing I didn't tell you about Bob Flagg," Coffee said. "I suppose you got a right to what I know. Well—here's a little item that's a peach! Flagg—he bummed his way into Pahranagat in an empty cow car."

Wheeler was astounded. "You sure must be wrong," he declared. "Why, that sounds crazy! He and Dunn had just sold out the Arizona ranch, at Dunn's order. Dunn's share was the biggest, and of course they couldn't get but part cash; but there was fifty thousand ready money mixed into the deal. Flagg didn't have any reason for coming in any such way as that!"

"He done it, though. It was right hard for me to find anybody that knew he'd been there at all. Sure seems like Flagg was taking every way he could think of to get to the 94 without being noticed. I thought it was kind of peculiar that Flagg should come by way of Pahranagat, which is kind of like sliding in the back door. Still, that wouldn't mean anything by itself; some of us old guys get used to thinking in terms of saddle work. But this other thing—it's queer."

"Well, you must have mistaken your man!"

"No, I didn't."

Wheeler turned thoughtful, and they were silent for some minutes. A dark and ugly reason for Flagg's peculiar behavior was taking shape. "Coffee," he said slowly, "you see what it means? *Bob Flagg had foreknowledge of his death.* He knew what was ahead of him when he came into the Red Rock."

"Yes," said Old Man Coffee, "it sure appears like he did."

"Do you suppose Lon Magoon could have been a spy, sent to Pahranagat to watch for Bob Flagg?"

"A spy for who?"

"A spy for the men that set out to kill Flagg. We know who the enemies of the 94 are. Link Bender—Pinto Halliday—Rufe Deane—even Sam Caldwell—there isn't a one of them that would have hesitated to shoot a man down, if it meant wiping out the 94. We know that those people, or some of them, got access to Horse Dunn's mail at Inspiration. We can figure they knew that the Arizona outfit was sold, and that Flagg was on the way here with the money—money that the 94 had to have to pull through."

"I had that figured out long ago," Coffee said. "I figured Cayuse Cayetano was the cat's-paw for Link Bender. Even after Cayetano was killed, I thought maybe they just killed him so he wouldn't turn state's evidence."

"But you don't think that now?"

"Now," said Coffee, "I don't think."

"Throw out the death of Cayuse," Wheeler suggested. "Say that he was killed simply because he was too hot on the trail. Throw out the death of Magoon—say that he was feared as a distant witness. It turns back to the enemies of the 94."

"Which includes everybody," Coffee snorted.

"Coffee—you've found out something you're holding back!"

Coffee shook his head.

"Then you have some way of reading the facts—some way different."

"Maybe. I've quit bothering my head about it."

"Hell! You'll never make me think that you're going to pull out of this case and leave it unsolved."

"There's just one thing about this case," Coffee admitted, "that I sure hate to leave mixed up. How come old Rock and me to get mixed up about the trail of the killer's horse? I s'pose all the rest of my life"—Old Man Coffee's voice was bitter—"I'll never get away from wondering how come I lost that trail."

"Of course, if I remember rightly," Wheeler reminded him, "you figured out from the way the shot went into the saddle that the man on the so-called killer's horse was not the killer."

"That ain't important. The man on the killer's horse took and hid the body, anyway. Two men or one—comes to the same thing. Catch one and you catch both."

"You still think the killer's horse was here in the 94 layout after the killing, like old Rock seemed to think?"

Old Man Coffee's answer was a grunt; it might have meant one thing or the other. "You're stalled, son. You got no lead."

"Sure we've got a lead."

"And where is that?"

"Just a minute ago we were talking about the peculiar way Bob Flagg kind of eased into the Red Rock, coming in through the back way, bumming it in a cattle crate. From what we know Bob Flagg had foreknowledge that somebody was going to make a try for him. Now, *how did Bob Flagg come by that foreknowledge?*"

Old Man Coffee did not reply. Out by the corrals a hound moaned in its chest; the dog called old Rock awoke by Coffee's feet, raised its head to listen, then blew out a long breath and went back to sleep again.

"Coffee—I'm thinking now that when we find out how Bob Flagg come by that foreknowledge, we'll have caught our man."

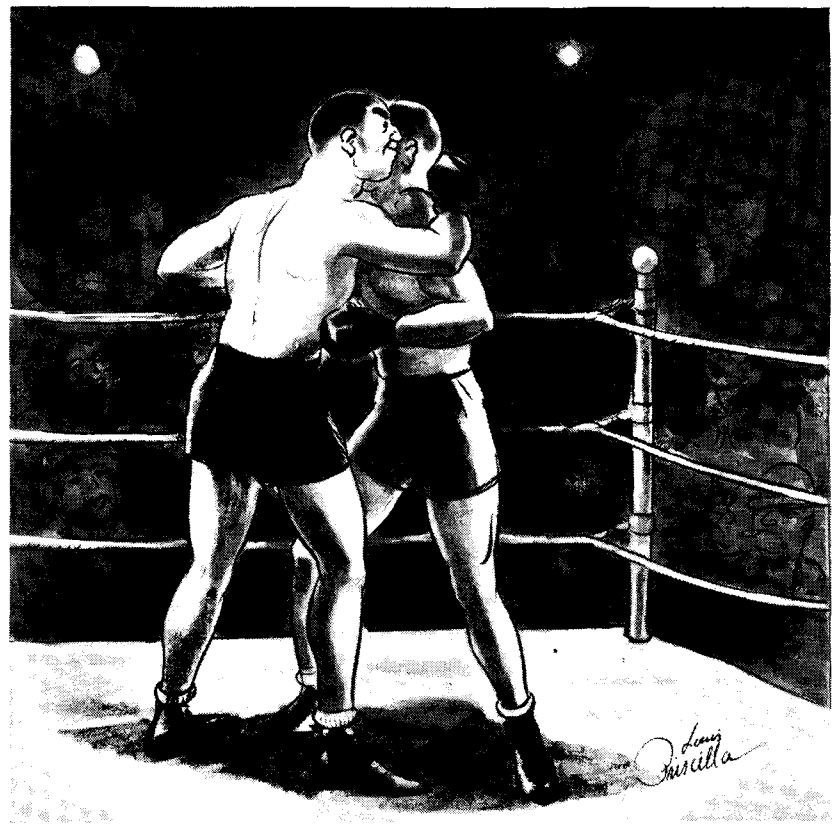
WITH an impatient movement Old Man Coffee knocked out his pipe again. "You want to know what I think? I think, 'Oh, hell!' You better go on to bed."

Obviously Old Man Coffee was tired of arguing. Wheeler had been trying to draw the old man out, and it had got him nowhere. He rose slowly and stretched. "Guess you're right. Seems like you might need some sleep, too."

"Slept all the way from Pahranagat, on the top of my mule. I'll get plenty rest sitting right here with my pipe." He added irascibly, "Or I will if the everlasting talky-talk dries up."

"Looks like it might slack off some," Wheeler grinned. He went in, fumbled his way through the dark house to his room, flung his gun belt on the floor, and lighted his lamp.

(To be continued next week)



"You better take the next round. I just saw your girl come in" *Louis Priscilla*

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Time to be Tough

Continued from page 15

Ralph squirmed impatiently. "Anything about the car? In good shape, isn't it?"

"Sure. Well... this is what I really—"

"Now, you know the place. Beyond that stile, where it gets thick in there."

"I know—our place! But the only reason I called, I suppose, was—"

"And whatever you do, Ollie, have those new plates on back and front when you get there." With all her twittering she'd go and leave the newly bought license plates behind. Then anyone could trace them—her mother, the bank, the police.

"Ralph! Would I forget our honeymoon plates? But I guess what I called you for really was to ask you . . . well," her voice lowered, "do you love me?"

Ralph fumed: "Ollie! Now, listen. Did you call me just to—"

"But you do, don't you? I want to hear you say you do. Prob'ly it's silly of me."

Ralph's tone forgave her: "Yep—silly—Ollie. Well, I do. There you got it. Now, then—"

"Do what, Ralph? I mean, say it all."

"I-love-you-I-love-you-I-love-you-I—well, that's the idea. Okay?"

"Because you see, Ralph, it's sort of important."

" 'Course it is, Ollie. And 'course I do."

IN THE pause Ralph sought for words that would reassure her and send her along. Olive stirred in the booth, then spoke in a new voice:

"Here I've been a bother to you already and we aren't even married yet. Oh, dear! But I'm glad I called, anyway! See you soon!"

"You bet! 'By, Ollie. Don't forget those plates."

"Nope. 'By!"

Ralph's head wagged over the hopelessness of women's ways. Do you love me! The old question. Olive was no different from the rest. Oh, some different, maybe. He'd had to talk marriage to get her even to say she'd go on a trip. If she wasn't such a pretty little trick he'd never be taking this chance of having her along for a spell. But "do you love me?" And, "say you love me!" Probably about a week of Olive would be enough, wherever a week took them. Then he'd be about his business. And she could drive her buggy back home. Putting things into a grip, Ralph wondered if all girls, always—the girls of Paris, for instance—would harp on whether he loved them or not. It sure got to be a bore.

From the bottom of a bureau drawer he took a revolver, assured himself it was loaded, and fitted it into his hip pocket. His fingers made certain of a wallet inside his coat and another beneath his vest. These wads of money marred one's figure. But carrying them in the grip would be unsafe. All set! He'd get along, take a roundabout route and be in Laurel Lane about the time Olive should land there—probably with the jitters and probably without the new license plates.

License plates. License plates. As she left the telephone booth in a corner store to walk the two blocks to her home, Olive Cady whispered the words over, engraving them on her memory. The way to start being a good wife to Ralph was to prove herself reliable. Using new plates had been Ralph's suggestion. "Just suppose your mother should yank us back here before we got a chance to stand up before a J. P. Would we feel foolish!" Ralph was right.

Unseen in the dark, Olive's fingers twinkled a conspirator's signal toward the little roadster at the curb before her home. As she let herself into the house her mother was turning off the radio. She smiled a greeting at Olive.

"Did you put the car away?" Mrs. Cady asked.

"Uh—no, I went to the store. Want a chocolate bar?" Olive held one out.

Mrs. Cady broke off an end. "You have the rest. Bedtime." She moved toward the door, paused halfway. "Olive," she renewed an interrupted discussion, "it isn't as if you'd known Ralph for six months or so. Even a year is none too long. Actually it's been only a few weeks."

The protest was familiar to Olive. Why was it that older people never could seem to understand how a girl knew when she'd met the man she wanted to marry?

"Mom, if I'd known Ralph ten years I'd think exactly the same about him. You see, you don't know him. really."

"No, I suppose I don't. But I know a few things about marriage—things that most people learn too late, I guess. Well it isn't as if you were getting married tomorrow." Mrs. Cady turned to go.

Olive was filled with guilty discomfort. She was glad the business was going to be settled within a few hours. A month from now with Ralph living there with them her mother would realize she had been wrong.

"But you've said yourself, Mom, that every marriage is different. So everyone takes a chance."

Mrs. Cady stopped in the doorway. "Every marriage is different. But they're all the same in some ways. There's money, for instance—"

"But I don't want to sit at home and be supported. I'd keep on with my job after we were married."

Mrs. Cady gazed at her daughter. No, perhaps money wasn't so important. But she herself had once married a good-looking man. She saw his good looks now in Olive's face. The girl would marry someone. But was there ever a handsome man who could resist the women? What can you say to a girl?

"Take plenty of time, Olive," was all Mrs. Cady found to say.

AT THE note in her voice Olive felt a surge of tenderness toward her. This moment would be the last in which her mother would see her as an unmarried daughter. Impulsively Olive rushed across the room, put her arms about the older woman and, a tightness in her throat, placed childish kisses in a row across her mother's forehead.

"Mom, I promise you won't be made unhappy by anything I do." It was safe to say. She and Ralph would make her mother much happier than ever before.

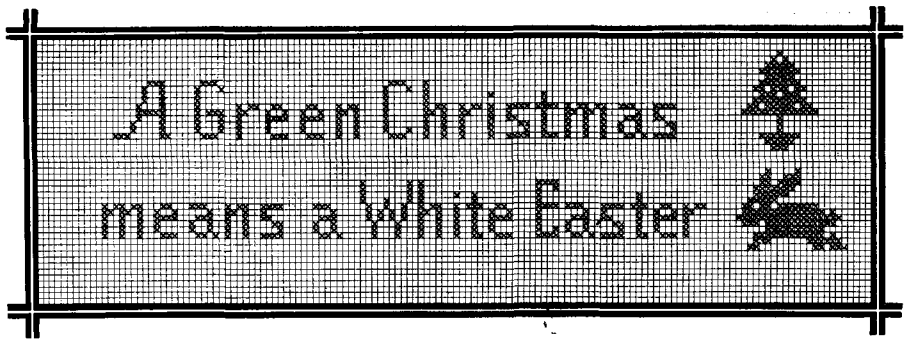
"Of course I won't. Olive." From the hall she responded to Olive's good-night.

Olive spent a half hour writing and rewriting a message to her mother. She and Ralph, it told, loved each other very much and were being married and would return in two weeks and her mother wasn't to forget that Olive loved her, too.

In the street again Olive opened the rumble seat to see that a packed suitcase was where she had put it. She got out the new license plates and laid them on the front seat. Then, her heart pounding, she drove quietly away.

Midnight! Seated on the white-painted stile Mr. Bradford Lynn fin-

(Continued on page 48)



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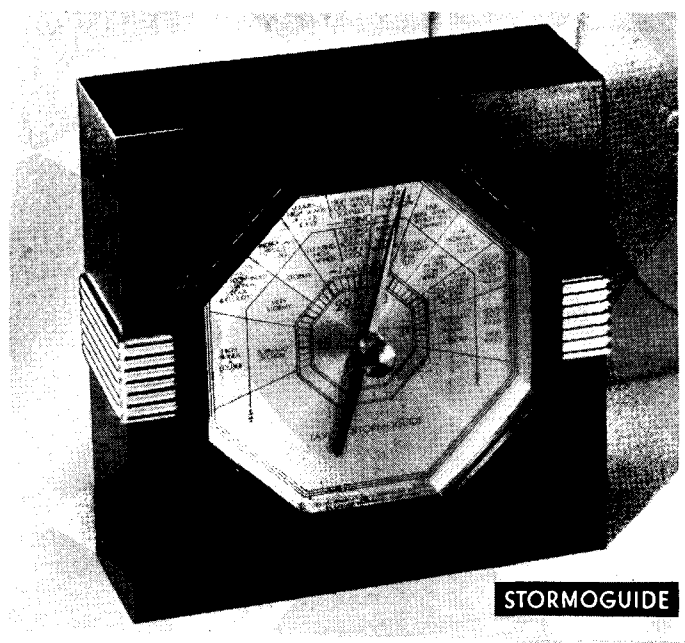

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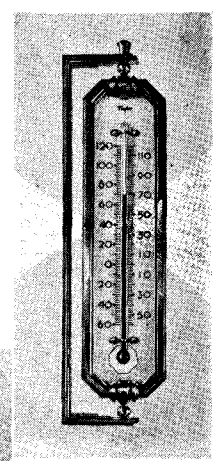

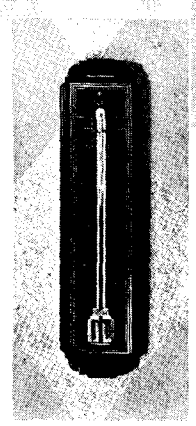

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(Continued from page 47)

ished counting the twelve strokes of a distant clock. Time to start back to the party, he supposed. But he'd do no more let's-pretending. That was out. He got up, stretched, then—ah, petters at last!—he stood still. The approaching car, showing cowl lights only, slowed, then stopped. Its lights blinked out. Then a girl, its only passenger, got to the ground, scurried to the front of the car and began a brisk job of removing a license plate. Her flashlight revealed a new set of plates ready at hand.

Changing plates was not something that honest people did at midnight in a dark lane. There was skullduggery here, car-stealing, perhaps. As a responsible citizen Mr. Lynn felt called to take action. Noiselessly he descended to the lane, circled the roadster's rear bumper, reached a hand to the instrument board and removed the keys. Before he could pocket them they gave out a jingle. The girl straightened up. In a voice that was no more than a startled, indrawn breath she demanded, "Who's that?" As she spoke she turned her flashlight on Mr. Lynn.

Olive Cady failed to stifle the beginning of a treble scream at what she saw. The man's unexpectedness had given her a turn. But the cold, questioning aspect of those stubbled features, that battered eye, frightened her speechless.

It was in a voluntary police capacity that Mr. Lynn had entered this girl's affairs. But his looks precluded his claiming any such status. Regrettably he was obliged to dominate through intimidation. The rôle of a dangerous character was forced upon him. He must do what he could with it. Mr. Lynn tried for an implacable scowl.

"What's going on here?" he asked severely.

Olive found an unnatural voice: "Now, look—I haven't got anything valuable. So—"

"Never mind about that!" Mr. Lynn interrupted. The scowl had got across! He undertook something in the vocal field to match it: "Just explain this plate-changing business." A creditable rasp! But not good enough, it seemed.

Olive ventured opposition: "Well, I'm changing my plates. I don't see how it concerns you, really."

Back-talk! Mr. Lynn strove for more ominous chords: "Cut that! Answer my question." This girl seemed a quite decent sort. But changing plates!

OLIVE'S fright had turned to indignation, then resentment. "You'd better leave me alone," she said. "I can get the police here. I don't think you'd care to talk to them."

Spunk, eh? The girl was all right. But Mr. Lynn felt a duty. This thing must be kept in hand.

"Don't forget I've got your keys," he warned. "Now, what about the plates? Let's have it!" He was amazed at the sounds he could make.

Olive recoiled. She'd better tell this man what he wanted to know and tell him quickly. "I'm—we're eloping. Using new numbers to keep from being chased up or bothered. And I'm in a hurry to get them fixed and start along."

Mr. Lynn slacked off a point or two. An elopement! Here was something in the way of romance. He sought for the manner of a tough guy touched by sentiment.

"Okay," he said grumblingly. "I'll give you a hand." He reached for the tools. "You hold the flash," he directed brusquely. After all, why shouldn't love laugh at motor vehicle laws? An elopement, eh? But the girl was alone. Mr. Lynn chose an underworld indirectness for his query. "Takes two to elope," he observed.

"He's waiting." Significantly Olive added, "Right close by."

Mr. Lynn finished up front and rear. He handed Olive her tools and to her dazed, "Thanks, a lot," he wished her good luck. He would relieve her uneasiness by taking himself away at once. He crossed the stile, then paused to watch her off, off on one of life's great adventures.

Olive bundled her tools away, picked up the old plates and threw them into the brush, then stood in the dark by the car door, pulling on driving gloves. In that moment there came to Mr. Lynn the scuffle of feet from beyond the car. The figure of a man carrying a grip left the shadows and neared the roadster. Ralph Sellers' petulant words came clearly to Mr. Lynn:

"Say—where have you been? This isn't the place!"

"Ralph! Gee, I'm glad you're here! Just got the plates changed." They talked across the hood.

"A swell spot you picked to do it."

"It's done, anyway. I would have been along in another two minutes."

Muttering, Ralph went to the rear, opened the rumble seat and stowed his grip. Mr. Lynn, in his obscurity, felt an instant dislike for the tardy groom. This unloverly, cantankerous fellow didn't deserve such a nice girl. Already it looked more like come ill than come good.

In the midst of telling Ralph how sorry she was he had to walk so far, Olive broke off with a sudden cry.

"Oh! My keys!" She raised her voice. "Yoo-hoo! Keys! Come back with my keys!"

At her call Mr. Lynn dug in his trousers pocket, got back across the stile and hastened toward Olive. Ralph, with a querulous "What the hell?" scuttled away a few feet and stood alert. As he caught first dim sight of Mr. Lynn he burst out shrilly, "What is this, Ollie—a trick?"

Disentangling his own keys from Olive's, Mr. Lynn had a moment to think. Trick? The word was that of a culprit. It would be best to have a closer look at this Ralph. He gathered his faculties to play a return engagement as the Leopard of Laurel Lane. Instead of handing Olive her keys, he reached into the car and turned on the cowl lights. Compressing his lips to a new hardness he moved into the brilliance. Now then, gratingly, gratingly.

"What's your squawk, you over there?" Too whiney! It needed bullying chest tones. Bettering himself, Mr. Lynn went on, "If you want these keys come and get 'em."

Olive was explaining: "It's no trick, Ralph. This man just happened to be here and helped me to—oh dear!—come and get the keys if he wants you to!"

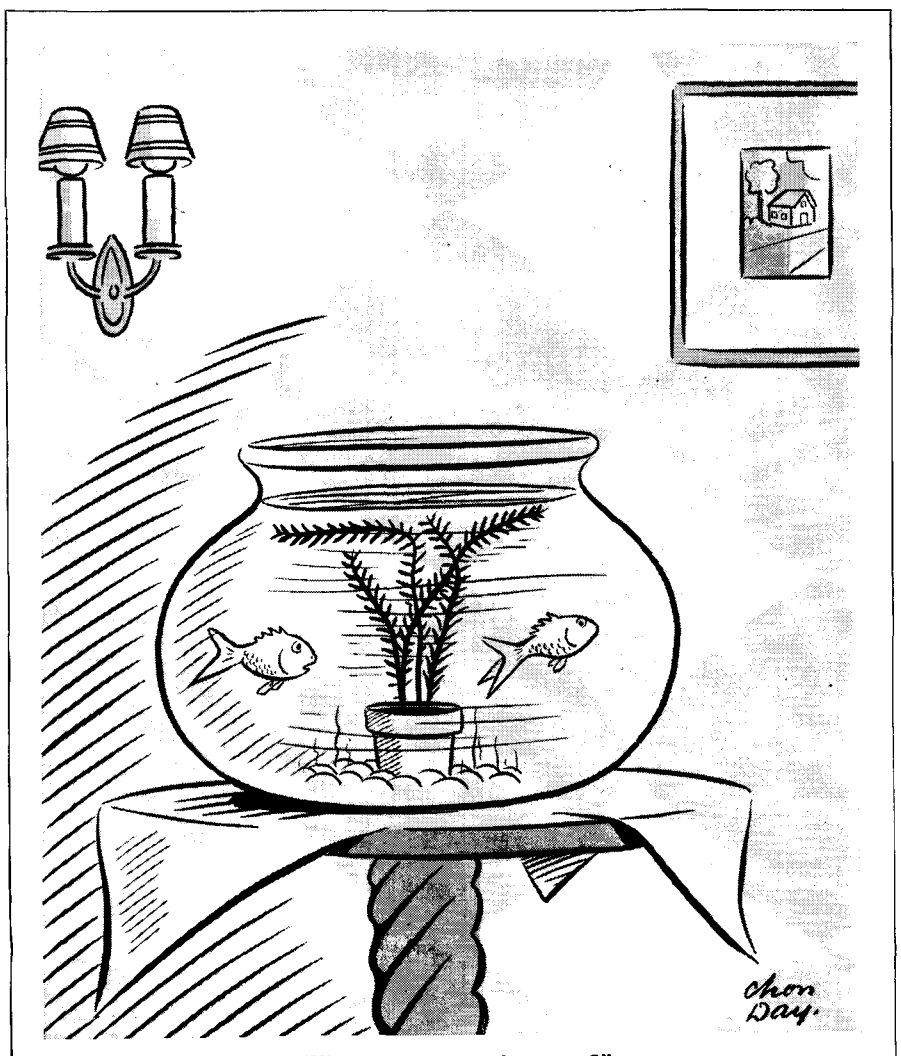
RALPH edged forward. "Darned funny business!" he muttered. As he neared the front fender on the far side from Mr. Lynn his outheld hand first entered the light rays, then his face, white and newly shaved, became clear. At sight of it Olive gave a wail:

"Your mustache! Oh, Ralph! You shaved it! Oh . . ." Olive could only stare at Ralph and make sounds of dismay.

"Quit it!" Ralph snapped. To Mr. Lynn: "Come! Let's have those keys!"

Mr. Lynn drew back his hand. On the eve of his honeymoon this jumpy young skate had shaved off a mustache. It was not at all the act of a lover and very much the act of a man who didn't want to be recognized. Too, there was that word "trick." And this changing of plates—Ralph's idea, more likely than not. Mr. Lynn felt obliged to carry this thing further.

But his work must be flawless! Repocketing the keys, Mr. Lynn fixed Ralph with a practiced squint and glided out around the front bumper. He gripped the glass pistol in his side pocket and pushed its muzzle outward into a peak of coat fabric. Now, a snarl! But



"Where are you going now?" *Chon Day*

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where does a snarl start? How does it go? Well—

"Reach 'em up!" Ah, he'd landed in the wrong register again!

But Ralph's hands went up. His jaw sagged. From across the hood Olive still stared at him and murmured the word "mustache." She seemed unable to persuade herself that she even knew this man, much less that she was about to marry him.

"All right," Ralph chattered. "All right. You win. Let's get it done with. I'll pay a thousand dollars for quick action. And no report to the cops."

A culprit? The man talked like a fugitive. And this easy mention of a thousand dollars. Mr. Lynn put his faith in a wordless response. He closed the purpled eye and intensified the squint of the other. The strategy was sound; Ralph made a better offer:

"Two thousand, then. Come on, talk business!"

Olive gasped. "But, Ralph! You haven't got two—"

IT CAME to Mr. Lynn invitingly that he had not yet gritted. And here was his cue for a gritting rejoinder. Teeth together!

"Oh yes, he has. And more." Mr. Lynn found that gritting was his forte. "The price is five grand."

"But that's ridiculous," Olive began. "He hasn't—"

Ralph said: "Inside coat pocket. I can't get it for you with my hands up." He stood waiting.

This fellow was getting away with stolen money, no doubt of that. Most likely the girl wasn't in on the thing. It was up to Mr. Lynn to get the cash and then force a confession. Busy with the thought, he stepped forward and took the edge of Ralph's coat with his left hand. Then he drew his right from his pocket to reach for the wallet. It was Ralph's chance. The next instant a real gun that shone wickedly black was pointed at Mr. Lynn's diaphragm.

"So it's reach 'em up, eh?" Ralph jeered. "All right, reach 'em, you scut!" He cackled with relief as Mr. Lynn's hands rose high.

Beneath his tough-boy surface Mr. Lynn boiled. Tough guy! What a flop he'd been in that rôle! He'd gone in for growling and grimacing and neglected the craft itself. But there was only one thing to do now. He had to keep on play-acting and turn in a better performance than before.

Ralph summoned Olive: "Get that gun of his, Ollie. And those keys."

On an evening months previous, Mr. Lynn had permitted himself to be dragged to see a gangster film. He had followed the unreal, swashbuckling affair with the close attention of one who prepares to scoff and to deplore. The most improbable subterfuge of its most fantastic villain came back to him now and was seized upon thankfully.

Mr. Lynn employed the warning monotone of the screen gunman: "I wouldn't get her over here if I were you. In about two seconds this spot is going to be pretty unhealthy."

Ralph stared. So far, so good. But there must be no lapse in Mr. Lynn's rendition! He drove ahead. No longer conciously acting, he found at last authentically that other self, that man he could be when it came to a pinch.

Mr. Lynn slouched backward a step or two. He turned his head complacently and explored the darkness behind Ralph's back. His face took on a diabolically satisfied expression that twisted into one of stark and awful malevolence. Ralph followed the pantomime with increasing apprehension.

Mr. Lynn retreated another measured pace. It was the unmistakable maneuver of a man taking himself out of a line of fire from ambush. He gave a short, venomous chuckle. Then, deliberately, in calm contempt of Ralph's gun, he lowered his hands.

"Okay, Mac!" Mr. Lynn called to no existent person. "Let him have it!" It was Hollywood. But it was potent.

Ralph leaped forward. "No—no!" he squealed. "No shooting! I'll pay!"

The leader of the Lynn gang signaled a laconic countermand to his airy forces. "Put that gun on the running board," he directed, "and stand away."

Olive's blanched face appeared beyond the car. "Come around here!" Mr. Lynn commanded her. He picked up the gun but let it dangle confidently from a finger at his side as he supervised the unloading of Ralph's pockets under the light of Olive's flash. "And don't forget anything." Mr. Lynn glanced meaningly off into the night. The wallet from beneath Ralph's vest came out last. Mr. Lynn turned toward Olive.

"This the man you figured to marry?" he inquired.

"Yes,"

"How do you feel about it now?"

"Oh, I only want to go home," Olive piped. "Can't you let me go—"

The thud of running feet interrupted her. Ralph was no longer there. Mr. Lynn raised the gun and fired one resounding shot into the air. The sound warmed him. He had himself faced that loaded gun and faced it down.

Mr. Lynn crammed the late contents of Ralph's pockets into his own. "Well," he observed to Olive, "I'd say you'll never again be in any danger of marrying that bird—if you ever were." With Olive's keys in hand he paused to learn where Ralph had been employed. Then he fitted the key to the roadster. "Information for my records," he explained. "Now, you're hitting for home, are you?"

"Am I!" Olive started the engine. "Gee!"

Mr. Lynn indulged himself in a final disreputable syllable: "Scram!" The word, as he said it, seemed to lift the car from the ground. Its tail-light disappeared in the direction opposite to that taken by Ralph. Yes, that youngster was very well cured indeed!

Ralph's gun remained in Mr. Lynn's hand. But he had no police permit to carry such a weapon. He tossed the thing aside. He slapped the thick sheaves of paper money that padded his person and once again crossed the stile to the golf course.

"GOLLY, what a circus!" Peggy sighed as she sank into the seat beside her husband in the Lynn sedan. "But I suppose you just about died, poor darling."

Mr. Lynn swung into the line of cars that rolled away from the emptying clubhouse. "No—not quite, Peg. Well, maybe there was a time or two when things were touch-and-go. But here I am."

"Well, you deserve a medal for staying up and being bored all night. Now, you just sleep late tomorrow."

"Can't. Got nine-o'clock business with a banker." He added jovially, "The ill-gotten gains of a tough guy have to be transferred to the vaults."

Peggy winced. "Please, Brad, never speak of your tonight's costume again. If you'd only worn a kimono or something like that you might have been able to carry things through."

"But now, Peg! I was doing better along toward the last there—well, after I came back from my walk. I got a little real toughness into it, didn't I?"

Peggy was gentle. "Oh, Brad, my dear! Toughness! It's something you could never, never make convincing. Not in a thousand years."

Mr. Lynn guided the car out through the club gates. "Well . . . maybe not."

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Keep Beer Out of Politics

WE MUST not let beer become a political graft. The danger is great. In many states greedy politicians are reaching out with unclean hands to grasp control of the distribution of this greatly desired beverage. The profits they are seeking may be enormous but the consequences of such political control would be indescribably tragic to the entire nation.

Seldom if ever in our history has it been more necessary for us to use intelligence in the management of a great issue. If the distribution of beer is corruptly and stupidly conducted, the entire battle over the Eighteenth Amendment will soon have to be fought again.

Beer blundering can in truth quickly create a reaction in public sentiment which would delay if not indefinitely halt the actual repeal of the amendment. Common sense as well as every instinct of decency, therefore, demands that, most of all, the wets show prudence in the establishment of state systems of beer distribution.

The Eighteenth Amendment was adopted finally because a sufficient majority of the American people were disgusted with the then existing systems of liquor distribution.

The great vote in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was piled up last November because another majority of the American people would no longer tolerate the abominable bootleg system.

The pendulum of opinion swung wide on two occasions. It will swing again, and violently, if we don't display more competence, decency and human understanding in the present test.

The Federal measure returns the distribution of beer to the states. Those states which want beer can have it. Those states which do not want beer can look to the Federal government for protection against imports from wet states.

The states and not the Federal government are the proper agencies for the control of the liquor traffic. No state, however wet in sentiment, can afford to treat lightly its responsibility or to surrender its authority to politicians for their enrichment. Yet precisely such policies are being considered. We must not allow this.

Canadian provinces have had more than ten years' experience in handling alcoholic beverages since the Dominion's brief adventure with prohibition. The Canadian experience has been profitable.

Liquor has been dispensed with such discretion and honesty that prohibition in all its varied forms is no longer a political issue.

This success is the result of well-thought-out legislation wisely administered. Fundamental to everything is the fact that the liquor traffic is controlled by a non-political commission having authority over the entire province.

Abundant provision is made for variations in local opinion. Counties may be wet or dry as the voters desire. If a county is wet, however, liquor is dispensed under regulations established by the central authority. Politicians have no favors to give or to sell. So scandals and abuses are few and relatively unimportant.

If we expect to keep legal beer and soon to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment so that spirits may legally be sold, we must also deprive politicians of the opportunity of trading in liquor privileges.

The reasonable course is to establish a liquor commission in every state. Appointment of the members of such commissions should be made, subject to good behavior, for long terms so that the commissioners will have the actual power to deny favors sought by politicians or to ignore their threats.

Quebec has such a commission and certainly New York or Massachusetts or Ohio or California would not admit less competence or a lower standard of public morals than those displayed by our Canadian neighbors.

Beer should be sold in places convenient to buyers but the abuses of the ancient saloon should be rigorously avoided.

Quebec allows the sale of beer by the glass in licensed taverns and hotels. Beer by the bottle can be sold only in licensed stores. The Canadian tavern is the American saloon but with a difference. Beer by the glass and no other alcoholic beverage may be sold in a tavern. The tavern must furthermore comply with the rules of the commission.

There is no appeal to a politician, or to a court for that matter, for any tavern which has lost its license because it incurred the displeasure of the commission. If American saloons or taverns are to be decently managed they too must be subject to powerful supervision.

Many sincere and intelligent wets have regretted the passage of the beer bill before the Eighteenth Amendment has been actually repealed. They fear, and with reason, that mishandling of the beer business may disgust the American people.

It is not necessary, however, to turn this responsibility over to the dull politicians who itch to get the revenues in sight. We are not a stupid people. We remember the old evils and we know well enough how to avoid their repetition.

Every decent citizen and, most of all, the respectable brewers who personally have so much at stake must insist that beer distribution be managed by the state solely in the public interest. Such a demonstration will not only assure the retention of beer but also it will swiftly eliminate whatever opposition remains to the final repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

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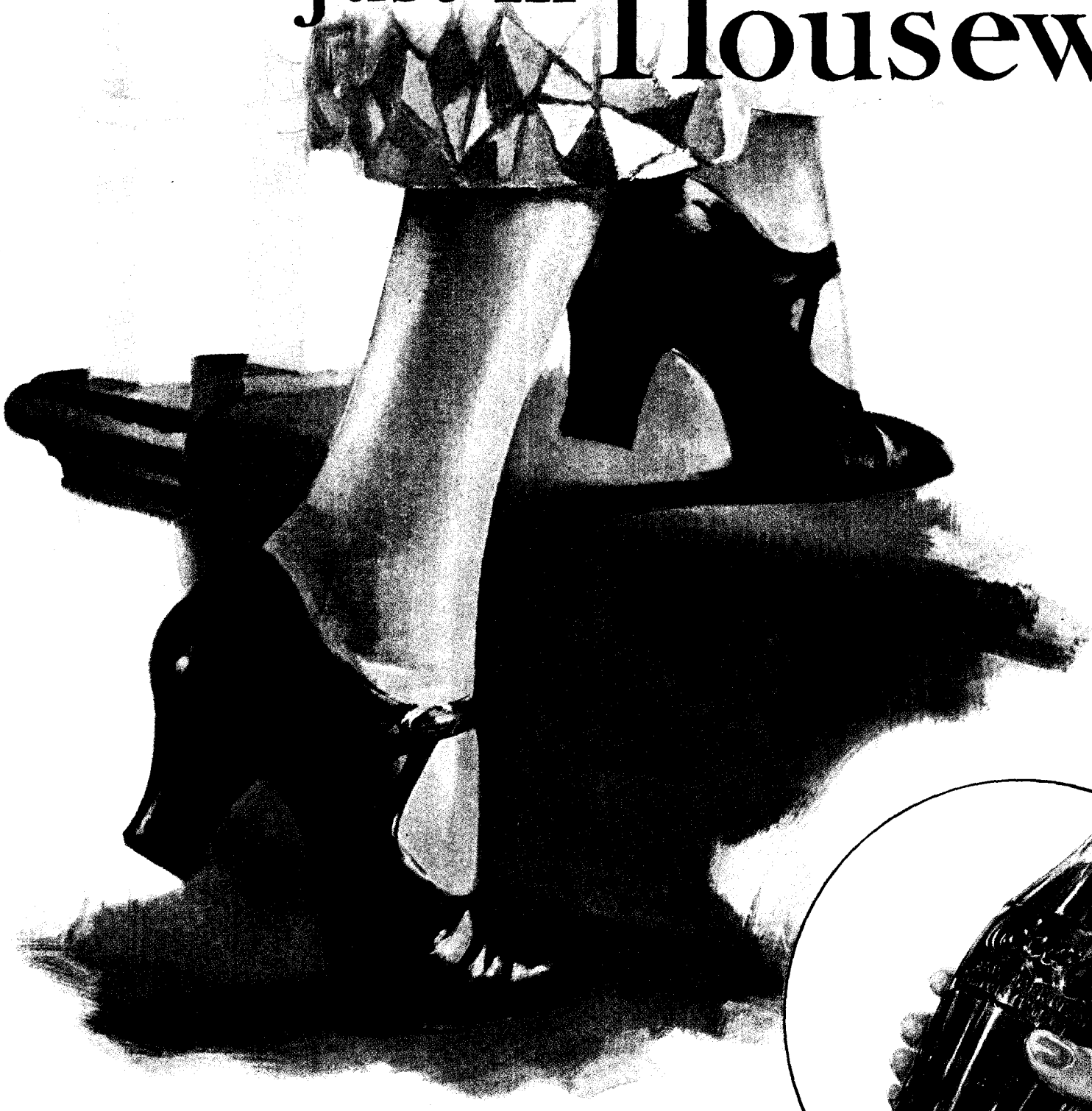

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Bounce back to normal

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